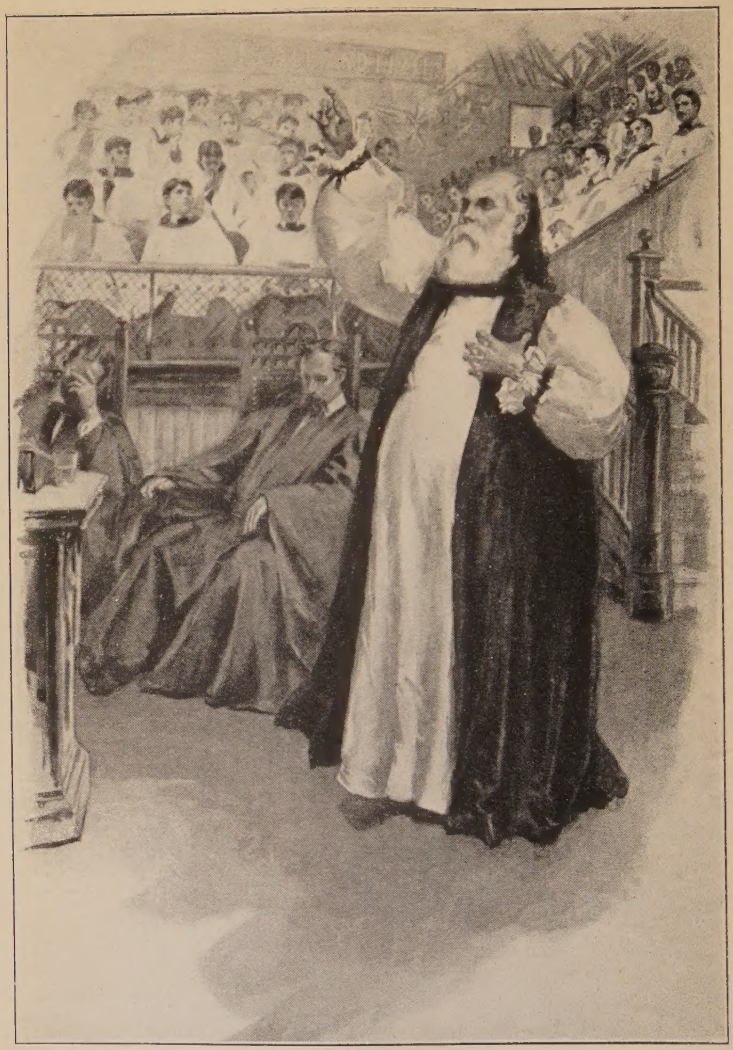
DOWIE

ANOINTED OF THE LORD

ARTHUR NEWCOMB

92 Class
D754 Book
General Theological Seminary Library
CHELSEA SQUARE, NEW YORK
Purchased from the fund bequeathed to the Seminary by
EUGENE AUGUSTUS HOFFMAN, D. D.
DEAN 1879-1902

DOWIE: ANOINTED OF THE LORD



Courtesy of "The Century Magazine"

DOWIE AS "ELIJAH THE RESTORER"

DOWIE

Anointed of the Lord

By ARTHUR NEWCOMB

SAN THEO. SEMINARY
LIBRARY
NEW YORK

THE CENTURY CO.
NEW YORK LONDON

COPYRIGHT, 1930, BY ARTHUR NEWCOMB
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED, INCLUDING THE
RIGHT TO REPRODUCE THIS BOOK, OR
PORTIONS THEREOF, IN ANY FORM

First Printing

92
D754
89880

NEW YORK
LIBRARY
NAVAL WAR

PRINTED IN U. S. A.

TO

DR. KATHERINE M. H. BLACKFORD

WHO TAUGHT ME THAT EVERYTHING ABOUT
A MAN INDICATES HIS CHARACTER

AUTHOR'S NOTE

The attempt here is to present an accurate—although abridged—account of the personality, words, acts, and experiences of John Alexander Dowie, and a true picture of his human and material environment. Aside from the man himself, his family, and his successor, Wilbur Glenn Voliva, all characters in the story are fiction—as are also details of conversations and events.

ILLUSTRATIONS

DOWIE AS "ELIJAH THE RESTORER" . . . . . *Frontispiece*

FACING PAGE

JOHN ALEXANDER DOWIE WHEN A CONGREGATIONAL CLERGYMAN IN AUSTRALIA 52

JOHN ALEXANDER DOWIE 108

JEANIE DOWIE 108

DOWIE AND SOME OF HIS FOLLOWERS 142

SALE-DAY AT ZION CITY LAND OFFICE 200

SHILOH TABERNACLE, ZION CITY 220

RAILROAD STATION AT ZION CITY 228

JOHN ALEXANDER DOWIE'S AUDIENCE IN MADISON SQUARE GARDEN 252

PART ONE

RISE

CHAPTER I

PANTING and hissing, a locomotive brought its string of yellow wooden cars to a stop in the old Wells Street station. Herbert Renbrush was already on the bottom step of the day coach on which he had ridden from Ranosha. Although first to leave the train, he walked slowly along the board platform, up the steps, and out through the waiting-room, eyes and ears eager for everything around him.

Outside it was already dark and there was a chill drizzle of rain. Turning up his coat collar, he swung south across the bridge.

Flags and bunting hung sodden and soot-stained as he turned east in Randolph Street. Chicago was celebrating the Peace of Paris following the Spanish-American War. His throat ached with emotion as he thought of McKinley, of Roosevelt the Rough Rider, of Dewey, of Sampson, of Schley, of Shafter, of his country, sacrificing "blood and treasure" to free Cuba from tyranny.

In Michigan Avenue Herbert turned south. He noted the progress made on the filling-in of Grant Park, covertly studied girls lifting their skirts out of the wet, stood and watched the first horseless carriage he had ever seen—a lumbering electric hansom cab—and thrilled to the clang of Illinois Central suburban

trains rushing homeward in their groove next what was then the lake shore.

Soon, he hoped, he would be a part of all this.

At Twelfth Street Herbert entered an ugly, rectangular, seven-story building on the east side of the avenue: a spick and span lobby, brilliantly lighted; big leather arm-chairs stood about; a leather divan lounged against one wall. At the rear was a hotel counter, with mail-boxes ranged behind. Through double doors on the left he could see a large corner store fitted up with platform, piano, and rows of chairs, like a chapel. On the right, glass doors showed a book-store. In a corner of the front an office had been partitioned off with varnished oak and glass.

People were sitting and standing in pairs and little groups. Most of them were middle-aged, neatly but plainly dressed—no style to them. Most of them carried Bibles, periodicals, and hymn-books. There was something about their faces that puzzled Herbert. Any one of them, seen alone, would have seemed ordinary; but taken together there was a similarity that baffled analysis.

Some of the faces were wasted and discolored by disease; but in the big hollow eyes was the same uncanny something. Some were on crutches, some in wheel-chairs, and some in bandages.

A little group of young folks—these without Bibles and hymn-books—talked and laughed in a corner by the desk. Herbert watched them a few moments, trying to decide what it was in their manner that made them differ from a group of youngsters in Ranosha. Not exactly seriousness, he thought, nor re-

straint. More like watchfulness. They laughed as if they knew it might be well for them, at any moment, to pull their faces straight. Deliberately he studied these boys and girls—especially the girls. They were about his own age—in their early twenties. Most of them were more stylishly dressed than their elders, but none went to extremes. In imagination he could see them watching the clock in an office or shipping-room, but not in a college classroom.

His turn at the desk came, and he asked for Elder Renbrush.

"With all my heart," answered the clerk cordially. "You're the elder's brother, I guess. He told me you was coming. I'm glad to see you. We think a lot of Elder Renbrush in Zion." He shook hands warmly as he spoke. The man was tall, with military build and bearing, handsomely dressed. He had laughing blue eyes, light brown hair and mustache, and his skin, while coarse, was ruddy. His voice was slightly husky, but there was warmth and fun in it. Herbert was drawn to him.

"Your brother was here a few minutes ago, askin' for you, and can't be far off." He struck a bell on the counter and a pimpled youth appeared.

"Eddie, look around, will you, and see if you can find Elder Renbrush. Tell 'm his brother's here."

"Yes, Captain," said the boy, and went.

"My name is Chris Erdman," said the clerk, "but everybody calls me Captain. I've been Captain of Zion Guard ever since the General Overseer started it." The bell-boy came up with Elder Ezra Renbrush, Herbert's brother, ten years older than he.

"Well, Herbert," he said, extending his hand, his shy, sympathetic face in smiles, "I'm glad you've come at last. The Lord has been leading you toward Zion for years."

Ezra Renbrush was dark and heavily bearded. His voice was gentle, his brown eyes soft, but intelligent and kindly. He had been a country preacher. In this he had won success, because no one could doubt the sincerity of his sympathy, kindness, and faith in his religion. He had never won to any large or prosperous church, because he was as lacking in guile and political talent as a child. Now he and his rather numerous family were in "Zion"—had been for nearly two years.

Every preacher who came into the fold was "ordained" by the General Overseer, no matter how many ordinations he might have suffered before. If unmarried, he bore the title of evangelist; if married, elder. Some of the elders' wives were also ordained. They were called evangelists. So Ezra was an elder. His wife Myra, however, was just plain Mrs. Renbrush. She had a mind and spirit of her own and shaped a number of events to her liking.

Strong but inarticulate affection and a family loyalty more potent than ordinary bound the brothers to each other. Both had more than the average human failing of believing what they wanted to believe, but Ezra was more unsophisticated than Herbert.

"I told the dear General Overseer you were coming this evening," said Ezra, "and I'm so glad to say he wants to see you. Isn't that wonderful? He arranged for me to take you to his private office at the taber-

nacle just before the regular meeting of Zion Seventies."

"Well, that's fine. I'm very curious to see Dr. Dowie."

"Oh, Herbert, he is such a wonderful man of God, and is doing a great work, a very great work. I'm sure you'll love him, as we all do in Zion, and you'll want to give your life to the blessed full gospel of salvation, healing, and holy living."

"Well, I'm willing to investigate. I want to see and hear for myself. But I'm not going off half-cocked about this or anything else."

"All right, Herbert. I know you love the Lord and want to do His will, and He'll lead you in His own way. C'mon, it's time to go to the tabernacle."

The brothers walked down Michigan Avenue to Sixteenth Street and entered Central Zion Tabernacle.

"This used to be an Episcopal church," explained Ezra. "The General Overseer bought it a couple of years ago and completely rebuilt the inside. It was a miracle of God's goodness the way the money came in to pay for the work. It will seat forty-five hundred."

This tabernacle was an imposing stone structure, and when Herbert went inside he saw that it had been reconstructed by building two large galleries, one above the other. Swiftly counting seats and rows, however, he had his doubts about its capacity. He could not account for more than three thousand seats. "Who told you this would seat forty-five hundred?" he asked.

"Why, I've heard the General Overseer say so hundreds of times," replied Ezra, mildly surprised.

"H'm," said Herbert, "maybe I counted wrong."

Behind the platform, on which were a pulpit and a row of ecclesiastical high-back chairs, was a choir-loft with banked seats for about three hundred and fifty. A big reed organ with two banks of keys stood in the lower midst. On the wall, above the choir-loft, were crutches, braces, plaster casts, high-sole shoes, trusses, medicine bottles, uniforms, and cocked hats. The crutches were arranged in the form of a huge crown. Painted above the crown there gleamed in gold-leaf, "Christ Is All and In All." On the upper right-hand corner of the space appeared, in big block letters, "S. P."

"All these crutches and surgical appliances were thrown aside by people who were healed by the Lord in answer to our dear General Overseer's prayers. The uniforms were given up by members of secret societies. You know the General Overseer has exposed the diabolical and unchristian character of the lodges —and especially of the Masons. The S. P. is made of boxes of cigars, given up by a tobacco fiend, delivered from his habit in answer to the General Overseer's prayers. It stands for "Stink Pot." That's what he calls men who use tobacco, you know. There are jars up there, too, containing cancers which fell out when the General Overseer laid on hands according to the Scriptures. How any one can look at that wall and not believe in Jesus the Healer is more than I can understand. It is ocular demonstration. But 'there are none so blind as they who *will* not see.' "

While the brothers were looking about the inside of the tabernacle, people were coming in. They stood in groups, talking spiritedly. There were fervent greetings and much laughter. Yet Herbert, listening with one ear, heard many pious exclamations, of which "Praise the Lord!" was most frequent.

This was, in some respects, a more attractive-looking crowd than the one in the lobby of Zion Home. Nearly all seemed to be healthy and happy, and there was more spontaneity in their expression and manner. They looked and dressed like common laborers, skilled artisans, small retailers, salesmen for wholesale groceries, clerks, and dentists. A certain something in their appearance that Herbert could not interpret was not pleasant to him.

"We better get up by that door over there," suggested Ezra. "The General Overseer should be here soon and he will want you to be handy." They went over to a door at the right of the platform and sat in a front seat near-by. The lower floor and first gallery had filled rapidly and now the people sat chatting together in low voices. Narrow-headed, futile-looking men, many of them bearded, moved importantly about. Ezra pointed some of them out and named them Elder This and Evangelist That. They had been denominational preachers in obscure churches.

It was past time for the meeting to begin, but these people showed no sign of impatience or wonder. Herbert, however, who hated waste of any kind and had all of "Poor Richard's" reverence for minutes, had an uneasy feeling of hostility toward the man who thus flung away fifteen thousand minutes of

other people's time—including Herbert Renbrush's.

Finally, the door at the left of the platform opened and Captain Erdman, smiling and nodding gaily to acquaintances here and there, came out and laid a hand on his shoulder. "Come on, my boy. The General Overseer will see you now."

They entered a small, irregular-shaped room under a stairway. It was simply furnished with ingrain carpet, small roll-top desk, a big swivel chair, and several straight-backed wooden ones. But it was dominated, blotted out by the man who rose swiftly to greet his callers.

Five feet four inches tall, with wide shoulders, deep chest, and big, round pot-belly, he was surprisingly agile. His short, bowed legs were thin, so that in his shirt-sleeves or a jacket he would have looked like the picture of *Humpty-Dumpty*. He wore, however, a Prince Albert coat of finest black broadcloth, a spotless collar, white lawn tie, round cuffs, black trousers, and tiny patent-leather shoes. But Herbert did not notice the little man's clothing. His head and face were all-compelling. Except for a fringe of black wavy hair which fell over his collar, he was pinkly, gleamingly bald. A long crinkly white beard of the prophetic pattern covered his lower face and spread over his bosom. The somewhat narrow skull was roundly domed on top, long from the ears forward and comparatively short behind, but it looked big—brainy. His nose was concave, with heavy, blunt tip. In his purplish gray eyes, however, was found the force of the man, or, rather, the legion of mighty and fascinating men in his personality. When those

eyes blazed and condemned, few could withstand their steady fire. When they plead and cajoled, few could resist their magnetism. In repose, they were intelligent and kindly, but they could sparkle with humor, melt with tenderness, darken with tragedy, weep and wring tears from thousands.

As Herbert Renbrush looked into this famous pair of eyes for the first time he saw a warmth of kindness that surprised him, and a quizzical penetration that seemed to strip him of disguises.

"Ah, Mister Renbrush, I'm glad to welcome you to Zion. Your good brother, the elder, has told me about you. Did they take good care of you at Zion Home?" He spoke with a suggestion of Scotch burr.

"Oh, yes, Captain Erdman kindly found my brother for me, thank you," replied Herbert.

"Splendid fellow, Erdman," said the General Overseer, complacently. "As you know, I was the instrument in God's hands of saving his life, restoring him to health, and rescuing him from drunkenness and debauchery. He was dying of vile diseases when God's Little White Dove, 'Leaves of Healing,' first brought him my message of Jesus the Healer. He'd been a race-track tout and then keeper of a dive in the slums of Chicago. When he came to old Zion Tabernacle Number Two, he could scarcely walk, could not bend his knees, using two canes. I laid hands on him and prayed for him. God healed him instantly. He threw away his sticks and, on his way home, ran up to the elevated station two steps at a time. You wouldn't think, to look at him now, that he was once a dirty bum, with a nose like a ripe tomato."

"That's wonderful," said Herbert.

"How long shall you remain with us?" asked the General Overseer.

"Oh, I'm going back to Ranosha on the midnight train. I expect to see a man about a job when I leave here, and hope to arrange something with him before train-time."

"What kind of job?"

"Well, since I left college, I've been working in a small real-estate and insurance office in Ranosha, and I want to get into something better in Chicago. I've an old college friend in a big office in La Salle Street and I'm hoping he can help me find an opening."

"Why don't you stay a few days? Then you could spend more time with your brother, could see more of God's work in Zion. You would have a chance to look over the real-estate field and make a desirable connection."

"To tell you the truth, Dr. Dowie, I couldn't feel right to go to the expense of several days in Chicago."

"Your scruples do you credit, young man. However, you are welcome to stay with us at Zion Home as my guest, if that will help you."

"That's wonderfully kind of you, Doctor," said Herbert, "but I couldn't think of trespassing on your generosity. And besides, I don't believe I ought to stay away from the office so long. We're short-handed and I'm needed."

"I'd like to help you, Mr. Renbrush, partly for your good brother's sake. Zion is a very busy place and we have need of many workers. If you like to come back to us in a few days, I can find something here for you

to do. I do not pay extravagant salaries, for it is God's work, but I've no doubt I can find a few pennies for you. You can at least have bread—and perhaps some butter and jam. You could then use your spare time looking up the position you want. What salary do you get now?"

"Seven and a half a week—but I got two hundred dollars more last year, out of my five per cent of the commissions I earn for the office. Probably a little more this year."

"Well, suppose we say fifteen dollars a week, then. That will be a bit better than you are doing now?"

"Oh, that would be generous," said Herbert, delighted. "It *would* be a great help, Doctor. Thank you very much. I must be frank with you, though, and tell you while I'm interested in your work, I'm not a member of your church, and may never be."

"Well, we won't quarrel about that, young man. I want to do what I can for you for the dear elder's sake. Are you a member of any church?"

"Yes, I'm nominally a member of the Congregational church in Ranosha; but I got so tired of going to meetings, leading meetings, serving on committees, chasing around begging for money, and all the rest of it, with no results, that not long ago I told the pastor I wouldn't waste time on it any more."

"And what did he say to that?" asked Dr. Dowie, his eyes twinkling, his mustache twitching.

"Oh, he said the work of the church was to build character, not to do the spectacular."

"Yes, yes, I used to be a big-headed Congregationalist myself. And what did you tell him?"

"I told him I couldn't see that the members of his church averaged any better-built characters than people of the same class outside the church."

"Nor do they," said the General Overseer, hotly. "The apostate churches have forsaken the Gospel of Christ. He preached salvation, healing, and holy living. And they preach 'character-building'!"

After agreeing that he would take up his new duties on November first, Herbert bade the General Overseer good-by and went with his brother into the auditorium. The people still sat patiently waiting, although it was now nearly an hour past time for the meeting to begin.

The General Overseer raced out upon the platform as if he had just torn himself away from affairs of epochal importance. First dropping to his knees behind the pulpit a moment, he rose and began to speak in a harsh, disagreeable, but strangely carrying voice. Herbert was surprised to see that he looked tall and powerful.

Soon the preacher announced a hymn and the people sang.

"This crowd can sing!" whispered Herbert to his brother.

"Oh, yes," was the answer, "they have the love and joy of the Lord in their hearts."

This was a weekly meeting of the recently organized Zion Seventies. These people, said Ezra, went in pairs, from house to house, all over Chicago, selling "Leaves of Healing," distributing tracts, testifying, caring for the sick when they could get an oppor-

tunity, doing housework for sick mothers, gathering information about families in distress.

At this meeting, after the General Overseer had preached for an hour, another hour was devoted to reports from members. Men and women related their experiences. Some had stories of people "brought into Zion," of people healed in answer to the General Overseer's prayer, of poverty and distress relieved. Others had been struck or kicked, had been cursed, threatened, ridiculed. These seemed prouder and happier than those who had come "bringing in the sheaves" of conversions and healings.

All this made Herbert uncomfortable. Happy abandonment to the faith that was in these people put him to shame. Compared to theirs, his religion seemed cold and perfunctory.

After the meeting, which closed at about eleven o'clock, the people seemed unwilling to leave. Standing or seated in groups, they talked religion as a crowd of undergraduates discusses a football game.

All the way up the avenue to Zion Home, Ezra talked.

"The thing that makes me so happy in Zion," he said, "is that here the Bible means just what it says—all of it. We don't need to try to explain away any of it. For us it is all up to date, all true, and all practicable. And we get actual, concrete results every day to prove it. Then it is a joy to work with people who are so whole-heartedly in accord. They're too busy serving the Lord and their fellow-men to have any time for the jealousy, backbiting, scheming and con-

spiring you and I have seen so much of in the apostate churches. And there's none of the indifference that used to discourage me so in my pastorates. Every one is too willing, if anything. We have to hold them back for their health's sake."

At Zion Home, Herbert told Ezra that he would not look up his friend that night. It was only three quarters of an hour to train time, and besides, since he had agreed to go to work for Dr. Dowie, there was no hurry about seeing Phil. So the brothers sat chatting in the lobby.

In a few minutes Captain Erdman came in, accompanied by a tall, athletic young man of about twenty-eight. His head was high but well-proportioned, his forehead intellectual. Level gray eyes looked at the world with intelligent, friendly interest. Dress and grooming bespoke cultivated tastes. He was, thought Herbert, easily superior to all the Zion folks he had seen. "He looks like a gentleman and a scholar," he said to himself.

"Mr. Renbrush," said the captain, "I want you to meet Mr. Harrow, the general manager of Zion Printing and Publishing House and general associate editor of 'Leaves of Healing' and Zion publications."

"That's a whale's mouthful of title, isn't it?" laughed Harrow, easily, as he shook hands with Herbert. "I'm glad to meet you, Mr. Renbrush. I'd know you were a college man even if the captain hadn't told me. You see, we've been talking about you. I hope to get better acquainted."

Herbert was charmed. Here, he felt, was a man of

his own class. Somehow, he was not quite so frightened and miserable, now that this splendid man, about his own age, had appeared.

"You're a college man too, of course," he said. "What's your alma mater?"

"Oh, I'm Princeton, Ninety-one," said Harrow, "and what's yours?"

"Berrence, Ninety-six."

"Well, we're too far apart on the map to fight about our football teams, so we ought to be peaceful enough. Did you play?"

"Yes, three years, right guard."

"Good for you! Sounds like varsity. I didn't get that far, but I did manage to lose some skin for dear old Ninety-one. The captain tells me you're going to work here. Come in and see me as soon as you can. Publishing house is at the corner of Thirteenth and Michigan."

CHAPTER II

On the first day of November, 1898, Herbert Renbrush arrived in Chicago. He went at once to his brother Ezra's flat in Monroe Avenue near Sixty-first Street, where, for three dollars a week, he was to have the use of a folding bed in the living-room, and his breakfasts and suppers. Arriving in the morning, he visited with his brother, ate dinner with him, and then took a Cottage Grove Avenue cable car uptown to Zion Home.

Herbert's welcome by Captain Erdman, at Zion Home, made him glow inside.

"I'll telephone up to Murray, the General Overseer's secretary," said the captain, picking up an instrument. "I think I can get you an interview this afternoon."

The captain spoke briefly, banteringly, to some one he called Merry Christmas.

"Come along, my boy," said he, setting down the telephone and coming out from behind the counter with long, graceful strides. "What'd I tell you? Merry worked you in ahead of a long line of elders and evangelists, but we've got to get there quick."

They rounded the left end of the counter and found the building's one elevator car waiting.

"Four times, Freddie," sang Erdman to the grinning young saint on the wire rope. They rose to the

fourth floor. Stepping into the corridor, Erdman led the way toward an open door at the western or front end. Beyond this door was a waiting-room, where Herbert could see about a dozen patient-looking elders, most of them bearded, lined up against the wall in wooden chairs. At a roll-top desk against the other wall sat a reedy youth with long, fleshy nose. Beside him was a girl with saucy face and mischievous brown eyes. They were cutting columns of clippings from newspapers and pasting them in huge scrap-books, thus combining functions of waiting-room attendants and clipping bureau.

Captain Erdman passed by quickly, turned to the right, opened a door, and slipped, with Herbert, inside a little foyer, about ten feet square, lighted only by a single incandescent. Four closed doors appeared. This had been a three-room de luxe suite in days when the building had been a profane hotel. Tradition asserted that John L. Sullivan had used for spirituous ceremonials the rooms now sacred to the office work of the spiritual head of the Christian Catholic Church in Zion Throughout the World.

Captain Erdman tapped lightly on one of the four doors and stood waiting. There was no response. He grinned and knocked again. Not a sound except the swift impact of typewriter keys inside. "The little shrimp—tryin' to be mean," whispered the captain, laughing silently, as he tapped again. Rattle of type on paper ceased—the door opened.

Lawrence Murray was small, with lady-like hands and feet. His hair, his nails, his linen, his clothing were as neat and compact as the works of a watch.

His dark eyes were smoldering, his brow drawn in a scowl which advertised itself as ferocious. But while his mouth was screwed tight shut, his lips were full and a ripe red. For all his fierce manner, he appeared sulky rather than angry, and Herbert had the impression it was all a mask for a shy but friendly soul.

"Hello yourself, Merry Christmas," whispered the captain. "Glad to see you lookin' so frivolous. This is Mr. Herbert Renbrush, the elder's brother—and this, Mr. Renbrush, is the famous Merry Christmas you've heard of so often."

Murray permitted a tight smile to dimple one smooth cheek, shook hands stiffly and murmured, "How do you do, Mr. Renbrush?"

"Stop and see me when you go out, my boy," invited the captain as he left.

"Won't you sit down, Mr. Renbrush," said Murray precisely. "The General Overseer desired me to inform you that he would see you at his earliest opportunity, between appointments. He is very much occupied, but he desires to make you welcome and to induct you into your duties as early as possible."

"All right," answered Herbert, smiling with the secretary.

Murray's office was neat, small, and compact, like himself. He had a mahogany roll-top desk, immaculately in order—everything in painfully exact, geometrical position—and a small typewriter desk of the same wood beside it. On the wall was but one picture—a life-sized head and shoulders of Dr. Dowie. The one window looked out upon Michigan Avenue, but from where Herbert sat, nothing but the Royal Tail-

ors' Building across the street was visible. From below came the incessant clop-clop of horses' hoofs.

Murray returned to his typewriter without more conversation. Minutes slipped by, then slowed to a crawl. Murray went on typing, the tailors across the avenue went on cutting acres of cloth, the horses below went on weaving intricate patterns of rhythm. But Herbert only sat. He looked about for something to read—at least his time need not be wholly wasted—but everything in this office was so mathematically placed he dared not disturb a detail. He tried to think, to plan; but there was too much unknown in the future for him to make a beginning.

This was a fine way to treat a fellow, he thought. "Rush up! Right away! Hurry, or you'll be too late! Then sit outside and waste hours of time! By jiminy, I won't stand it! I don't have to."

"Guess I'd better come back later," he finally told Murray. "Evidently Dr. Dowie doesn't want to see me now."

The secretary ceased typing long enough to say, coldly, "If you desire to converse with the General Overseer, you would do well to remain until he summons you."

"Oh, well! But it's a great waste of time."

"It is his time," replied Murray, simply.

Herbert stared, mouth slack, while Murray went on at the typewriter.

" 'His time,' " he thought. "Does he mean the man's God Almighty?"

Another hour passed. Occasionally there was a soft knock on the outer door and the bell-boy si-

lently handed in one or more yellow-jacketed telegrams, a bundle of printed blanks fastened together with a clip, or an envelop containing one of the same kind of blanks. These blanks were written upon in many different hands, some in pencil, some in ink. A few were typewritten. All these Murray arranged, as they came, in a neat pile close to his typewriter.

A buzzer sounded on the wall above the secretary's sleek head. He rose solemnly, picked up the handful of telegrams and blanks he had collected, then silently opened a door at the left of his typewriter desk, disappeared through it, and as silently closed it. After fifteen minutes the door was opened wide, Murray came through, stood ceremoniously aside and stiffly pronounced:

"The General Overseer desires you to come in, Mr. Renbrush."

CHAPTER III

HERBERT stepped into a large corner room with four windows, draped with clean, white Nottingham lace curtains—no easy achievement in Chicago. Against the south wall was a huge mahogany roll-top desk, open. A luxurious couch backed up to the east wall, a revolving bookcase filled with dictionaries, lexicons, atlases, and a morocco-bound set of the Encyclopædia Britannica stood between the windows on the north side, while a terrestrial globe two feet in diameter, elaborately mounted, occupied the northwest corner. A heavy Brussels carpet covered the entire floor. On the walls were life-size portraits of Dr. Dowie, Mrs. Jeanie Dowie, Gladstone Dowie, their son, and Esther Dowie, their daughter.

Dr. Dowie had risen from a big leather-upholstered swivel chair in front of the larger mahogany desk. He was dressed as he had been when Herbert first saw him, except that a black silk skull cap covered his baldness. Smiling genially, he extended his pudgy little hand.

"Ah, Renbrush, I'm delighted to see you again. Had you a pleasant journey?"

"Yes, Doctor, and I'm glad to be here."

"And you are ready to begin your duties?"

"The sooner the better."

"Ah, I am glad to hear it. Keeping close to God?"

"I hope so," answered Herbert, slightly embarrassed.

"Sit down, do, and let us have a little talk."

Herbert took the mahogany arm-chair indicated, at the left of the desk.

"Now, my dear young man," said the General Overseer, leaning back in his chair and crossing his short legs with difficulty, holding an ankle in one hand to keep it from slipping off his knee, "you are going to work in an organization where conditions are different from those in the outside world. God called me to proclaim His full Gospel of Salvation, Healing, and Holy Living, so long lost to the world through the apostasy of the churches and the cowardice of those who called themselves His ministers. He led me to form the Christian Catholic Church in Zion Throughout the World. I am the head, the General Overseer, of that church by His authority—not by the vote of a majority. You are an American and you make much of your precious 'rule of the majority.' You forget that 'one man, with God on his side, is a majority on any question.'

"God's church, in the beginning, was never ruled by votes. The majority of people are weak and foolish. Therefore, the rule of the majority is a tyranny of fools. That is true in politics as well as in churches."

Herbert was still young enough and democrat enough to believe that the voice of the people was the voice of God, and the United States of America the greatest and best nation in all history. A rush

of hot protests jammed in his throat—so he said nothing. Dr. Dowie smiled.

"You find that a hard saying, do you not? I have no great liking for harsh language. My own taste is for the beautiful, the classical, the poetic. But I found, early in my ministry, that you cannot fight the devil with rose water and eau de cologne. I might tell a smoker in sweet, literary language about the harmfulness of nicotine poisoning. Would that knock the pipe and cigar out of his mouth? You know—you have read—that mild, lovely talk. How many does it affect?"

"Not many, I'm afraid," admitted Herbert.

"But when I call smokers dirty stinkpots, they are shocked. I heap it up, pile on the disgust. That knocks the pipes and cigars out of their mouths.

"So there is no voting in Zion. I may as well tell you frankly, I am a despot. We have no committees—a lot of weak men sitting around a table talking, interminably talking. Passing resolutions! What has ever been done by resolutions? God does not work that way. He chooses one man—and gives that man full and final authority. And I am that man in Zion—make no mistake. I did not appoint myself—God put me here. He sets His seal upon my authority by the works He does through me. I would be a traitor to Him if I were to turn over to a committee, a presbytery, a board of trustees, or the votes of a congregation one shred of the authority for which He holds me responsible. Rather than yield my power to any one else or divide it with any man or body of men, I would smash the whole thing.

"So, absolute, instant, unquestioning obedience to the General Overseer is the rule in Zion. To disobey me is to rebel against the will of God."

Herbert was having a bad time. He did not agree with his new employer. He instinctively rebelled against autocratic authority and a demand for unquestioning obedience. He began to wish himself well out of this scrape. He suspected, miserably, that he had been too impulsive. Yet he could think of nothing to say to fit the circumstances. He thought of that line of patient, bearded elders and evangelists on their hard chairs in the waiting-room. They had looked as if they belonged in an atmosphere of "complete, instant, and unquestioning obedience." Meek preachers, they had always had to knuckle under to the leading members of their churches, had been bossed around by domineering women. Probably it was a relief to them to have only one boss—and that a man. But he wasn't that kind.

Dr. Dowie went on:

"After all, Renbrush, I'm not such a terrible fellow. My people love me because they know I love them. I have gone down into the valley of the shadow of death with many of them, fought with the devil for their lives and won. I have prayed for their children. I have lifted many of them out of lives of sin and shame and made them clean, happy, prosperous, and healthy in Zion. I have prayed for thousands of mothers in the perilous hour of childbirth and God has delivered them of beautiful babies without doctors or drugs. Do you wonder they love me and find joy in obeying me?"

It was not clear to Herbert why a man should have despotic authority over people because he loved them, but he said nothing.

Dr. Dowie sprang up, took a few quick, springy steps about the office, then stood facing Herbert, feet apart, hands in trousers pockets.

"Now I want to do all I can for you. You have intelligence, you are well educated, you have had some good business experience. I made a notable success of business before I was ordained. Even now I handle many large business affairs. I am just a business man in the ministry. I want to give you the benefit of my business judgment. I want to see you make money. You should be a wealthy man.

"I have no patience with this chatter of fools about the blessings of poverty. Poverty is a curse. God wants His people to be rich, prosperous, powerful. As the leader of His people, I have plans for making them rich. Even now they are becoming rich. They work hard. They lose no time through drunkenness or sickness. Their brains are clear and their bodies strong. They save all the money other people spend on liquor, tobacco, theaters, cards, novels, dances, harlots, and other polluting abominations. Do you see what advantages they have at the start? And when, under wise guidance, they combine their capital, what a power they will have in business?"

The General Overseer strode about the office in growing excitement.

"You are a business man. You can appreciate these things. I can talk to you about them as I could not talk to many of those around me. They are dear, good,

faithful people and useful in their way, but they would not understand a business man's point of view. They do not, even now, appreciate the business ability that, in less than six years, has carried me from nothing to the possession of Zion Home, Central Zion Tabernacle, Zion Printing and Publishing House, Zion Home of Hope for Erring Women, and Zion College.

"Yes, we have a college. In the upper room at the publishing house I have the nucleus of what will one day be Zion University, with its colleges of theology, law, agriculture, engineering, classics, science, business, and finance. I want the children of Zion, born into clean homes, of clean parents, reared without contamination by the vices of the world, to be given the highest and best education. I want them to be a royal generation. And how they will shake this old world!

"Yes, Zion is already a brilliant success in business, but I am only beginning. If I have done some little during six years, starting with nothing, think what I, under God, can do in the next twenty or thirty! I am only fifty-one and I intend to live to be a hundred, at least, by God's blessing. And there will be great rewards for those who assist me in Zion's business enterprises. There should be. Jesus said, 'The laborer is worthy of his hire,' and I'm not niggardly with those who are faithful and able."

Herbert felt his enthusiasm returning.

"Best of all, of course," Dr. Dowie went on, "is the power for good of such an organization. Already there are branches of Zion in all lands and in the

islands of the sea. With the power of millions of dollars behind them, these will grow and spread and multiply until the 'knowledge of the goodness of God shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea.'

"You told me you had given up your work in the Congregational church because you saw no results. And you did well. I have only this to say to you: Walk around Zion, go into every department. Talk to her people. Get to know them. Read 'Leaves of Healing.' Attend our healing meetings. Everywhere you will see results—glorious results."

The General Overseer's eyes were glowing, his head flung back, his whole figure seemed to expand. Then he resumed his seat, instantly dropping into a conversational tone.

"Now the opening I had in mind for you is not ready yet, and I am glad it is not. I want you to know Zion, to get a little understanding of the Zion spirit —before you begin your actual duties. So I am going to set you at what may seem to you an odd task. Come."

Dr. Dowie rose, put his arm around Herbert's shoulders and drew him toward a door in the east wall. Opening this, the two men passed into a long, narrow room, with thick Brussels carpet and two great leather arm-chairs. Against the walls were oak bookcases with glass doors, filled with books. Going to one of the cases, Dr. Dowie pointed to a row of big books, bound in black morocco and lettered in gold "Leaves of Healing Volume I," "II," "III," and "IV."

"This is my little nucleus of a library. Some day Zion will have the greatest library on earth. All the

knowledge—and foolishness—of all the past and present will be at your disposal. But now I want you to come here five days a week, make yourself comfortable, and beginning at Volume One, Number One, read 'Leaves of Healing,' every word, in order. If you get tired of reading, you may attend the healing meetings Monday, Wednesday, and Friday afternoons, in the healing-room off the lobby on the main floor, and at the Tabernacle on Thursday afternoons. You will be on duty eight hours a day. Of course, you will want to attend the regular Sunday meetings at the Tabernacle."

"But," said Herbert, "isn't there something I could do to earn my salary? I don't like to take pay just for reading and attending meetings."

"Now you are not to worry about that—I think I'll call you Herbert. Don't worry about that at all, Herbert. I am paying you for your time, and it is mine to do with as I wish. You must give me credit for knowing what I want."

Dr. Dowie had seated himself in one of the big library chairs. Signing Herbert to sit in the other, he talked—and encouraged the young man to talk—about world affairs, Bryan, McKinley, the beginnings of recovery in business and finance, newspapers, Shakspere, Dr. Dowie's early business experiences and political activities, Herbert's business adventures, education, and other subjects. The young man was amazed to find how widely and deeply his new employer had read, at the breadth and variety of his interests and information. The charm, the geniality, the easy camaraderie of the man drew him. Serious

attention given his ideas and opinions flattered him. Hours passed. Then Murray came in with a discreet clearing of his throat, bearing another sheaf of telegrams and filled-in printed blanks, which he placed on the padded arm of Dr. Dowie's chair.

"Ah, Murray, my boy, what do you want, with your ahem?" asked the great man playfully.

"Mrs. Dowie telephones that it is time for your dinner, General Overseer," said Murray, severely.

"Ah—dinner, Murray. Why do you lay the responsibility on Mistress Dowie? You know you tyrannize over me with your precious clock, your meal hours, and appointments. I suspect you want your own dinner, isn't that it? Shocking! You make a god of your belly."

The man laughed with terrifying gurgles and gasps, in the midst of which he caught sight of the papers on the arm of his chair. Suddenly he became grave, snatched off his skullcap, placed his right hand on the papers, closed his eyes, and rapidly and silently moved his lips for a few seconds. Replacing his cap, he said:

"Here is another evidence of Zion's world-wide power. These are requests for prayer for the sick. They come in, every hour of the day and night, by cable, by telegraph, by telephone, by mail, and by messenger. See, here is a cable from Sydney, Australia: 'Dowie, Chicago. Pray. Daughter dying. Cranston.' This one is from Zürich: 'Pray for me. Kettler.' There are telegrams from many American cities. These blanks, you see, are headed 'Request for Prayer.' Those filled in in typewriting were taken over

the telephone by clerks employed for that purpose. Here, Murray, stamp them. You see, when I have prayed, each one is stamped with the date, hour, and minute. Then, when the testimony to healing comes in, we are able to check up the time, making allowance for difference in longitude."

Murray went into the General Overseer's office and began banging away with an electrically operated time-stamp, almost as efficiently accurate as himself —but not so quiet.

"Well, Herbert," said the General Overseer, taking the young man's hand, "I trust we understand each other. Are you comfortably located in Chicago?"

"Yes, Doctor, thank you. I'm staying with my brother on the South Side. I'm going to arrange to buy my lunches here at the Home."

"My dear boy, you do not need to buy them. You are my guest. Murray, make a note to tell Jeffords that Mr. Renbrush is to have whatever meals he wants here and to charge them to my account. I want you to be well provided for, Herbert. You have probably had some extra expense moving down here. Take this as part payment, with my love."

Herbert found himself rather sheepishly accepting a bright, new twenty-dollar gold piece and stumbling through a speech of gratitude. He was dazed.

"Now, off you go," said Dr. Dowie, gently easing him through the door into the foyer.

In the waiting-room patient elders and evangelists still sat on their hard chairs.

CHAPTER IV

JOHN ALEXANDER DOWIE was born in Edinburgh, the son of John Murray Dowie, breeches-maker. When still a child, he had gone, with his father and mother, to Adelaide, South Australia, where the canny Scotch tailor had prospered modestly and had been made justice of the peace.

Little John was a rack of slender bones, with head much too large for his bandy-legged body. His hair was thick, wavy, and black as anthracite. His big eyes were so dark and strange a gray they looked purple in some moods, black in others. His digestion was treacherous but his appetite voracious, so he was often ill. Weakness of flesh, however, seemed only to add to the flames of mind and emotion that burned in him and lit up everything around him.

In school he seemed to drink in knowledge without effort—except arithmetic and science. Geography was a passion with him, spelling, grammar, literature, history, Latin, Greek, philosophy, he learned as if by contact rather than by study. And what he learned he remembered, not merely to recite, but forever.

Despite his scholarship and his physical frailty, he was not despised by his schoolmates. Some hated and feared him because of a temper which exalted him until, enthroned upon his rage, he seemed tall and

massive, and because of a tongue like a whip of poison ivy. Others were drawn to him, almost against sober judgment, and accorded him leadership. But he led them in crusades of mind and heart, not in sports. Nor was the way he took easy for them. Even grown-up men and women seemed to feel the awful energies of his personality. An imitative politeness but sketchily screened the violent arrogance, and perhaps even more violent attractiveness, of his personality. He would not and could not be treated as a child. He communed with adults, if at all, as an adult.

When twenty-one years old he went to his native city to attend the University of Edinburgh. The sailing-ship which carried him from Australia across the Pacific and around Cape Horn spent three months playing upon his emotions. When becalmed in the doldrums he was feral in caged fury. Fair winds made him a prince in triumphal progress. He was all over the ship, talking, joking, laughing, teasing, preaching, boasting. But in a storm he was like flame on an altar. There was a calm joyousness about him that drew poor frightened folk and made them forget his youth. Once and again, when Death sat grinning horribly on the shoulders of the plumed seas, he held passengers and crew almost unafraid in the embrace of his courage. He could not promise them life, but he showed them the beauty and kindliness of Death.

Arrived at Edinburgh, he went to live with his father's sister, widow of a saddler and mother of two sons grown, married, and working in Glasgow. Poor soul, she loved and admired her nephew but never understood him. He was kindly—except when crossed

—but as aloof as the stars. She gave him a good home, darned his socks, fed him oatmeal, fish, orange marmalade, toast, mutton, and broth in quantity if not quality, and thanked her cross Scotch God that he was so releegious.

In his native city young Dowie distinguished himself for his fiery debates with astounded professors on doctrine and scriptural interpretations; for a plodding, relentless, timeless attention to detail amazing in one so impetuous; and for a passion to preach which would not be denied. Mission chapels, soap-boxes, country churches, university classrooms, debating clubs—all were his pulpits. Whether his congregation numbered two hundred or only two made no difference with what he said, how long he took to say it, or the dramatic fervor of his performance.

He made few friends. For social life and sport he cared nothing. Small talk was impossible to him, and in his religious passions people were but raw material.

After two years at the university he was suddenly called home to Australia. His father had guessed wrong about a chance to make a quick fortune, and John could have no more drafts from Adelaide. Many years afterward he said, "I could have gone on and become the head of my university but for the stupidity and selfishness of one who should have kept himself out of my path."

There followed two years' work for a wholesale ironmongery—or hardware store—as bookkeeper, correspondent, and collector—with much lay preaching as recreation. Finally, he was ordained a minister

of the Congregational Church and went to Alma, a small country pastorate in South Australia. His eloquence and fire made a reputation for him and he was called to the Manly Congregational Church in Sydney, whence he went to Newton, a suburb. At this time, also, he married his first cousin, Jeanie Dowie of Adelaide.

It was during his pastorate here that he passed through an experience which changed the whole course of his life, as a result of which he deliberately turned his back upon the brilliant career opening before him and set out upon that lonely path of fighting against the mighty forces of pulpit, press, society, government, and individual enemies.

He discovered Divine Healing.

At first the young preacher tried to tell of Jesus the Healer in his little suburban church. But it was not to be. Opposition drove him out and, at thirty-one, he opened a divine healing tabernacle in Sydney. Immediately storms began to beat down upon him and his little handful of followers. With seeming recklessness he attacked churches, physicians, newspapers, theaters, and the liquor traffic. They naturally struck back and he began to be persecuted and martyred. There being no stronger magnet than the martyr to certain human types, his following grew. At thirty-five he transferred his headquarters to Melbourne, where he built a tabernacle and was quickly in the midst of half a dozen fights, always against overwhelming odds. On one occasion his private office at the tabernacle was wrecked by a bomb only a few minutes after he had left it for the night.

Early in 1888 he started on what he announced would be a trip around the world to organize the International Divine Healing Association. After a few weeks in New Zealand, preaching, praying for the sick, and fighting his enemies, he went on to San Francisco, where he began five years of wandering from city to city west of the Mississippi, holding meetings, proclaiming his "Full Gospel," and making the welkin and the newspapers ring with his fights.

In the course of his wanderings he visited Salt Lake City. There he studied the Mormon Church and had an interview with its president.

Early in 1893 the little band of pilgrims reached Chicago, only four in number—"Dr." Dowie, as he now permitted himself to be styled, though he had no degree; his wife, Jeanie, and his two children, Gladstone and Esther. Buildings of the World's Columbian Exposition were being finished in Jackson Park. Between the park and the elevated Illinois Central tracks, in Sixty-second Street, on the north side of that short thoroughfare, the itinerant preacher bought a lot and built an ugly little wooden shack, which he called Zion Tabernacle. The building had an unusually high, partly rounded false front, similar to those seen on stores in raw western towns. On this front was painted in huge letters "Zion Tabernacle, Headquarters of the International Divine Healing Association, Rev. John Alex. Dowie, Founder and President. Christ Is All and in All." Otherwise, the building was unpainted. Inside were seats for about 350 or 400 people. Near-by he rented a two-story frame house which he called Zion Home. The word "Zion,"

so much used by the Mormons in Salt Lake City, had made a deep impression upon him. All conceivable glories are promised to Zion in the Bible.

One day during the World's Fair, Herbert Renbrush, on his way to work as rolling-chair pusher in the fair grounds, passed through Sixty-second Street, using a narrow foot-passenger tunnel under the Illinois Central tracks. His eye fell on Zion Tabernacle. Curiously, he read the flamboyant sign. "Humph," he thought, "some faker trying to catch a few suckers, letting the fair draw the crowds for him, like a shell-game man at a circus!" He went on and gave the little hut no further thought.

But "Dr." Dowie was giving it much thought. Although, at first, he preached to mere handfuls of less than ten hearers, his fire was undimmed. Meetings were held at almost every hour of the day and evening. More and more people came. Many professed conversion, many others, members of churches, claimed to have been healed. Going to their homes in Chicago and all over the world, they carried the story. In the churches and out, they "testified" with an invincible enthusiasm. It was a compelling message. When a man says, "I was dying of cancer of the tongue. I could take only liquid food. I couldn't talk. Doctor Dowie laid hands on me and prayed, God heard his prayer, according to His promise, and the cancer fell out. It is now preserved in a jar on the walls of Zion Tabernacle, praise the Lord," you can't call him a liar, however incredulous you may be. If you profess to believe the Bible, which teaches that disease *is* to be healed in answer to prayer and the

laying on of hands, the logic of the case is all with the man who says he was so healed.

Pulpits began to thunder against the new "ism." Thus more and more people heard about that "bit of kindling-wood," Zion Tabernacle. A University of Chicago professor called it that, much to "Dr." Dowie's delight, who worked the epithet for all it was worth. He would use that bit of kindling-wood to start a fire which would sweep all over the world.

All these forces, for and against, brought people flocking to Zion Tabernacle after the World's Fair ended and some of its palaces went up in fire and smoke. All through that dread winter of 1893, when emaciated men slept by thousands under sidewalks, in doorways, in the corridors of City Hall, and in the flimsy lath and stucco buildings in Jackson Park, the tabernacle was packed day and night, and people stood for hours on snow-drifts, outside the windows to hear the preaching and the "testimony" of "God's Witnesses to Divine Healing."

People came from far. Many of them remained for weeks. To shelter and feed them other houses in the neighborhood were rented, until there were Zion Homes Nos. 2, 3, and 4. Money began to pour in, not only from the free-will offerings in the tabernacle, but also from the twenty-five dollars a week paid by each guest in the Zion Homes (many who could not pay were entertained free of charge) and from gifts of gratitude given by those who had been healed.

Still another building was rented, this one a two-story brick in Stony Island Avenue, which runs along the western side of Jackson Park.

The first floor was fitted up with second-hand printing presses and other equipment and became Zion Printing and Publishing House. Here began "Leaves of Healing," a weekly paper. The second floor was equipped with platform and seats, and became Zion Tabernacle No. 2. The growing design of wall decoration, made of crutches, canes, braces, high-sole shoes, and other trophies of the healing-rooms, was removed from the old "bit of kindling-wood" and nailed to the walls of the new tabernacle, and Zion Tabernacle No. 1 was torn down.

Newspapers in Chicago began to see good copy in the strange community clinging to the flank of the dead and burned World's Fair. Reporters with sensational pens were sent. Their stories were copied in newspapers all over the world. In these stories "Dr." Dowie was called a mountebank, a charlatan, a quack, a lunatic. His followers were all dupes or accomplices. Many sick people came from distant places, were robbed of their money, and died in agony, being denied medical attendance. Those who lived in the Zion Homes were starved and bullied. Many of Dowie's accomplices were dissolute thieves and prostitutes, who preyed on the dupes and shared their plunder with the head of the cult.

Dr. Dowie's attempts to have the worst of these errors corrected met with ridicule or abuse, or were ignored. Ethics of the press in Chicago in those days were not as high as now and this "healer" was despised and rejected of men. It was perfectly safe to lie about him.

But Dowie flourished on this publicity. Zion Tab-

ernacle No. 2 was crowded and circulation of "Leaves of Healing" and of a constantly growing list of tracts boomed.

An ordinance was prepared and passed by the Chicago City Council, providing that every hospital must procure a license annually. Fines and imprisonment would follow any attempt to conduct a hospital without one. And a hospital was defined as any place or building where the sick were cared for. Dowie and his wife were arrested while he was in the midst of a sermon, were taken to a police station in a wagon used to transport smallpox patients to the pest-house, and were locked up in a cell on a Sunday evening. No magistrate's office was open. They could not get bail. It was a telling blow, and Monday morning's papers were jubilant. But they had not counted on the loyalty and energy of Dowie's people. Within an hour a reluctant and cursing magistrate had been run to cover, ten times the required bail had been provided, and the martyrs had returned in loud triumph to the still-crowded tabernacle.

When the case came to trial Dowie pointed out that any home in Chicago where a baby had the colic became a hospital, according to their precious ordinance, and the child's father and mother liable to arrest unless they either got the baby out or paid twenty-five dollars for a license. That killed the ordinance, and the healer's crowing derision was loud, long, merciless—and galling.

The fight was on and Zion's leader did not wait to be attacked. Often he was arrested, sometimes on a charge of practising medicine without a license, at

other times, paradoxically, on a charge of manslaughter—because he had let one of his patients die without medical assistance. But he was never convicted on any of these charges. No matter how much you hated a man because his prayers seemed to be answered, you really couldn't send him to jail for praying for the sick. All the ministers and all the relatives and friends of all the sick did that.

About this time Dr. James Michael Darling, a former practising physician, became a member of Dowie's staff. For many years he was Dowie's chief assistant, doing everything from preaching to keeping books and buying groceries.

In 1896 Dowie organized what he called "The Christian Catholic Church in Zion Throughout the World," and appointed himself General Overseer. That same year he moved out of his Zion Homes Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4 and took up quarters in Zion Home, a seven-story hotel building at the corner of Michigan Avenue and Twelfth Street. This building he purchased, a remarkable bit of financing for one who had arrived in Chicago penniless only four years before. A few months later he had bought and begun alterations on Central Zion Tabernacle, at Sixteenth Street and Michigan Avenue, a far cry from the ugly little bit of kindling-wood just outside the World's Fair gates.

At the time when Herbert Renbrush met him, "Dr." Dowie was General Overseer of a church of about 35,000 members. Many of these lived in Chicago and its suburbs, but others were indeed scattered "throughout the world."

CHAPTER V

WHEN Herbert's long talk with Dr. Dowie was ended by Murray's appearance, it was too late to go out to the South Side for supper. At Captain Erdman's invitation, Herbert ate with him in the dining-room of Zion Home. At the same table he was glad to see John Harrow.

"Hello, Renbrush, glad to see you again. Mrs. Harrow, may I present Mr. Renbrush? He's a Berrence, Ninety-six, ex-right guard, and, as you can see, a welcome addition. Mrs. Harrow, if I may say so, is a product of Oberlin, but fell a victim to matrimony before taking her degree. So we have here the nucleus of a Zion University Club."

Mrs. Harrow responded with a firm hand-clasp, a friendly smile, and, "I don't admit it, Mr. Renbrush, but John says I've been excited and thrilled ever since he told me you were coming. But I will own that you keep his promises about you beautifully. Now, wasn't that a nice speech?"

Nancy Harrow was undeniably pretty—just missed being a beauty. She was a vivacious brunette of nineteen or twenty. Her mouth, perhaps a little too wide, was warmly red, her teeth even and white, and her square little chin piquant in its implications of independence, love of physical activity, and determination. Leg-of-mutton sleeves and stiff hour-glass stays

of the late nineties could not wholly mask the slim allure of her figure, which seemed to pulsate with the same eager life that shone from her eyes.

If Herbert had been glad to meet John Harrow and pleased that he should be in Zion, he was doubly delighted to find with him this frank and charming girl.

Next day Herbert began his reading of "Leaves of Healing." Dr. Dowie's library was comfortable and quiet. Herbert was a rapid reader. He found the paper unusually well printed, illustrated with many excellent half-tone engravings from photographs of Dr. Dowie, Jeanie Dowie, their two children, the various tabernacles and Zion Homes, and hundreds of men, women, and children who wrote letters telling how they had been "saved, healed, and blessed in answer to our dear Dr. Dowie's prayers." There were sermons by Dr. Dowie, editorials—usually several pages of them in each issue—by Dr. Dowie, special articles by Dr. Dowie, and letters in praise of Dr. Dowie. Except for a short article by Mrs. Dowie, which appeared again and again, no one else seemed to write for the publication. All of Dr. Dowie's statements were positive. There was no perhaps, no qualification, no hedging. He backed up what he said by liberal quotations from the Bible and by hundreds of living witnesses. Dr. Dowie did not argue about his authority. He did not even assume it. He accepted and used it. All this in short, pungent, Anglo-Saxon words. As Herbert read on, these statements, testimonies, and Bible texts were repeated endlessly. It

was like being hammered on one spot hour after hour.

Assault on the young reader's mind went on eight hours a day, five days a week.

But, lest even this should not be enough, the astute head of Zion piled on more. Every day he spent some time with Herbert—some days only a few minutes, on other days several hours. Often luncheon was brought up from Dr. Dowie's private kitchen, on the third floor, and served in the library. Sometimes Herbert was invited down to the third floor dining-room, where he lunched with the General Overseer and his family.

Mrs. Jeanie Dowie, herself a preacher, was a bit taller than her husband, with clear, blue eyes, generous figure, rosy cheeks, and softly waving reddish-gold hair. Though friendly, she never lost a self-possessed exclusiveness of manner left over from her girlhood as daughter of a wealthy, prominent family. She loved fine apparel and diamonds.

Miss Esther, her father's idol, was only seventeen but a fully developed, fine-looking woman—well-modeled features, masses of dark glossy hair, unforgettable eyes like her father's, and a clear, fair skin. She had inherited also a swift and sure intellect.

A. J. Gladstone, the only son, a bearded youth of twenty-one, student in the University of Chicago, master of handball, tennis, bowling, cricket, and chess, brought up in hotels and divine healing homes, hid genuine friendliness under a mask of boredom. Herbert grew increasingly fond of him as the years passed.

In his talks with Herbert the preacher said little about his mission and beliefs. Instead, he was scholarly, playful, genial, generous, charming.

But Dr. Dowie was also humble. He was only a lowly instrument in God's hands, after all. He had to do many things and say many things much against his personal taste. He was, at times, depressed and even terrified by the magnitude of the task which God had laid upon him. Not for him was the freedom to go his own way and enjoy a quiet life other men enjoyed. He must go through fire and even bloodshed. Martyrdom surely awaited him. "Even now," he said, his eyes and voice tragic, "the secret, unknown head of the Masonic order, who is also the Black Pope, head of the infamous Jesuits, has ordered my murder. As soon as they dare, there will be an 'accident,' and, in the confusion, a Masonic bullet will still my heart. But," and the eyes suddenly flashed and glowed, "they can never kill me. I'll come back, with Christ my King, and destroy them—set my world free from their foul, atheistic thralldom."

CHAPTER VI

One day, when Herbert had been reading for two weeks, Dr. Dowie came into the library and said, "I'm having luncheon sent up to us here. Afterward, I have a healing meeting downstairs. How would you like to attend?"

"I'd be glad to," said Herbert, but he did not tell all the truth. He was glad of the opportunity to see and hear what occurred at one of these meetings—but he was also a little frightened. He had all his Anglo-Saxon fear of an emotional scene.

The room at the northwest corner of the ground floor was the one Herbert had noticed through double doors from the lobby on his first visit to Zion Home. It was filled with its little audience of about a hundred drab invalids when he and Dr. Dowie arrived.

Dr. Dowie mounted the platform and began at once to lead his audience in repeating the thirty-fifth chapter of Isaiah.

All repeated the prophet's promises in unison. It was plain that their leader took them literally as addressed to him and applying to his Zion. His pleasure in them was rapturous, almost voluptuous.

As always, this was followed by singing, "We're Marching to Zion."

Then the General Overseer, seating himself in a comfortable chair, began to talk:

"Let me speak to you of Jesus. In simple, honest words, with tenderness and love, I want to tell you glad, good news.

"Christ changes never, and as He was on earth in ages long gone by, He is unchangeably the same even here and now. The Word which never dies is true, 'Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.' "

The speaker leaned forward, smiling tenderly upon the sufferers before him.

"All His life and ministry were beautifully described by Peter thus: 'God anointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Ghost and with power: who went about doing good, and healing all who were oppressed of the Devil.'

"Teaching patiently, preaching boldly, He went about with constant sympathy, 'healing all manner of diseases and all manner of sickness among the people.'

"Oh, wherefore doubt, and wherefore seek at other hands, from surgeon's knife or poison draft, the healing which He died to bring to thee, to me, to all mankind, in every age, in every land, in every clime? Christ changes never."

Pausing a moment, Dr. Dowie leaned back in his chair. In a more intimate tone he went on, "At noontide, twenty-two years ago, I sat in my study in the parsonage of the Congregational church at Newton, a suburb of the beautiful city of Sydney, Australia. My heart was very heavy, for I had been visiting the sick and dying beds of more than thirty of my flock, and I had cast the dust to its kindred dust into more than forty graves within a few weeks.

"And there I sat with sorrow-bowed head for my afflicted people, until the bitter tears came to relieve my burning heart. Then I prayed for some message, and oh, how I longed to hear some words from Him who wept and sorrowed for the suffering long ago."

The preacher's voice trembled, sobbed. Upon his uplifted imploring face were tears. He waited a few moments for control, then, with glowing eyes, he resumed.

"And then the words of the Holy Spirit inspired in Acts ten, thirty-eight stood before me all radiant with light, revealing Satan as the defiler and Christ as the Healer."

Springing from his chair, the speaker began to enact the next scene.

"A loud ring and several loud raps at the outer door, a rush of feet, and then at my door two panting messengers, who said, 'Oh, come at once. Mary is dying; come and pray.' I rushed from my house, ran hatless down the street, and entered the room of the dying maiden. I looked at her and then my anger burned.

" 'Oh,' I thought, 'for some sharp sword of heavenly temper keen to slay this cruel foe!' "

Standing there with upraised arm, his fringe of black curls flying, defiance blazing from his eyes, he seemed almost to wield a sword.

"In a strange way it came to pass; I found the sword I needed in my hands, and in my hands I hold it still, and never will I lay it down. The doctor, a good Christian man, was quietly walking up and down the room, sharing the mother's pain and grief.

Presently he stood at my side and said, 'Sir, are not God's ways mysterious?'

"Instantly the sword was flashing in my hands—the Spirit's sword, the Word of God. 'God's way?' I said, pointing to the scene of conflict. 'How dare you, Dr. K——, call that God's way of bringing His children home from earth to heaven? *No, sir, that is the Devil's work,* and it is time we called on Him who came to destroy the work of the Devil to slay the deadly, foul destroyer, and to save the child.'

"At once, offended at my words, my friend was changed and saying, 'You are too much excited, sir; 'tis best to say God's Will be done,' he left the room.

" 'It is not so,' I exclaimed; 'no Will of God sends such cruelty, and I shall never say God's Will be done to Satan's works, which God's own Son came to destroy, and this is one of them.'

"And so we prayed.

"And, lo! the maid lay still in sleep, so deep and sweet that the mother said in a low whisper, 'Is she dead?' 'No,' I answered in a whisper lower still, 'Mary will live; the fever has gone. She is perfectly well, and sleeping as an infant sleeps.'

"As I went away from the home where Christ as the Healer had been victorious, I could not but have somewhat in my heart the triumphant song that rang through heaven, and yet I was not a little amazed at my own strange doings, and still more at my discovery that He is just the same to-day.

"And this is the story of how I came to preach the Gospel of Healing through faith in Jesus."

Seating himself again, the General Overseer resumed his more intimate manner.

"Let the words abide in your hearts: He is just the same to-day. And if you will believe Him, first for Salvation and then for Healing, you will go onward in the King's Highway of Holiness.

"Now read with me from the sixteenth chapter of Saint Luke, the seventeenth and eighteenth verses. Now listen carefully, for I may make mistakes.

"And these signs may follow them that believe—"

Audience: "*Shall* follow?"

General Overseer: "Sure of that?"

Audience: "Yes, *shall* follow."

General Overseer: "In My Name they may perhaps cast out devils—"

Audience: "*Shall* they cast out devils?"

General Overseer: "They shall lay hands on the sick, and they may recover."

Audience: "*Shall* recover!"

General Overseer: "Do you believe it?"

Audience: "Yes."

While the General Overseer talked, Herbert, who had seated himself at the side of the room, near the door, began to look around at the people. He did not want to—did not like to—but some dreadful fascination dragged his eyes from face to face. Startled, he found himself almost hating these sufferers for their ugliness, their pains, their pallor and discoloration, their deformities.

In the rear he saw a woman lying on a wheeled stretcher. Her face was emaciated, her skin coarse

and blotched; the little that remained of her hair was harsh and dry; her hands, lying on the gray shawl which covered her, were stained a dark, purplish brown by inner poisons. So slight was her figure that it hardly lifted the shawl from a level plane. By her side sat a big, red-faced man with the gentle, wondering eyes of a child. As Herbert looked, the big man turned, smiled affectionately at the woman, and took her hand tenderly in his own. The invalid gave him scarcely a glance in return. Her eyes were fastened upon the General Overseer. She joined the others in correcting his reading of the Scripture, saying "*shall recover*" with burning vehemence.

Suddenly the preacher leaped to his feet, pointed a finger at the woman on the wheeled stretcher, and demanded:

"Mrs. Garrish, do you believe that Jesus heals?"

"Yes, Doctor," answered the woman.

"Do you believe that He is just as able and just as willing to heal to-day as He was when He said to the man at the pool, 'Arise and walk'?"

"Yes, Doctor."

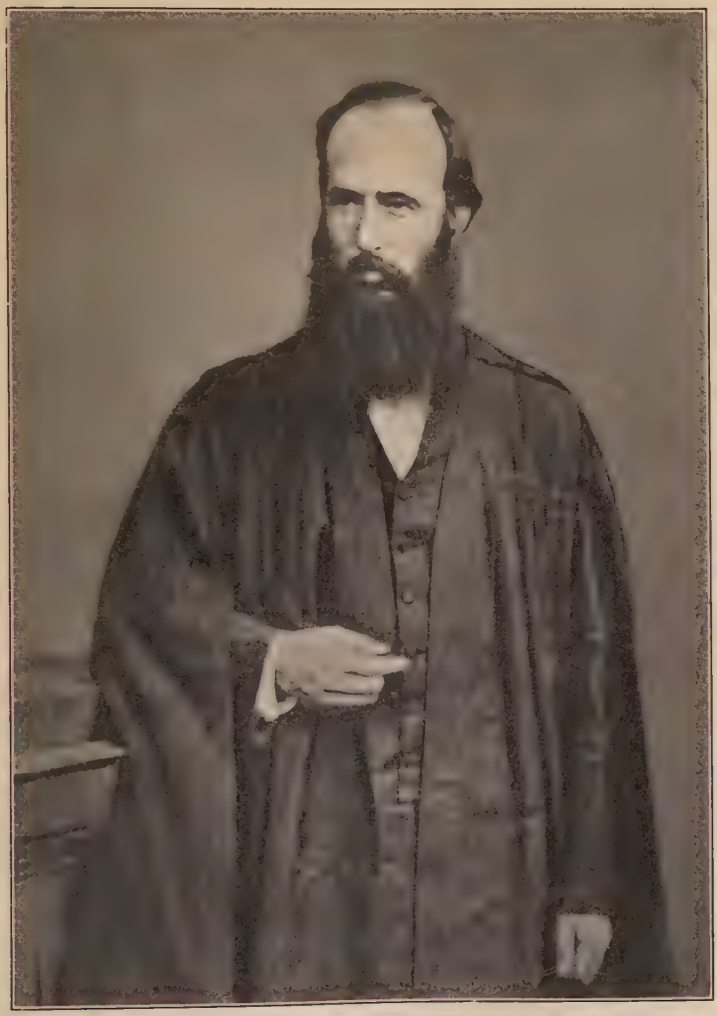
Dr. Dowie left his little platform and trotted down the aisle to her side. Holding her eyes with his he asked:

"Do you believe that God has called me as His minister?"

"Yes, Doctor."

"Then, do you believe that my command, in His name, is God's command?"

"Yes, Doctor."



Photograph by Brown Bros.

JOHN ALEXANDER DOWIE

When a Congregational Clergyman in Australia

"And are you prepared to obey me—to do what I tell you?"

"Yes, Doctor, God helping me."

He now looked at her with mingled sternness and exaltation—mysterious—compelling.

Placing his hands upon her shoulders, her chest, her thighs, her knees, her ankles, and feet, but still looking into her eyes he said, *sotto voce,* "Breathe deep."

Then, in low tones: "In the name of our Lord, Jesus Christ, by the Power of the Holy Spirit, and in accordance with the Will of God, of our Heavenly Father, I command you to rise and walk!"

As he spoke the closing words of his command, he grasped her hands and slowly but firmly pulled her into a sitting position. Swinging her legs over the side of the stretcher and then, tremblingly and feebly at first but with more and more confidence and vigor, she stood on her feet. Her face shone.

"Walk, Mrs. Garrish, walk!" urged the preacher, pulling her forward. Timidly, she took a halting step, tottered, almost wilted.

"Fear not. God has healed you. He gives you strength. In Jesus' Name, walk!"

She took another step, a little more firmly.

Already tears were streaming down the faces of the other invalids. Some were laughing almost hysterically. Many exclaimed: "Praise the Lord! Glory to God! Thank God! Yes, Lord, You are just the same to-day."

Dr. Dowie continued to back up the aisle, holding

both Mrs. Garrish's hands in his own, encouraging her, never taking his eyes from hers. More and more strongly she walked, now laughing and saying, "Praise God, I'm healed," over and over. By the time they had reached the platform she was walking erect and with confidence. Dr. Dowie, now smiling, almost capering, released her hands.

"Now walk back to your husband," he commanded.

She obeyed, still laughing.

"Now let the people see you run," he said. "You're a girl again. Run up to me."

She ran.

"Now up these steps!"

Up the steps she went, vigorously.

"Now tell these dear people about yourself. How long had you been ill?"

His smile, his attitude were now all tenderness and sympathy.

"I was thrown out of a wagon and had my spine broken thirteen years ago last August," she said, "and have not sat up a moment, much less stood on my feet or walked, until this blessed afternoon, praise the Lord!"

"Did you have doctors?"

"Dozens of 'em, and treatments and operations, but I got worse and worse."

"And did you suffer pain?"

"Only God knows what I have endured these thirteen years and more, every hour, every minute, day and night. But now I feel no pain. I feel so well, so light, so strong, I don't know myself. Oh, I do thank

God for His wonderful goodness to me. And I can never thank you enough for your teaching and prayers, Doctor Dowie. May God bless you!"

"Mr. Garrish, is this all true?" asked Dr. Dowie of the big, red-faced man.

"Every word of it, Doctor, praise the Lord. Her poor back was quite broke and she couldn't even sit up against pillows these thirteen years. It's God's miracle my eyes have seen this day, glory to His Name!"

Tears were running down the wide, red cheeks, but the once so-patient eyes were joyous.

"See you don't work her too hard, now she's healed," laughed Dr. Dowie, shaking a finger at him.

"Oh, Doctor, no work will be too hard," exclaimed Mrs. Garrish. "It will be God's own joy to work again. Oh, I'm so happy! Praise God! Praise God!"

"Yes, dear woman, of course you're happy," crooned the General Overseer. And he gallantly kissed her.

Then he continued, "And how have you been eating, all these years?"

"Mostly I've eaten gruel, milk toast, and beef-tea. Sometimes I couldn't keep even water on my stomach for days together."

With such pathetic grace as his tubby, bow-legged figure could encompass, he gaily bowed and extended his bent elbow. "You're going to have a feast to-day," he said, laughing. "Come, I'll feed you myself."

They walked out, followed by Edward Garrish, leaving a happy buzz and cackle among the invalids remaining.

Herbert went for a long walk down Michigan Avenue. As he walked he wondered much, believed and doubted and believed again. Afterward his watchful eye followed the woman he had seen rise and walk that day. But, year after year, she went on walking, carrying "Leaves of Healing" about Chicago as a member of Zion Seventies, doing her own housework and looking twenty years younger than when he first saw her. He had half anticipated this, but occasionally he wondered, guiltily, whether her spine had not, all unbeknown to her, mended itself while she lay, with a habit of helplessness, on her wheeled stretcher.

CHAPTER VII

"HERBERT," said Captain Erdman—the two had become friends— "I'm short a guard at the Printing and Publishing House to-night. It's Otto Harbush's night on, but he phoned me he had to leave to-day for a week's work in Peoria. He's a plumber, you know, and his firm has a contract down there. How'd you like to have a go at it? Andy MacLachlan is the other guard for to-night (we always watch in pairs), and you'll find him good company."

"Sure, I'll be glad to," agreed Herbert.

"All right, you stay and have dinner with me, and I'll take you over."

Dinner with Captain Erdman meant dinner also with John and Nancy Harrow. When he had his lunches in the big dining-room he always sat with them, and their friendship had grown. More and more Herbert had enjoyed and sought their company. They had been hiking and skating together on Saturday afternoons. An occasional hour was spent with them at their office in the evening. Their talk was of their school and college days, of their work since leaving college, of books and authors, economics, politics, business, and international topics. Religion—and especially the religion of Zion—they avoided by unspoken consent.

That evening at dinner they all four talked and laughed until bearded elders and their meek wives, at other tables, scowled at them. This was one of their lively times.

Herbert walked down the avenue to the publishing house with John and Nancy and Chris Erdman. The captain found his guard, Andy MacLachlan, waiting for them, and introduced Herbert.

Zion Guard was a volunteer organization. Its members took turns in watching the various Zion properties. So many had joined that, in ordinary times, each member spent but one night a month on duty. He had, in addition, his regular trick at the Tabernacle on Sunday, when practically the whole force was mobilized as body-guard to the General Overseer and his family and to keep the crowds in order. Their leader, Captain Erdman, was also personal attendant upon Dr. Dowie, private and confidential messenger for him upon important errands, and, between times, night clerk at the desk of Zion Home. Another of his duties was supervision of attendants at the waiting-room where Herbert had seen elders and evangelists patiently lined up on their hard chairs. These attendants filled in their spare time by going over newspapers and magazines, clipping out every reference to Zion and Zion's head, and pasting them in scrap-books. Captain Erdman rode as footman on the General Overseer's carriage.

Andy MacLachlan was a tall, solemn-looking Scot, with a crackling burr. During the long night, perched on a compositor's stool, Andy told Herbert his story.

"Aye," he said, "I was a r-reckless lad. I ran away

tae sea when I was thirrrteen and lairnt the weekedness of the ships and porrrts of the wurrrld. Befure I was twenty, I was, ye micht say, a har-r-r-dened crreeminal. I could drrink, and gamble, and blaspheme the Name o' God, and run with bad women, and fight, and smuggle, and rob, and smoke opium, and do things I canna even name to ye, laddie, with the dr-r-egs and scum o' all races. I've been in jail, monny's the time, and desairvedly too, in seaports on both sides of the line."

Andy got down and walked to the front door. In a moment he returned. " 'Twas only the wind," he said. Then, climbing back on his stool, he went on: "A chance sailin' on a lake schooner brought me tae Chicago twenty year ago. 'Twas so monny ways of excitin' and siller-makin' evil I found here that I thocht I'd bide a while. 'Twas a gay life, laddie, a gay life, but, I'm ashamed to tell ye, awfu' bad. At one time I was runnin' a saloon, with gamin' tables and a bawdy house on the side. But drrink and drrugs and women did for me and I lost everythin'. Lower and lower they dragged me down until I slept in saloons or in the gutter or in jails and workhouses, tryin'—but barely succeedin'—to live by my evil wits. I was a r-ragged, dir-rty, diseased, drrunken, dopey bum—an outcast, ye understand.

"Then the guid God, in His mysteerious maircy, sent pur-r-ty Jean Hamilton down into the dir-rt and muck to me with a copy of 'Leaves of Healin'.' In it I read of how He had made a new mon of yon guid Captain Airdman, in answer to Doctor Dowie's prayers.

"Bein' sober, fur a wonder, and not muckle dr-rugged, I went down to Jackson Park and Sixty-second Street, to old Zion Tabernacle Number Two, and had the boldness to ask for the captain.

"Aye, I mind the noo what an awfu' sicht I must ha' been, like summat swept up out of the gutter. My guid Lord, I must ha' stunk! But did the dear Captain—or dear Doctor Dowie, either, when he took me to him—despise me for a' that? Nay, you'd a' thoucht I was their ain blood brrrother come home at last. Why, mon, the dear doctor took me in his ain blessed arrrms when he prayed for me!

"An' I felt all the sin, all the wildness, all the dirrt, all the seeckness, all the evil cravings go out of me as if swept away by God's clean Highland winds. They never come back, God be prrraised!"

Tears stood in Andy's eyes and he gulped. Then he smiled. "Purrty little Jean Hamilton is Meestress MacLachlan the noo, we have two bonnie bairns, I'm a boss stone-mason, and the guid Lord has prrrospered me. We've a fine home of our ain on the South Side, with rent comin' in from other prrroperty besides, and siller in the bank. Ah, laddie, ye canna deny this Zion is the guid God's wurrk—and where can ye find its like anywhere else in the whole rround wurruld?"

Herbert's eyes stung with tears and his throat hurt, as always when he was deeply moved with joy. Almost he decided, then and there, to let himself go—to throw overboard all his doubts and questions and hesitation and to cast his lot with Zion.

Then Andy began to tell of his work, as a member

of Zion Seventies, among those still festering in the pit whence he, himself, had been digged. Night after night, his day's work done, Andy and his wife went into the depths of Chicago's underworld, carrying their message. Often they were jeered at, cursed, and even kicked and beaten. But now and then they rescued some derelict, some fragment of what had once been man or woman. And this more than paid them for all their pains.

Again Herbert was more wrought upon than he dared admit, even to himself.

"That is what these people are doing with their evenings," he thought, "while the members of other churches are dancing, playing cards, going to the theater, or, at best, sitting in on a dreary prayer meeting, where they have to be begged and urged to stand up and 'speak a few words for Jesus'! Gosh, what a farce! If a man believes the Bible at all, here's where he belongs. These people *live* the Bible, while others have to be clubbed into *talking* about it."

He walked over to the Home for breakfast with a whirling head.

Every Sunday there were meetings in Central Zion Tabernacle, which began at half past six in the morning and ran on, with brief interruptions, until ten or eleven at night, many of the people taking all three meals of the day at a Zion refectory in the basement of the Tabernacle.

On his first Sunday in Zion Herbert attended all the meetings. The General Overseer frowned on the fleshly indulgence of breakfast before early meeting,

so he and every one else in Ezra's family rose at half past five, got into Sunday clothes, and took the South Side Alley El, carrying a cold lunch. Ezra could not afford to feed his family at the refectory.

They found the place well filled. Some had come from far-away suburbs.

The General Overseer preached for an hour and a half.

At eleven o'clock came a children's service, conducted by Elder Connaton and Evangelist Howells, who had come into Zion after many years of touring among rural Sunday schools with a folding melodeon.

At three o'clock came the big public meeting, with the tabernacle crowded. Herbert sat in a front seat of the first gallery with Myra. It began with a procession of Zion White Robed Choir. This was led by the littlest girls in their black cassocks, white surplices, and black mortar-board caps. Their sweet treble voices were the first heard. From this tiny tinkle of sound the music swelled and mounted until the full choir of three hundred and fifty filled the building with a volume of melody.

When the processional was hushed in a chanted amen, the General Overseer bounded upon the platform. He wore a black silk robe, tied about his shoulders with broad, purple ribbons, and ballooning grotesquely from neck to heels. When he raced across the broad platform, as he did most of the time while speaking, this robe, which was open in front, flapped out behind, like a cloud of smoke from a tugboat's funnel.

Zion children liked to play church and thrilled to

rush about with a black cloth tied to their shoulders, looking back to see it stream out behind.

Mrs. Jeanie Dowie, Elder James Michael Darling (unofficial assistant General Overseer) and one or two other elders sat on the platform in high-backed ecclesiastical chairs.

On mounting the platform the General Overseer knelt behind his pulpit for a moment of silent prayer, while the audience stood waiting. Then, rising and lifting his hands, he invoked Divine blessing.

"Now we are going to sing number two seventy-nine," the General Overseer's steel-file voice cut the silence:

> "Oh, Wondrous Name, by prophet heard,
> Long years before His birth;
> They saw Him coming from afar,
> The Prince of Peace on earth.

"Stupid people held a 'Peace Jubilee' here in Chicago a few weeks ago. But there is no peace. American soldiers are killing Filipinos to-day. All Europe groans under the weight of huge armies and navies. Peasants, workers, and women carry on their bowed backs millions of young men who produce nothing and are being taught to kill and to destroy."

He continued for twenty minutes to talk about the crime and folly of war.

"Now let us sing, 'Oh, Wondrous Name!' "

When the hymn had been sung the General Overseer began again.

"I shall read from the inspired Word of God in the Gospel according to Saint Matthew, the eighth chapter.

" 'When Jesus was come down from the mountain, great multitudes followed—' the Apostle Peter?"

Audience: "Followed Him."

General Overseer: "Followed Martin Luther?"

Audience: "Followed Him."

General Overseer: "Followed John Wesley?"

Audience: "Followed Him."

General Overseer: "Followed the Masonic Methodist Episcopal Church?"

Audience: "Followed Him."

General Overseer: "Whom did they follow?"

Audience: "Jesus."

General Overseer: "I know many people who say they are Methodists first, last, and all the time. What are you? Do you follow Jesus first, last, and all the time?"

Audience: "Yes."

General Overseer: "Are you willing to follow Jesus if He leads you out of the Methodist Church?"

Audience: "Yes."

General Overseer: "Are you willing to follow Him wherever He leads you?"

Audience: "Yes."

General Overseer: "All right. You remember you promised me that at the start, and I will hold you to it."

Proceeding to the end of the seventeenth verse, the General Overseer closed his Bible, saying, "May God bless the reading of His Word."

The choir chanted Gloria Patri to music from Sullivan's "Lost Chord."

The choir sang an anthem while an offering was being taken.

Again a hymn was announced, Dr. Dowie commenting vigorously upon some of its lines. When it had been sung, he rose, lifted his hand, and, looking up reverently, recited:

> Let the words of my mouth,
> And the meditations of my heart,
> Be acceptable in Thy sight,
> O Lord, my Strength and my Redeemer.

Then he began his sermon.

Herbert furtively looked at his watch. It was half past five. He had been sitting there for more than two hours and a half and marveled that he was not tired. Looking about, he saw that the audience was fresh and interested. Every seat was occupied. The people were eager, expectant.

The preacher's text was from Isaiah, "Behold, I have given him for a witness to the peoples, a leader and commander to the peoples."

"The latter days have come," he said, "All God's old leaders—Moses, David, Isaiah, Saint Paul, and others have passed away. The dead cannot rule us, whether they were theologians, politicians, scientists, philosophers, or preachers.

"A living God rules us—and He must have a living church. Every age must have God's living witnesses to date.

"Zion stands for the rule of God in everything.

"Zion's Gospel is not fashionable. It was not fash-

ionable when Jesus brought it to Palestine—or when I brought it to Chicago. It is not fashionable now.

"As we witness to that gospel we lead men and women to deliverance from sin, disease, death, and hell. And so leading, we command.

"This is not a time for advice—I do not give it. It is a time for command. What would soldiers think of a commander who gently advised them to arm themselves, form in ranks and attack a vague objective?"

He made this ridiculous by aping the circumlocution and hesitant courtesy of such an officer.

"Would you want to be in that army a single day? Tell me!" he shouted, in the midst of his hearers' laughter.

"No," they shouted back at him, still laughing.

"Would you want to have a general who would command?"

"Yes."

"Well, now, you have got him. If I obey the Commander-in-Chief, have I not a right to command?"

"Yes."

"Does He command you to repent?"

"Yes."

"Then repent, you sinners, of your stinkpot business, of your liquor. Repent, you sinners, of your sins, your adulteries, your fornications—"

A high, full-throated scream cut like a saber through the preacher's eloquence, the people's tense absorption. For a long moment it held, while Herbert's heart seemed to die in his chest, breath to be snatched from his throat. Then slowly the sound dropped lower and lower in pitch. It had begun

an ecstasy of fear—it ended a howl of agony.

Herbert, sitting on a front seat of the balcony, gradually recovering his breath and senses, saw that the sufferer was a well-dressed young woman sitting just below him on the ground floor. Her head was turned sharply to her right and bent back at a sickening angle, as if wrenched by unseen hands. Her face was thus turned toward him and he saw that it was knotted with pain and terror. As he averted his eyes he heard the General Overseer shout:

"Come out of her, you dirty Devil!"

He was leaning far over the edge of the platform, stamping and bellowing, his eyes blazing, his face turgid.

"Leave her, in God's Name, you foul fiend!"

Again Herbert looked at the young woman. Jerking convulsively, her body was hurled from side to side, backward and forward, thrashing against those around her.

Guards and ushers had gathered, by this time, and her now seemingly lifeless form was carried out.

Resuming his discourse, he reiterated the divine authority of his ministry.

"But," he said, "my place of command is no bed of roses. I will quickly change places with any of you who will show me that you hold a commission from God.

"Are you willing to surrender your individual liberty that the army of God may smite the Devil hip and thigh?"

"Yes."

"Do you know what you are promising? The

battle will wax hotter and hotter. Some of you will lose your lives for His sake.

"Will you enlist with me—for a year?"

Audience: "For life!"

"For two years?"

"Forever: for life."

"May God grant it," said the preacher.

And then he made them rise and repeat after him, sentence by sentence, a prayer of consecration that bound them to him more strongly than ever.

CHAPTER VIII

ABOUT a week before Christmas, one day at their luncheon, Dr. Dowie handed Herbert a long list of Chicago names and addresses. "These," he said, "are members of Zion who own business and residence property in Chicago.

"You have had experience in this business. I want a complete list of all the property owned by Zion people, not only in Chicago, but all over the world. We can do a great deal for our people when they want to buy or sell property. I have even more important things in mind, which I cannot talk about now. As a beginning, we can get our Chicago list in proper shape. So I want you to call on all these people, and get full information about their holdings."

A maid entered with a fresh pot of tea, and Dr. Dowie poured his third cup. Herbert declined a second.

"Now take plenty of time—what I want is a good list, not a quick job."

Whatever the economic value of this work, it accomplished something for young Mr. Herbert Renbrush. Meeting and talking with hundreds of the healthiest, most intelligent, most prosperous, and happiest of Zion people in Chicago crumbled the last defenses of his mind against this "new" religion.

On New Year's Eve came the great "All Night with God in Central Zion Tabernacle." This was one of the big occasions in every Zion year.

People gathered at half past seven in the evening for a complete, characteristic Dowie service—processional, chants, responses, anthems, Bible reading and comment, a long prayer, and a two-and-a-half-hour sermon by the General Overseer, followed by the Lord's Supper.

Herbert had never before attended such a celebration of this ancient ceremonial of the church. In it the General Overseer's uncanny gift of eloquence and dramatic power was at its best. Crudities, vulgarities, rages, rantings, and bombast were forgotten. At the communion-table he was humble, reverent, poetic, devout. In this he was supported by a well-trained corps of elders, evangelists, and deacons, his great Zion White Robed Choir, and a responsive congregation. Here, as nowhere else in public, he made himself lovable.

Herbert's love of beauty, religious training, and his sensitive sympathies responded to the power of this scene. It gripped and held him. His decision to join Zion had been intellectual. He had procrastinated in taking the actual step because his emotions balked. This service overwhelmed opposing emotions in a flood of solemn enthusiasm. Reasons why he *ought* to join Zion were swept away by feelings that he *wanted* to.

Midnight approached—the last moments of a dying year. Dr. Dowie and his aids knelt beside the Lord's table. Moved by music, ritual, and eloquence,

in the solemnity of that hour, the people were receptive, suggestible. In hushed tones their leader began to speak:

"Friends, I am not living for to-day.

"I am not living for to-morrow.

"I am not living for the passing year.

"My eyes are looking away from Zion's watch-tower over the darkness around, and the light has come: the morning has dawned, and the Sun of Righteousness is rising with Healing in His Wings. Amen.

"Listen, ye poor toilers! The days are coming when 'ye shall not sow and another reap; when ye shall not build and another inhabit.' The days are coming when 'ye shall sow and reap together, when ye shall build and inhabit together.'

"O ye weary toilers, lift up your eyes.

"O ye weary toilers, it is the Christ who fed the hungry; whose hand touched the leper's sores and cleansed their impurity; who bade the widowed mother weep no more, and gave her back her dead son from the grave.

"O ye toilers, brokenhearted, widowed ones, Redemption draweth nigh: for the Christ has come in power once more, and you can find Him here to-day. Amen. And He is just the same in Zion.

"We present you no creed but 'Christ is All.' "

The whole audience knelt.

Without organ accompaniment, the General Overseer sang:

> Pray, brethren, pray! The sands are falling;
> Pray, brethren, pray! God's voice is calling,

Yon turret strikes the dying chime;
We kneel upon the verge of time.

After each stanza, choir and audience joined softly in the refrain:

Eternity is drawing nigh!
Eternity is drawing nigh!

For a moment silence reigned, broken only by sounds of sobbing.

The kneeling people, even those who had been sobbing and praying, scarcely breathed. Their emotions at the breaking-point, three thousand souls were as one—and that one wholly in their leader's hands. With his merest whisper he could have sent them, cheering, into the jaws of certain death.

Thus they waited.

As the first faint notes of bells and whistles outside told of the Great Moment, the man rose, brought his audience to its feet.

"A glad New Year to you and to all of Zion everywhere! Turn each of you and salute those near you, wishing them a glad New Year. Husbands, kiss your wives, you wretches, you've been neglecting them."

The audience relaxed, laughed, broke into a happy bedlam of greetings.

How could these people help loving a man who carried them to such utter self-forgetfulness—and then gave them back their souls with a happy laugh?

Herbert had shaken hands with Ezra, kissed his sister-in-law Myra, and greeted John and Nancy

Harrow. Now he hurried out to the vestibule. There, he knew, he would find printed blank applications for membership in the Christian Catholic Church in Zion. People all around him were laughing, exchanging New Year's greetings, making up parties for supper. He neither saw nor heard them. Taking out his fountain pen, he sat down at a little table and wrote out his application. Doing so, he signed the creed of the Church:

"First—That we recognize the infallible inspiration and sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures as the rule of faith and practice.

"Second—That we recognize that no persons can be members of the Church who have not repented of their sins and have not trusted in Christ for Salvation.

"Third—That such persons must also be able to make a good profession, and declare that they do know, in their own hearts, that they have truly repented, and are truly trusting Christ, and have the witness, in a measure, of the Holy Spirit.

"Fourth—That all other questions of every kind shall be held to be matters of opinion and not matters that are essential to church unity."

Having signed, he turned, made his way as quickly as he could through the crowded aisles, and knocked on the door leading into Dr. Dowie's office. It was opened by Captain Erdman, who almost hugged him. "Chris, I want to see the General Overseer."

"Well, I don't know," doubtfully. "He's with his family and doesn't like to be disturbed."

"Do you think this would disturb him?" asked

Herbert, showing his signature to the fateful application.

Then the captain did hug his young friend.

"Thank God, thank God," he said, tears in his eyes. "God bless you, Herbert, my boy! I knew you'd come."

With these words he threw open the door into Dr. Dowie's private room, where the great man sat with his family at an exquisite supper. The doctor looked up with a glance of annoyance. Before he could speak, the captain crowed, "Look what I've got, General Overseer!" and with his left arm around Herbert's shoulders drew him into the room, his right hand extending the application.

Was it mere whim or impulse, or knowledge of psychology, that made the General Overseer receive this exuberant announcement coldly? Or was it a feeling that, now Herbert was committed, it was bad judgment to flatter him by attaching great importance to his step? Whatever his motive, Dr. Dowie succeeded in making Herbert feel that he had been egotistically melodramatic. The snub, gentle though it was, cooled the young man's overwrought feelings, gave him a saner view of his own relative size, and bound him to his master more firmly than any adulation.

People were leaving the refectory and gathering again in the auditorium. Already the choir leader was conducting a song service. Herbert, John, Nancy, Ezra, Myra, and the children found seats together in the balcony. There they joined in the singing. Herbert had a lusty baritone, not always quite on the

key, that sounded well enough in a chorus. He loved to sing. John and Nancy were both trained vocalists. Ezra and Myra had led country congregations in singing for years and their voices were natural and sweet. An emotional thrill in singing together caught them up. People looked around at them and smiled in sympathy.

It was nearly two o'clock when Dr. Dowie came swiftly on the platform. There was fire and vigor in him. The crowd, which had grown listless, came alive. His harsh voice rang out with virile force. His face radiated joy, confidence, kindliness.

"God was good to Zion in eighteen ninety-eight," he cried. "We have seen thousands saved and healed. We have gone forward in proclaiming the Full Gospel throughout the world. Our message has been blessed and God has been glorified. Zion has grown in numbers, in riches, and power. And this growth is but a small beginning in Zion's progress. In God's Name and as His people, we shall go forward until His divine plan for us is fulfilled. Let the heathen rage and the Devil's people imagine vain things. No power on earth or in hell can stop Zion as long as we are faithful to the trust God has imposed upon us. Zion's enemies on the outside cannot harm her. If she is ever harmed, it will be by enemies on the inside. Help me to find all the grumblers and traitors in Zion. I will not permit any one—not even my own wife or my own son or daughter—to jeopardize the great and glorious work God has called me to do in these times of the end of all things.

"Now let us spend the remaining minutes of this

All Night with God in praising and glorifying Him with our testimonies to His goodness in saving and healing."

There followed a long tale of testimonies, with which Herbert was becoming familiar. He marveled not so much at the stories these people told as at the irrepressible gusto of the General Overseer, who had heard most of them dozens of times. Occasionally, at the close of a testimony, he would burst out in some triumphant hymn. Within a phrase or two the organist would find the key, strike up, and the choir and congregation would join their leader.

Although the services had been going on for hours and it was nearly daylight, there was no letting down. Air in the Tabernacle was hot and close, eyes and ears had been assailed with sensations without pause, feelings had been roused and shaken again and again, yet Dr. Dowie played upon his favorite instrument, an audience, and the instrument responded, apparently without weariness.

This was Sunday morning, and at half past six the All Night with God swung, without intermission, into the regular early morning meeting of praise and prayer, the General Overseer preaching for another hour.

At three that afternoon the great service opened with all seats filled. After the sermon, Herbert joined about fifty others in receiving the right hand of fellowship in the Church.

CHAPTER IX

Two days later Herbert found himself installed in an elegantly furnished office, with a private secretary and an accountant. On the door of that office shining gold-leaf informed the world that here was to be found

ZION LAND DEPARTMENT
HERBERT RENBRUSH
MANAGER

"I knew at once," Dr. Dowie had said, "the first time I saw you, that you were a young man of character and ability. And I coveted you for Zion. I believed, when you had caught the Zion spirit, you would fit into the great plans which God has for us.

"I had been praying very earnestly to God to send me the man I needed in carrying out His great plans in connection with real estate. In humble gratitude I acknowledge that He does gloriously answer my prayers. I know now that God has a great and glorious work for you to do. And God will reward you. Zion doesn't count pennies. The time is coming, if you keep close to Him and are loyal to me, when you will hold a high place in the councils of Zion and in her business enterprises, and you will have the wealth to maintain yourself properly in that position."

The General Overseer sat forward in his chair, leaned close to Herbert, and lowered his voice.

"What I am about to tell you now is in strictest confidence. I know I can trust you.

"Many years ago, God vouchsafed to me a vision of a city—a glorious, clean, shining city for His people—a city where no unclean thing could enter.

"I saw a happy, healthy, prosperous people, with a royal generation of children growing up in an atmosphere of Christian cleanliness. And out from this city I saw streaming, not only honest products of factories and shops where the workers were prosperous because they shared in the profits from the work of their hands, but trained and educated youths and maidens, carrying the Full Gospel of Salvation, Healing, and Holy Living to all the ends of the earth."

Springing to his feet and striding about the room, he went on:

"Will not such a city be a glorious example? Will it not be a beautiful City of Refuge to God's people —a refuge from the rising tide of sin and shame and Godlessness in the world?

"Our plans are developing. Great things are just ahead. Herbert, *Zion City is in sight!*"

The great man's eyes were glowing, his face flushed.

"You may not know it, but our dear Mr. Halsey is a banker in Chicago, holding a high position in the Illinois National Bank. He loves Zion. Through my prayers he was, a few years ago, raised up and healed when he lay dying of consumption. He is about to resign his position—after twenty-one years' service in this great bank—and help me organize Zion City Bank.

"I shall organize great industries, and give Zion

people, including those who work in them, a share in their profits.

"For the present, you will be manager of what we shall call Zion Land Department, with an office in Zion Printing and Publishing House. I realize, of course, that you are young and that your experience is not extensive. But you will work with me and together we will make a go of it."

"I'll do my best," promised Herbert.

"In your new position, you will be expected chiefly to 'spy out the land.' In other words, I want you to help me find just the right place to build Zion City.

"You will also complete the list of owners of real estate in Chicago which you have begun. Do you also add to it a similar list of properties owned by Zion people everywhere.

"Let me ask you—have you had experience in writing form letters and advertisements?"

"A little," said Herbert.

"There will be many letters and advertisements to be written. You had better brush up your abilities.

"By the way, what am I paying you now?"

"Fifteen dollars a week."

"Oh, that is too little. Murray!"

Murray entered.

"Make a note that Mr. Renbrush is to receive twenty dollars a week salary, beginning at once."

"Very well, General Overseer."

"Well, Herbert, off you go. Keep closely in touch with me. Murray, remember Mr. Renbrush has right of way to me, by telephone or in person."

"Just the man I want to see, right here, nice and handy for meself," said Captain Erdman, hooking an arm through one of Herbert's. He had come up on the elevator and found his friend waiting to go down from the General Overseer's office. "Come to my office. I want to show you something."

"Well," reluctantly, "for just a minute, Chris. I'm in a sweat to go."

"You'll get all over your rush when you see what I've got," laughed Chris.

They walked along the corridor toward the captain's office. The door was open, as always, and Herbert saw a girl sitting near the desk, her back toward them. He began to suspect that Chris was matchmaking. How he hated being thrown at girls—or having them thrown at him!

Fumbling desperately in the pigeonholes of his mind for an excuse to run away, he began to hang back. Then the girl turned and he saw her face.

"Gosh!" he exclaimed, inside, "she's lovely! What rotten luck! Why'n heck does something always have to spoil 'em. I'll bet I could like that girl 'f Chris'd only let us alone!"

But the captain, all smiles and tell-tale eye-messages, was burbling.

"Miss Brelin, let me make you acquainted with Mr. Renbrush. This little girl, Herbert, is a wonderful writer—she's had poetry and stories in some o' the best magazines. Maybe you've read some of 'em. And Herbert, here, Edith, is the manager of our new Zion Land Department. But look out f'r 'm—he wants to find a wife!"

The captain laughed delightedly and poked a jovial elbow into Herbert's ribs.

"Oh, the sublime, pimple-headed ass," groaned the young man behind his mask of politeness.

Aloud he said, "How do you do, Miss Brelin? I suppose you get the wily psychology of all this advertising?"

"I'm not sure I do," she said, gravely, her eyes resting on his with calm inquiry.

"If you'll consult your own feelings about it, you'll probably find out."

"Oh," she laughed, "you feel that way about it too, do you? Well, let's forget he ever said it."

"Start from scratch, eh? I vote aye, unanimously. That means I must ask if you live in Chicago, doesn't it?"

"Pretty good start," she laughed. "Yes, I live with Mother in Woodlawn. You must come out and see us."

"Thank you. Accept your invitation—and that means I've got to run away now and do a land office business so I'll have the time. G'by Chris. Good afternoon, Miss Brelin. We're off—from scratch." And away he went.

CHAPTER X

"It's all very well for you, Jack, to defend Fred Jeffords. You eat at the midnight table, with Pete as cook. But I tell you the poor things who have to eat Jeffords' tasteless messes and nothing else are starved! You would be too—and as ugly as a bear. And those in the help's dining-room! Really, they make me think of the runty kids in some of Dickens's novels."

John Harrow smiled.

"Mike, for instance," he said. "His emaciation is pitiful."

"Mike works in the pantry and manages to get enough to eat. That's why he's so fat. But Albert Heston told me he had lost twenty pounds in the four months since he came here."

At the midnight table in Zion Home were John and Nancy Harrow, who wrote and read copy every night until midnight; Herbert, who was now busy in his own office until all hours; and other night workers, including Captain Erdman. On this occasion the captain came in just as Nancy was trying to recall some other victim of undernourishment.

"Oh, Captain Erdman," she exclaimed, "don't you think the help's dining-room is an outrage?"

"Nan," pleaded John.

"Well, why not say it if I think it? Besides, I don't

believe Doctor Dowie knows how bad it is. Who's to tell him? Certainly Fred Jeffords won't. Would you tell him, Captain Erdman, that even in the big dining-room people don't get enough to eat, and what little they get is terribly monotonous? Everything—soup, meat, vegetables, and dessert—tastes alike. Rather, it's all tasteless alike. And in the help's dining-room, I hear, some of the food is actually spoiled."

"So that's come up again, has it?" asked the captain, with unwonted seriousness. "How much fuss are they making about it?"

"How much fuss is who making about it?"

"Why, anybody—guests, elders, help. Or is this just your own private fuss?"

"Why, everybody's kicking—on the quiet. Poor things, they seem to be afraid to whisper. Jack says it's just wicked human nature—that boarders always kick about the grub, no matter how good it is. But I eat in the main dining-room, and I know it's awful, and I don't blame 'em for kicking. I would too, only this midnight table and Pete's cooking save my life."

"Well," said the captain, "this is an old story. We've been through it a dozen times, I guess. But take a tip from me and don't get mixed up in it. We've been bothered with it ever since Fred Jeffords came. He buys for the General Overseer's private table too, you know, and is popular in that dining-room. Nothing you can do about it but stir up a rumpus. Leave it lay."

"Captain is right, Nan," said John. "Many people have done a lot of good by not minding other people's business."

"All right, you old stick-in-the-muds. I'll shut up. But I tell you this thing can't be kept quiet. Some day it'll blow the lid off, and there'll be a nasty mess none of us will like—not even Doctor Dowie and his pet, Fred Jeffords."

"Nan!" pleaded John Harrow again. But she laughed at him.

"Don't be scared, darling. Your discreet wife won't be mixed up in it."

"Surely," said Herbert, speaking at last, "if the General Overseer knew there was dissatisfaction, he'd investigate and put things right."

"The General Overseer," said Captain Erdman, "trusts them he gives authority to and backs 'em up, and you wouldn't want him to do different in your department."

"Yes, but he fires 'em when they don't make good."

"Not on complaint of their employees, Herbert."

"But you're not under Fred Jeffords—nor I."

"Just the same, I tell you what I told Nan. Leave it lay."

Myra spoke to Herbert about Jeffords.

"What's going to be the outcome?" she asked. "My goodness, you know's well's I do that the food at the Home isn't worth half what they charge for it. I know what it costs to set a table. Not only that, the cooking's bad. Elder and Evangelist Draco called yesterday afternoon. Poor things, they're hungry all the while. And their boy Walter, the one that runs the freight elevator, has lost fifteen pounds. It isn't right; I don't care who does it. My goodness, I wish we were out of it."

"Out of what?" asked Herbert, shocked.

"Out of Doctor Dowie's organization—what he calls a church."

"Why, Myra, you can't mean it?"

"Yes I do too mean it. I've been watching things here a long time and I've been asking the Lord for light and leading. Doctor Dowie seemed like a good man when we first knew him, but I'm afraid too much money and too much flattery have turned him from the Lord. He tells lies—yes, he does. You know well enough the Tabernacle never has held forty-five hundred—and so does he. Saying they sell things in the refectory at cost! They're three times that much."

"But, Myra—" Herbert began.

"No," she interrupted, "I've wanted to say all this a long time. I'm going to say it, now I'm started.

"He promised Ezra enough money to live on—said 'Zion doesn't count pennies.' The last time Ezra told him he couldn't live on his allowance, Doctor Dowie said, 'Why don't you get your brother to help you? He gets good pay and has no family of his own.' My goodness, what right has he got to ask you to help us when he promised to pay Ezra enough? The doctor isn't right, Herbert. He's lost his hold on the Lord. Else why should he get so angry over nothing and call people such wicked names, and try to make out that everybody that leaves Zion is a wicked sinner and a hypocrite? He even calls perfectly innocent people adulterers. Why does he do that? My goodness, I believe he gets it out of his own evil mind."

"Myra!" gasped Herbert.

"Yes 'Myra,' " she mimicked. "But I notice you

haven't got the nerve to deny it—or anything else I've said."

"Have you talked like this to Ezra?" asked Herbert, pale and in distress.

"Course I have."

"What does he say?"

"Oh, he owns up to it all. But you know Ezra. He just naturally thinks everybody's as innocent and honest as he is himself, and so he tries to make excuses for Doctor Dowie. He prays a good deal about it and is blue and discouraged most of the time. I want him to resign and get out before things get worse, but he says he wants to wait until he's sure the Lord's leading him. My goodness, I'd think he'd see that quick enough! My conscience won't let me stay much longer. If he doesn't resign pretty soon, I'm going to get out anyhow."

"I can't think what's come over you, Myra," said Herbert gloomily. "You and Ezra were so enthusiastic about Doctor Dowie and Zion. Why, it's your influence more'n anything else that brought me here. Remember those long evenings, back there in Horicon, when you both argued and plead with me to come into Zion? I tell you I'm mighty grateful to you. It's given me a better chance to do greater work than I ever dreamed possible."

"Well, Herbie," said Myra, quietly, "I see it does no good to talk to you now. But, dear, dear brother, promise me you'll keep close to God, you'll never compromise your conscience, you'll never let any one talk you into saying or doing anything wrong by ar-

guing it has to be done for the Kingdom of God. Promise me!"

"Of course I promise you, Myra, but I don't see the connection."

"All right, Herbie, I've got your promise, that's enough. Only, keep your eyes open."

Claude Emerson told Herbert that a petition to the General Overseer had been signed. "A lot of 'em wouldn't sign, of course," he said. "They're afraid. Some of the loudest kickers too. Not one of the girls had the nerve to put her name to it. Can't say I blame 'em much. If we do get fired—as some folks think we will—it would be a lot harder for the girls than for us boys. I went and had a talk with Doctor Porter, manager of the Home. He said to go ahead and get up the petition and he'd back us up. Said he was tired of the trouble Jeffords made and now Jeffords'd have to go or he would."

When Herbert came down for breakfast next morning (he was now living at the Home, spending only occasional week-ends with Ezra and Myra) he felt as if he had entered a house of death. No one was smiling or laughing. John Harrow looked as if the abomination of desolation had overtaken him. Captain Erdman was silent and glum—this in itself a tragedy. But as Herbert took his seat, Nancy looked up, smiled her good morning, winked at him, then laughed, helplessly, as if she said, in to-day's parlance, "Poor things! Can you beat it?"

Herbert needed no one to tell him what had hap-

pened, but John looked at him out of hollow eyes and said, as one reports a cataclysm, "The boys have been fired, Herb—out of their jobs and out of Zion."

"Did the General Overseer see the boys personally?" he asked John.

"No. He gave orders to Doctor Porter that they were to be out of here by seven o'clock this morning."

Then there was the tinkle of a bell and in a moment or two Dr. Porter was speaking. He was a big, well-fed blond, always suave and smiling, even when he tried to be severe. He was manager of Zion Home. Some ribald and irreverent fellow once said that "Doc Porter did Doc Dowie's dirty work."

"The General Overseer desires me to say to you," came the smooth, unctuous voice, "that there will be a special meeting in the healing-room at half past seven this evening, which you are all required to attend. In the meantime, it is his command that you shall, none of you, discuss the matter of certain foolish young men who have had the effrontery to try to tell the General Overseer of the Christian Catholic Church in Zion how to administer the affairs of Zion Home. Please take pains to convey this information to any guests or employees who may not be present this morning."

It was a subdued and anxious gathering that awaited the great leader in the prayer room that evening. Many were fearfully recalling their recent remarks about food, about Fred Jeffords, and about the eleven victims of Dr. Dowie's displeasure. It had been whispered around, during the day, that Dr. Porter had

said that either food would be good or he would go. People were furtively watching the big fellow to see if he was plumed for a fight, but he was as smiling and unruffled as ever.

The General Overseer came in looking like a bearded thunder-cloud. There was none of the pious voluptuousness with which he usually opened a meeting.

"I have called you together to-night," he said, harshly, "in order to speak plainly to you about a wilful, malicious, and nasty piece of insolence and effrontery that has come to me from the kitchens and backstairs of Zion Home. And before I go any further, I want to say that if there is any one here who sympathizes with these foolish and wicked boys, or upholds what they have done, that person must leave this room and Zion at once. Is that clear to all of you? I don't care who you are, or what position you hold, or how long you have cursed Zion with your hypocritical presence—if you are in sympathy with these dirty boys, out you go, bag and baggage."

The speaker paused, glaring from one meek disciple to another around the room.

The people sat stunned.

Even Dr. Porter, for once, was serious.

Elders and evangelists looked as if a whiplash had cut across their meek faces.

John Harrow was ghastly pale. Nancy, regarding him, was serious.

"Now," said the General Overseer, somewhat mollified, "just what is this vile thing?" He slapped a bit of paper with his pudgy hand. It was, of course, the

offending petition. "A lot of greedy servants quarreling with their food! They've been too well fed, that's the trouble, better than they ever were in their own homes. Trying to tell me how to conduct Zion Home! The tail shall not wag the dog!"

Elder and Evangelist Draco, whose son Walter was among the eleven victims, looked more distressed than ever, if any one could. "Poor things," thought Herbert. "They've cut themselves off from their old church and can't go back to it. What'd they do if they left Zion? The elder couldn't make a living at anything but preaching."

"They 'make a god of their belly,'" shouted the speaker. And then suddenly, terribly:

"And so do some of you! I know what you have been saying. I know how you've been sneaking out to Godless restaurants buying the Devil's food—places where they cook and serve the filthy flesh of the unspeakable hog and fill their other food with his stinking lard!

"Shame! Shame!" he screamed, stamping his feet and shaking his fists. "Shame! that you should spend Zion's money with the Devil's people, just to stuff your dirty guts. You ought, instead, to rejoice to do God's work in Zion with only a dry crust and a cup of water. What matters it what you eat? Is not the spirit more than flesh and God's Word more than drink?"

Herbert thought of this holy man's breakfast the morning before, when he had been summoned to the Dowie private dining-room to take some instructions. A whole grape-fruit, a soup-plate of oatmeal por-

ridge swimming in thick cream, three eggs, a huge beefsteak, fried potatoes, several pieces of toast, richly buttered and graced with quantities of the inevitable orange marmalade, and two big cups of coffee, all inhaled and masticated with noisy gusto!

As if to give point to Herbert's reflections, the speaker went on: "I take but little food—only enough to sustain me in my work for you and for God. Oftentimes I am so alive in spirit and so little conscious of the flesh that I forget to eat. Isn't that so, Erdman? Murray?"

The two witnesses nodded their heads.

"But these poor, starving boys, who could not get enough to eat on Zion's bounty, ask me to 'investigate.' All right, the tail ought not to wag the dog, but I'll investigate, and I'll prove them the liars they are —these pampered guests of mine who abuse my hospitality to give me a slap in the face from the servants' quarters!

"John Appleton, do you get enough to eat in Zion Home?"

John, who helped the chef and had a finger in every dish prepared, grinned broadly as he replied, "Sure thing, Doctor."

"William Dunnis, you look big and healthy. Do you get enough to eat in Zion Home?"

Now Bill Dunnis was a brave man. He had refused to sign the fatal petition because, as he said, it was none of his business. But he was a farmer's son, of good stock, and had a lot of healthy American independence and uprightness about him.

"Well, General Overseer," he said, rising, "it's ac-

cording to what a body would call enough. I'm hungry a good deal, and I've lost sixteen pound since I come here, last fall."

"How dare you? How dare you?" roared the astonished investigator. "What has the weight of your miserable carcass to do with your answer to my question? Do you or do you not get enough to eat here?"

Poor Bill was startled but he stuck to his guns.

"I get enough to keep me alive, yes; but not enough to keep up my stren'th. And the victuals isn't always good either—not fresh. I ate some stew the other night —'twas so stale I had to go and throw it up."

A marked change came over the questioner.

"But, Dunnis," he said gently, "might you not be mistaken? Perhaps you have been ill. It may be that leaving your outdoor work on the farm and taking up a position inside has upset your stomach and caused you to lose weight—and to vomit. Might not that be true?"

"I suppose it might," said Bill, relieved.

"Then why do you come in here, Dunnis, and mislead these people by saying you do not get enough to eat and the food is not good? Dunnis, I'm not pleased with you."

Before the abashed Bill could reply, Dr. Dowie went on, "Now you see how false this wicked paper is. And some of you fools were in danger of letting these wicked boys lead you to distrust and grumbling. You wanted the dirty tail to wag the dog too.

"Pray God to forgive you! In future, keep your eyes on God and His glorious work and His promises. Keep busy for God, as I do, and you will have no thought or

time for backstairs gossip and the mouthings of miserable grumblers. Zion has no place for grumblers, has she?"

"No," came back the response, weakly, but stronger than Herbert expected.

"Say it louder," demanded the now smiling and triumphant leader, "Zion has no place for grumblers, has she?"

This time the faithful, many of them relieved that they had got off so lightly after their weeks of "grumbling," shouted their No with hearty good-will.

There were some, Herbert felt—himself among them—not satisfied with the General Overseer's "investigation" and its resulting vindication of his wisdom and justice. What would be the effect? he wondered.

The meeting closed with the General Overseer joyously leading his well-licked household in reciting in unison the thirty-fifth chapter of Isaiah and singing, "We're Marching to Zion."

Herbert, sent for next evening, presented himself at the episcopal offices and was almost immediately taken into the Presence by Murray.

"Ah, Herbert, there you are," the great man greeted him. "I had not seen you for several days and I want a report on what you've been doing. I would have sent for you before, but I've had to lay aside very important work for God and Zion in order to clean up a nasty mess made by a few wicked and foolish boys in our kitchen. Disgusting thing, wasn't it?"

"I happen to know some of those boys, General

Overseer, and I don't consider them either wicked or foolish in what they did."

"Do you not consider it wicked to write me lies about their food? To take my time and strength from the great work God has called me to do? To set this whole house by the ears with their chatter-chatter to everybody about their precious 'grievances'? To abuse my hospitality by a slap in the face from the back-stairs?"

"They did not write lies, General Overseer. They respectfully asked you to investigate."

"Well, I did investigate. You heard the testimony."

"General Overseer, that testimony wasn't worth the trouble of listening to it. You had discharged those boys without a hearing, which is unjust. Then you intimidated your witnesses by threatening to discharge anybody who sympathized with them. What could you expect? They're all afraid of you."

Dr. Dowie sat a moment looking at his young accuser with a quizzical smile puckering his eyes, his mustache twitching.

"Are you afraid of me?"

"No."

"Well, now, what land have you seen? I want to hear about it."

"I've been down below Hammond and out south of Morgan Park," Herbert reported. "I've looked at several tracts, but none of 'em impress me. Perhaps I'm wrong, but I don't think Zion City should be set down in the midst of a lot of smokestacks and hunkies' shanties."

"I'm glad you think so, Herbert. I have long known

that we must not go south of Chicago for the site of Zion City; but I wanted you to find it out for yourself—and I wanted to test your judgment."

Thus the two discussed the new city for hours, until the young man's enthusiasm burned higher than ever.

During the next few weeks Herbert drove many miles in the country round about Chicago. Early in the evening he was at work in his office. Several nights a week would come a ring at the telephone, and Murray would announce that the conference was about to begin.

In the General Overseer's library, where he had spent so many hours reading "Leaves of Healing," Herbert would find Samuel R. Halsey, the banker; Joseph Wade Endicott, the attorney; and St. John D. Worcester, a civil engineer. They waited in the library rather than in Captain Erdman's office—clipping-bureau-waiting-room—because these conferences were supposed to be secret.

Halsey was a handsome man, rather below medium height, with clear blue eyes, well-groomed fine brown hair and short beard, well-kept hands, and quiet but elegant clothes. His skin was fair and bespoke keen sensibilities and good health. He had a pleasant voice, cultured manners, and spoke excellent English—altogether a charming gentleman, but a shade too earnest and emotional to suit Herbert's fastidious young taste.

Mr. Endicott was not a member of Zion, but seemed to be a whole-hearted convert to the plans for Zion City. Of the aristocracy of Lake Forest, a most

aristocratic suburb, not a man of great wealth, he nevertheless had *entré* to the inner circle because of his fine old New England pedigree and high standing as a lawyer. His massive head was haloed with crinkly red-gold hair, which set off a rich, florid complexion, strong but well-cut features, alert blue eyes, and invariable black Prince Albert and high white collar. He was intense, had a reputation for the limitless care with which he prepared his cases, and was, at times, rather tiresomely thorough in exposition. His manners were agreeable and free from ostentation, with more than a trace of New England drought of sentiment.

St. John D. Worcester, a lean, brown little man, with twinkling, humorous eyes, heavy mustache, and a heart-warming, whole-souled laugh, had made a good reputation and a modest competence in his profession. Herbert had become fond of him, partly because he was one of the few members of Zion who never talked religion, partly because they both enjoyed the same kind of jokes, and partly because he could talk science, invention, economics, and politics.

At this time the long night conferences dealt with legal and financial plans. The money for land, houses, hotels, stores, factories, a bank, and other enterprises must come from the people, but control must be wholly in Dr. Dowie's hands. How could it be accomplished?

On a later evening, Attorney Endicott submitted the first rough sketches of his plan. It included "stock certificates," beautifully engraved, with "dividends" at 6 per cent and "contingent dividends" rising in

some cases to 6 per cent more, but left all ownership and control in John Alexander Dowie. This was hailed as a great triumph. Everybody was happy and praised the attorney. Thus this plan became the basis for all the more important business activities of Zion City. Many smaller ones were financed and owned by the General Overseer himself. Dr. Dowie was to be sole legal owner of every enterprise in the city, and its absolute ruler.

For several days, ending on February 22, 1899, Zion celebrated the third anniversary of the organization of the Christian Catholic Church. Members all over the world were invited to attend. Central Zion Tabernacle was crowded morning, afternoon, and evening. The General Overseer spoke for many hours every day, always full of fire, and seemed to thrive upon the exercise.

The General Overseer was dramatically mysterious about his announcement that the Zion City, about which he had so often spoken to them, beginning in 1895, was now "in sight." It would not be prudent for him to tell them all the stupendous prospects of this enterprise. But he had organized Zion City Bank and Zion Land and Investment Association. These would open their offices at once in Zion Printing and Publishing House building. All members and friends of Zion were ordered to visit them, to buy stock in Zion City Bank, which would pay regular "dividends" at the rate of 6 per cent and "contingent dividends," based upon earnings, of 3 per cent. They were told to deposit their money in Zion City Bank, which

would operate both savings and checking accounts. All who could must buy stock in Zion Land and Investment Association, which would also pay regular and contingent "dividends." Stock in Zion Land and Investment Association could be exchanged for land in Zion City when lots in that city were placed on sale.

Attorney Endicott, introduced by the General Overseer with many encomiums and a great show of personal affection, explained the legal aspects of these "stocks."

Samuel R. Halsey, also fulsomely presented as manager of Zion City Bank, told about the services the bank would render.

Herbert, put forth with flattering unction—and some good-natured persiflage about his unmarried state—as manager of Zion Land and Investment Association, could not restrain his enthusiasm as he looked forward to the unsullied virtues and glories of the coming city.

Then the General Overseer summed up—and put on the pressure. It was a wonderful investment he offered them.

Think of it! Nine per cent and perfect safety!

Nowhere else in the world could his people find such magnificent returns. Government bonds, with which these securities were comparable in safety of principal and certainly of income, paid only 2 or 3 per cent. Then there was the glorious privilege of living in Zion City. Investment, therefore, was not only a financial El Dorado and a means of securing

an unequaled place of residence, but a God-required duty.

Let every true Zion man and woman convert his property in the Devil's cities and in the country into cash, take his money out of Devil-cursed banks and securities, and put their all in Zion City Bank and Zion Land and Investment Association.

My good Lord, what profits they would make, with his inspired leadership and their own clean, godly minds and bodies consecrated to the work!

No worldly institution could compete with them, for were not the Devil's management and men befuddled by their many intemperances and other sins? And was not the whole business and industrial world wasting energy and money in the fight between capital and labor?

He had great joy and confidence, therefore, in commanding them, as God's representative on earth, to make haste to get out of the world's sordid business and prepare to come to Zion City. The first step was to put all their funds into these investments. No fear about the swift and sure success of the whole plan; Zion had 35,000 members, yet if only 5,000 of them invested $5,000 each—which was a ridiculously conservative estimate—there would be $25,000,000 with which to buy the land and begin the building of Zion City!

"Now, all those who will obey God in this, all who will bring themselves, their families, their property, and their money into Zion as rapidly as possible, rise."

Most of the audience rose.

"You will obey God? Then see these splendid helpers of mine in Zion's business. See Mr. Halsey at Zion City Bank, see Mr. Renbrush at Zion Land and Investment Association. They will help you. Now say with me:

"My God and Father, in Jesus' Name, I come to Thee. Take me as I am—make me what I ought to be. I consecrate to Thee myself, my property, the money with which Thou hast prospered me. I lend it back to Thee that Zion City may be built, a light to all the earth, a City of Refuge for Thy people, that Thy Name may be known and honored of all men, and Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven."

The people repeated this prayer of consecration, phrase by phrase, after their leader.

On the following Sunday afternoon, Herbert, Samuel R. Halsey, St. John D. Worcester, Captain Erdman, Private Secretary Murray, Fred Jeffords, John Harrow, and a number of others were solemnly ordained to the office of deacon. At the same time Nancy Harrow, Edith Brelin, and other women were ordained deaconesses. Mrs. Jeanie Dowie, Elder James Michael Darling, Elder Howard R. Jessup, head of Zion College, and Elder George A. Tobias, in charge of the outlying Chicago tabernacles, were ordained to the newly created office of overseer.

At this time the General Overseer burgeoned forth in a full bishop's robe, with black silk gown, white lawn sleeves and front panel. Attached to the back was a gorgeously colored silken "doctor's hood."

Overseers, elders, evangelists, deacons, and deacon-

esses were garbed in black brilliantine academic caps and gowns. Thereafter they joined the opening procession at all important meetings, marching in, two by two, behind Zion White-Robed Choir.

CHAPTER XI

FOLLOWING the third anniversary conference, money came in for investment in the "stock" of Zion Land and Investment Association—but it was soon enough evident that the five thousand investors with five thousand dollars each were more than 90 per cent in either the General Overseer's optimism or the distant future. Zion City Bank "stock" was sold to a goodly number, but mostly in little blocks of from one to five shares each. Some money was deposited in both savings and commercial accounts. But the returns were disappointing. Herbert was put to work on advertising.

As each piece of copy was finished, Herbert took it to Dr. Dowie.

"I am pleased," said the great man, "with the splendid way you have caught my ideas. We need only tell my people what Zion City is to be, in God's wonderful plan, and money will flow in. I tell you frankly, my problem will be not to get the necessary funds, but to find profitable employment for them. Deacon Halsey, dear, good fellow, seems disappointed that so little has been brought in. He need not trouble himself. He will have enough to do finding work for all the money. Tell Deacon Harrow I want these ads published in the next issue of 'Leaves of Healing.' I want to see proofs of them. Is he getting the drawings made?"

"Yes, here are the sketches."

"Ah, that is excellent. Stand by me while I revise your manuscript." And that meant a whole night's work, with two hours out for supper in the private dining-room on the third floor.

In Captain Erdman's office, as they passed on their way to the dining-room, the General Overseer spied a young man sitting on one of the hard chairs against the wall.

"Ah," he said, "were you waiting to see me?"

"Yes, Doctor," replied the youth, springing to his feet, "I had an appointment for nine o'clock."

He came out with vigorous steps and stood calmly looking the preacher in the eye. Standing beside him, Herbert was surprised to find that he was of only medium height. When he stood up, he had seemed tall. His erect slimness may have given the illusion. But his build was quickly forgotten in the arresting quality of his face and eyes. A clear pallor, like old ivory, glossy black hair and eyebrows, keen, fearless dark eyes, and aristocratic features gave him the look of a Spanish nobleman. An almost imperceptible hesitation about his lips gave his smile a peculiar charm, and when he spoke there was a deep undertone in his voice that told of controlled force. Herbert granted him almost instant respect—and curiosity. Evidently the General Overseer had felt the impact of that personality, for he was not wholly at ease—an unusual phenomenon.

"Ah, yes," he hesitated, "let me see, you are—"

"Wilbur Glenn Voliva of Washington Court House, Ohio."

"Oh, Mr. Voliva! Welcome to Zion Home! I recall our correspondence. And have you come to Zion to stay?"

"If you'll have me, General Overseer."

"Do not trouble yourself about that. Look here," throwing an arm about the young man's shoulders and walking slowly down the corridor with him, "I have work of the gravest importance with Deacon Renbrush here, general manager of Zion Land and Investment Association, which will doubtless take us the rest of the night. We're just going now for a little refreshment. I am a very small eater—at times get so absorbed in my work for God and Zion that I forget to eat at all unless those around me remind me of the needs of the body. But Deacon Renbrush and my good personal attendant, Captain Chris Erdman, must be fed, so we carry our problems to my dining-room on the floor below. Now you go and get a good sleep —have they taken care of you properly here in Zion Home?"

"Yes, Doctor."

"Well, you go and get a good sleep and then come to my office at half past ten to-morrow morning. I have many important matters to talk over with you. Erdman!"

"Yes, General Overseer."

"See that nothing interferes with my seeing Mr. Voliva at half past ten in the morning."

"Very well, General Overseer."

"And now, good night. Keeping close to God?"

"I'm trusting Him to keep me close, Doctor."

"Ah, that's a good answer. Good night."

The young man started up the stairs. Doctor Dowie, Captain Erdman and Herbert took the elevator going down.

"Splendid fellow, that," remarked the leader. "Fine education and an excellent record. Has been a minister of the so-called Christian Church, but got disheartened by their apostasy. He'll go far in Zion."

Two weeks later Voliva was ordained Elder and his pretty blonde wife Evangelist, and they were placed in charge of the North Side Zion Tabernacle, in Chicago.

Herbert needed an assistant and finally selected Jesse A. Stoneham. This young man was a graduate of the University of Michigan, and had sold real estate in Detroit. He took charge of routine in the office while Herbert set out on his interrupted search for the site of Zion City.

CHAPTER XII

By late March that year the snow had gone. Parks and lawns were verdant with new grass. Before April was a week old, faint green jewels began to glow on trees and shrubs. The first robins appeared. Sunny afternoons people sat on the high front steps of their houses along scores of miles of Chicago streets.

A youth of Herbert's age ought to have been aflame with a new love affair. And he was, but his inamorata was Zion City. Zion was full of girls and he scarcely knew it. He was hunting for ten or twelve square miles of land which would prove worthy to wear bridal garments of beautiful homes and gardens, with a great temple as her diadem. If springtime distilled any sweet madness in his veins, it was for fair acres and majestic building sites rather than for ruby lips and sparkling eyes. Day after day he sought his ideal, riding suburban trains and driving many miles in livery rigs.

One evening early in April, just as the lights began to twinkle in Chicago streets, Herbert leaped from a train in the old Wells Street station—where he had landed in Chicago just six months before. This time he did not dawdle along, gaping at everything. He ran. Steps up out of the station and the stairs to the

elevated were taken in leaps, three at a time. Whistling and jigging relieved his excitement until a Loop train came. He hurried in, but rode on the platform. Sitting would make the train seem slower. On the Loop he changed to the South Side El. The first one off at Twelfth Street, he started on a run for Zion Home, at the corner of Twelfth and Michigan, then stopped, laughed softly to himself, and walked on slowly. "No use running now," he thought, "it may be midnight before I get in to see the G. O." But he was soon walking fast. Arrived at the Home, he took the elevator to the fourth floor and, finding Captain Erdman in his office, said, "Chris, I want to see the General Overseer just as quick as I can—I've got some good news for him."

> Oh, when you're up you're up,
> And when you're down you're down;
> And when you're in the middle,
> Sure, you're neither up nor down,

sang the captain laughing.

"Can't be done, Herbert. Lawyer Endicott's in there now, and I expect he'll be there till 'mornin' by th' bright lights.' "

"All the better, Chris. Endicott'll want to hear it too. Get 'em to see me a few minutes anyhow."

"Much as my life is worth, but I'll go to work and see what Murray says. Maybe he can break in with a telegram that came an *augenblick* ago. What's your news, Herbert? Have you found the site?"

"I've just gone and done that little thing, Chris—and it's a peach, believe me!"

"Good for you! Where is it?"

"Noble effort, Chris! But the General Overseer hears about it first. You know that."

"Sure I know it, Herbert, but you're so excited I thought you might make a slip and tell me."

"Well, I nearly did. But skip along and see whether Murray's his usual good-natured self."

Murray was cold, haughty, and disgusted until Herbert peeked over Captain Erdman's broad shoulder and pleaded, "Oh, go on, Murray. Be a good guy, risk your life for me." The secretary grinned, gathered up his trusty bunch of requests for prayer, and broke in. He came out in a moment, smirking maliciously, and said, "The General Overseer will see you now, Mr. Renbrush," with an expression of countenance which added, "and may God have mercy on your soul!"

Herbert found his chief and Attorney Endicott looking anything but delighted with his interruption.

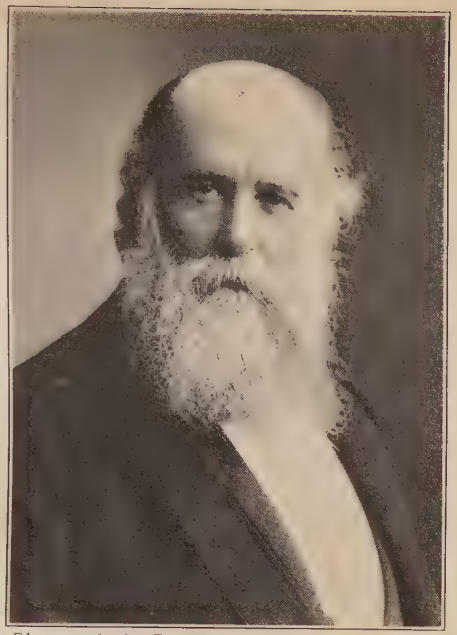
"Well, young man, what is it?" asked Dr. Dowie, sharply.

Herbert was too happy to be squelched.

"General Overseer, I've found the ideal site for Zion City."

"I hope you have, Herbert, but your instructions were to look out a number of sites and submit them to me, with full information. I will select the ideal site. I am in the midst of very important business with Mr. Endicott, and cannot be interrupted now. I will send word when I can see you. By the way, where is this precious site of yours?"

Herbert choked back a mad impulse to snarl, "Go



Photographs by Brown Bros.

JOHN ALEXANDER DOWIE

JEANIE DOWIE

to thunder! You jolly well *will* send for me before you find out where it is—if you ever do."

He realized at once that he had been a poor stage manager. This was not the setting for his great announcement. Suppose the General Overseer should balk at accepting his judgment! If he had to "sell" that site to his leader he had made a bad beginning. Now he must back up as gracefully as he could.

"Oh, I'm awf'ly sorry, General Overseer! I was so excited, I guess I forgot my manners. Please don't bother. The site will stay put, all right, and I c'n tell you about it when you're at leisure."

He was backing out as he finished his apology.

"You do well to be sorry," growled the preacher. "But I think Mr. Endicott will indulge you long enough to tell us where you think we ought to build Zion City."

"I—hr-r-umph—I am eager to hear," said the attorney. "In point of fact—hr-r-umph—I am finding some difficulty in waiting." He laughed, his face and hair shining.

"Well," said Herbert, reluctantly, "the place I've found is on the North Shore, 'bout half-way between Waukegan and Kenosha—but I mustn't bother you any longer. Sorry, General Overseer, I butted in this way." Again he was backing away.

"Oh," exclaimed Dr. Dowie, "that's too far out!"

"Perhaps it is," admitted Herbert, hastily, still making his exit. "It's forty-two miles. But we can talk that over when you're not so busy. Good night, General Overseer. Good night, Mr. Endicott."

"Come in, Herbert, and sit down," said the General

Overseer, laughing. "You are very adroit with your precious 'good night.' Mind you, I don't say I like your choice. We'd do better to go inland, where soil is fertile and more rolling, and prices not so high."

"Thank you, General Overseer," smiling, and taking a chair near the door. "You would naturally get the impresssion the land up there is flat. It is, looking from the railroad toward the lake. But west of the tracks it rises in natural terraces, to a hill almost in the center of the tract—a wonderful site for Zion Temple, General Overseer."

"Come, sit here at the table, Herbert," urged the great man. "I still hope you can find a better location to the west, but we may as well know about this favorite of yours. Why do you want to go up the North Shore?"

"Well, you know, General Overseer," said Herbert, taking the chair indicated, and trying to speak casually, "from the very first I felt that Zion City should be built on the shore of Lake Michigan, between Chicago and Milwaukee. Everything was in favor of it. For one thing, I guess, I was prejudiced. I've always loved the old lake. It gives a majesty, a distinction, a something-or-other to a city built on its shore that no inland city can ever hope to have. Then, the lake shore is rapidly filling up with high-class residential suburbs. Its value is always rising. Nothing can ever depress it, permanently, because no one can add one foot to the length of that shore. There's only just so much of it, and when that's filled up, there isn't any more."

"Good point that," acknowledged the General

Overseer, looking at Attorney Endicott for acquiescence.

"H-r-r-umph!" said the attorney, nodding and smiling. His nostrils quivered.

"I felt sure that Zion City ought to be built somewhere near the Wisconsin state line," Herbert went on. "My first thought was to go up there and find it. But I wanted to be doubly sure, so I began in Indiana and worked clear round Chicago, from southeast to north. I tried to see everything in that whole territory and to give everything that looked anywhere near right a fair chance. Well, I've got about a dozen different places for you to see, but I'd like you to look at this one first."

"Well, I shall consider that. How much land in the tract, and what is it like?"

Herbert pulled out a map, unfolded it and laid it on a table between Dr. Dowie and Attorney Endicott.

"Here is Waukegan, about thirty-six miles out. Here is Kenosha, in Wisconsin, about thirty-four miles from Milwaukee. They are about fifteen miles apart. Now suburban Chicago is pretty well built up right out to Waukegan. Between Milwaukee and Kenosha there are five cities, including the sizable city of Racine. So the only really available place is between Waukegan and Kenosha. There's nothing in all that fifteen-mile stretch along the lake shore and the main line of the North-Western but a little state rifle-range called Camp Logan.

"Now right here, about six miles north of Waukegan—forty-two miles from Chicago—the railroad runs about a mile west of the lake. The land between

is all sand, covered mostly with rich, black soil, and nearly flat. A harbor can be excavated with sand-sucker dredges, and it's ideal for factories—very little filling needed for spur tracks from the railroad.

"There's about a quarter of a mile of meadow along the west side of the tracks, then a marked natural terrace, rising thirty or forty feet. From that the land slopes up gradually to a broad plateau, two miles from the lake. About the middle of this piece south of Camp Logan is a pretty fair imitation of a hill, crowned with trees, mostly oaks.

"There are twelve or fifteen square miles around that hill that can be bought, I should say, for an average of something less than two hundred dollars an acre."

Dr. Dowie's excitement had increased during this description.

"I want to see it," he exclaimed, leaping to his feet and almost dancing about the room.

And in ten minutes he had completed plans for a trip out there next day. From that hour until four in the morning Herbert showed his data on the site and described it in detail. Dr. Dowie was exultant, insatiable. The idea of inspecting any other site was forgotten.

"I foresee the time, in the not distant future," he said impressively, "when a deep-water ship canal around Niagara Falls will make Zion City an ocean port. Stately ships, flying the flag of Zion, will go forth to all the ends of the earth, bearing not only the products of Zion's industry but 'Leaves of Healing' in all languages and Zion messengers to all peo-

ples, with the glorious Full Gospel of Salvation, Healing, and Holy Living. Returning, these ships will bring the world's finest products of mine, soil, and handicraft for the use of Zion City and to distribute throughout this amazing western prairie and even to the mountains, at a profit. They will also bring hosts of Zion, from all nations, to Zion City.

"As they approach Zion Harbor, upon the bosom of the great unsalted sea, pinnacles and towers of Zion Temple will stand on that mount in the center of our beauteous city like a beacon, welcoming them home. Herbert, you and I will see it. One day we will return from far travels upon a magnificent Zion liner and watch for the rising sun to gild, with his first rays, the lofty heights of that temple."

CHAPTER XIII

HERBERT sang and whistled in his bath next morning. In a way, this was *his* expedition—a secret reconnaissance, as Dr. Dowie called it.

Deacon Halsey was sent to walk south on Michigan Avenue to Central Zion Tabernacle. Attorney Endicott was hustled off to walk north on the avenue to the Logan Statue. Herbert, walking faster, was to be at the Auditorium Annex. By this arrangement no one at the Home would suspect that the General Overseer and these three went away together.

The General Overseer's carriage, driven by Otto Berger, with Captain Erdman on the box, picked up the three at their appointed places and took them to the Wells Street station. When Herbert joined them at the Annex he almost laughed to see his chieftain arrayed in an old ulster of Captain Erdman's, the high collar turned up, his prophetic beard stowed away in its bosom, and a black slouch hat pulled down over his eyes.

"Make sure you remember to address me always as Mr. Alexander," he reminded Herbert in a stage whisper. That young man nodded and succeeded in keeping his face straight.

"Perhaps all this play-acting is necessary," he thought. "Anyhow, the G. O. can't afford to take

chances. But, gosh, doesn't he get a lot of fun out of it!"

At Waukegan the party found that Captain Erdman, as usual, had carried out his instructions well. He had an unusual gift of understanding the spirit as well as perfectly memorizing the letter of his orders. As a result, he not only met unforeseen demands but often supplied needs of the occasion better than his chief had asked. It was true in this case. Carriages for the party were from different stables and one waited at each end of the platform. One—a curtained surrey—carried the General Overseer, Deacon Halsey, Deacon Worcester, and Herbert, who took the reins. The other, a top buggy, was for Captain Erdman, who drove, and Attorney Endicott. In it was also the party's picnic lunch.

It was a warm, sunny day and the General Overseer was expansive. God was smiling on their enterprise, he told his companions.

Soon they arrived at the southern boundary of the site. Herbert began pointing out its features. At about this point a road—none too good—ran eastward to the lake shore. Down this they drove. Curtains on the surrey had been rolled up and the whole party was feasting eyes on this flat swampy waste as if it were at least another Grand Canyon.

After a half hour of this gloating they climbed back into their livery rigs, their shoes full of already sacred sand, and drove back to the main road. Here they turned north and within a mile or two passed a quaint little country cemetery.

"This," said Herbert, "is the old neighborhood

burying ground. It lies close to the middle of the tract and is, as you see, on the main north and south road. It probably could not be bought, more's the pity. But it is small and is pretty good-looking for a cemetery."

"I would not disturb it for the world," said Dr. Dowie. "My own body, if I should fall asleep before Christ returns, will lie in Zion Temple; but some of the builders of Zion City may sleep here among those who pioneered the land many years ago."

A half mile farther north was a handsome modern farm-house in the midst of well-kept orchards and gardens. "This farm," explained Herbert, "belongs to Luther Nettus, one of the wealthiest property-owners on the site. He is owner of the hill. Suppose we ask him if we may go in and have our lunch there."

There was no little discussion as to which one of the party should make the request. Dr. Dowie was afraid of having any one in the party recognized. Finally, St. John Worcester was chosen as being, at the time, least publicly identified with Zion's business affairs.

The little engineer's quest was successful, Mr. Nettus himself coming out, opening the wagon gate, and directing the party how best to reach his grove. The horses were watered as they passed through the barnyard and, unhitched, were fed as soon as a little grassy open space in the grove was reached. Lunch-baskets were unloaded and opened, Captain Erdman, assisted by Herbert, serving a luncheon which proved that Fred Jeffords could provide excellent food.

The noonday sun of April was warm and promising, some few dandelions were like newly minted coin-

age in the grass, and, although the oaks were still bare, there were many flashes of delicate pink, green, lavender, and yellow among the shrubs. Delicate, intoxicating odors drifted through the golden air. Springtime rioted in the veins of the six men.

They ate ravenously but thought little of food. They laughed, they sang, they "saw visions and dreamed dreams." They "prophesied."

When they had eaten, they walked about and viewed the landscape from every available outlook. Their enthusiasm grew until the General Overseer could contain his no longer. Making the other five sit down on the grass, facing him, he held an impromptu meeting. After they had recited their thirty-fifth chapter of Isaiah and sung "We're Marching to Zion," with tears running freely and voices that wavered and all but broke down, the General Overseer prayed in an ecstasy of gratitude and praise.

After this he talked long. His voice rang out like a trumpet-call; then blared cock-like in triumph; it was hushed and husky with awe and humility; it wavered, broke, sobbed with emotion; it gibed, jeered, and taunted his absent enemies; it roared defiance to the Devil and his forces of evil in the world; it lashed and snarled at possible traitors in his own camp; it caressed and comforted the sick, the poor, the lonely, the oppressed, and promised them health, prosperity, and happiness, together with his own love and affection; it laughed and joked and teased.

The General Overseer poured out on five men all the fervor and dramatic intensity he had ever lavished upon five thousand. His talk was of the future of

Zion and Zion City. It was rich with quoted scripture. Every promise to "Zion" recorded in the Bible now became applicable to this piece of land and its future inhabitants. Take a concordance and look them up—you will see what an irresistible force they could be made in the mouth of a great preacher.

The five who heard him were carried far out of the world of reality. For them the city was built, more beautiful than any other city on earth, and its God-like citizens were enjoying peace, prosperity, and a physical and moral cleanliness never before known. Every difficulty was overcome, all problems were solved, all discords harmonized.

It was all so simple. Just obey the Will of God in the person of John Alexander Dowie!

"God has led me wonderfully to this site for Zion City," the speaker continued, closing: "From the first I felt that He revealed to me that Zion City should be built on the shore of Lake Michigan, between Chicago and Milwaukee. Everything, humanly speaking, was in favor of such a selection. I have always loved the sea, and I have loved Lake Michigan. It gives a majesty, a distinction, a wide and inspiring horizon to a city built on its shore that no inland city can ever hope to have. Then, too, the lake shore is being rapidly built up with residential suburbs of the best class. Its value is and always will be rising. Nothing can ever depress it, because no one can ever add one yard to its length. In other words, it is strictly exclusive and limited real estate. I felt sure, therefore, that Zion City ought to be built somewhere near the Wisconsin state line. When I first set out to look for a site, I was

tempted to come up here at once and find it. But I wanted to be doubly sure, however, so I sent our splendid young manager of Zion Land and Investment Association, Deacon Renbrush, down to the Indiana shore to work right around from southeast to north, spying out the land and reporting to me upon what he saw. His reports confirmed my own conviction that there was no site anywhere comparable with this one. As you have seen and heard for yourselves today, he enthusiastically agrees with me."

The remainder of the afternoon was spent driving wherever roads would take them on the twelve to fifteen square miles under consideration.

Often they sang for joy as they rode along. Between songs, St. John Worcester was called upon to estimate altitudes, acreages, possibilities of drainage, character of soil, beds of clay for brick and gravel for concrete, and many other data.

Herbert had to do his best to forecast how much each farmer would demand for his property—also how many lots could be cut out of an acre and how much each could be sold for.

As a result there was some mental arithmetic on this order: "Twelve square miles is nearly eight thousand acres. Suppose I buy it for an average of one hundred and fifty dollars an acre. That makes a little more than a million dollars. Now suppose we set aside four square miles for factories, streets, parks, and so forth: that leaves eight square miles or a little more than five thousand acres to be divided up into lots and sold. With five good big lots to the acre, selling at an average of a thousand dollars a lot, there is an

assured return of twenty-five million dollars. Take off five million dollars for expenses of road building, sewers, overhead, and so forth, and we have a clear profit, on the residence lots alone, of twenty million dollars. That belongs to your investors in Zion Land and Investment Association, Herbert. Do you think you can sell your stock with that clear profit for them in plain sight?"

Herbert, being young and not much accustomed to thinking in millions, saw the profit almost as plainly as did his chief. If the banker, the lawyer, and the engineer had doubts, they were silent about them. Thus the great day ended on a high note.

On the way home Dr. Dowie said, "Herbert, did you not tell me, when you first came to Zion, that you had a friend in a real-estate office in Chicago?"

"Yes, General Overseer. Philip Carter graduated from college in the class ahead of me. He's working for P. D. Wouldt & Company, in La Salle Street, or was the last I knew. I haven't been in touch with him recently."

"What kind of man is he?"

"One of the finest on earth, General Overseer, except that he's not in Zion."

"Can he hold his tongue in seven languages?"

"Well," laughed Herbert, "I'm afraid he doesn't know that many, but he's a pretty close-mouthed old guy."

"Is he a good trader?"

"Well, it was his trading ability that made him take up real estate. His father is a dealer in farm real

estate in Minnesota and Phil got his start buying farms and farmlands for his father."

"Look here, then; do you go and see him. Study him. See how he has come on since he left college. Find out, if you can, what he's been doing here in Chicago. Then report to me."

The outcome was that Philip Carter was commissioned by Dr. Dowie to go and buy between seven thousand and eight thousand acres of land.

"Now, Mr. Carter," said the General Overseer, when they had come to terms, "I need not impress upon you the need for superhuman discretion. Your activities are going to make a great deal of talk and conjecture, not only in the neighborhood, but in Kenosha, Waukegan, and Chicago. Reporters, real-estate men, and thousands of other people will try to get you to tell them whom you represent. I shall have to rely on you not only to refrain from telling outright but so to conduct yourself as to keep them from guessing."

"It occurs to me, Doctor," Carter replied, "that you have made it almost impossible to keep the thing from being pinned on you. You have a bank, which you call Zion City Bank. You have a Zion Land office. You have publicly announced that you are going to build a city, and you are publicly receiving funds to use in buying the site. You even go so far as to take people's stock in your land company in exchange for lots. Now, when it gets talked around that somebody is buying a big block of land in Lake County, it will take a pretty dumb real-estate reporter not to put two and two together."

"Ah, but I shall drag a red herring across my trail —indeed, a whole school of herring. I shall keep the newspapers of Chicago, and indeed of the whole world, so busy with my other activities that they will forget all about my little bank and my obscure land office."

"Well, Doctor, if you can do that, my hat's off to you. In our business we find publicity mighty hard to get unless we pay good money for it."

"That's because you don't understand my involuntary friends the newspapers. You are nice to them and they pay no attention to you. I fight them tooth and nail and they give me more free advertising than any other man in Chicago. Sometimes I am occupied with other affairs and do not pay much attention to the newspapers. Then they say little or nothing about me. But I can always stir them up and get dozens of columns of publicity whenever I need it."

CHAPTER XIV

THE summer of 1899 was quiet. With the selection of a site for Zion City, Herbert's trips into the city ceased. Dr. Dowie and his family spent a large part of the summer at their country home, Ben MacDhui, in Michigan. This set free many of his evenings. He reported by letter instead of spending hours in talk or in standing by the General Overseer's side while that indefatigable taker of pains revised proof sheets or documents.

Dr. Dowie refused to look at anything for publication until it had been set up in type and a proof taken. His sermons were delivered extemporaneously, taken down by expert shorthand reporters, transcribed on the typewriter, copy-read by Nancy Harrow, and set in type. Huge piles of proofs were revised every week. Dr. Dowie, John and Nancy Harrow, and a big force of printers usually made an all-night job of it on Friday nights, "Leaves of Healing" being published every Saturday.

Hour after hour the great man toiled, pen in hand. He wrote slowly, accurately, drawing each letter. His handwriting was striking, letters stiffly upright, tall and thin, every stroke precise, the up-strokes light, the down-strokes straight and heavy.

In revising proofs he often filled both four-inch margins on the sides and both six-inch margins top

and bottom with this uncompromising chirography, John Harrow standing by his side and looking over his shoulder, a service insisted upon. It was a bigger job for printers to correct these proofs than it had been to set up the type. Their work was done at night, so they were paid double the hourly rate. It was a mountain of labor, but "Leaves of Healing" had a reputation in the printing and publishing world for typographical excellence.

Double pay for printers troubled John Harrow, whose ancestors had helped to tame the asperities of nature on and about Massachusetts Bay and on the seas. One of his dreams of bliss was to have the General Overseer set aside Thursday for reading proofs of "Leaves of Healing." During regular daylight hours of Thursday and Friday the alterations could be made and "double time" avoided. John believed in his dream; hoped and, Nancy said, even expected to see it come true.

Dr. Dowie also believed, hoped, and expected—or seemed to. Every Wednesday night when he left his office he gave orders to Captain Erdman and Murray that the morrow was to be devoted to "Leaves of Healing." Deacon Harrow was instructed to be on hand promptly at eight o'clock in the morning, with all his proofs in readiness.

And it was again Friday night, at nine, when the great editor attacked his proofs. Meantime, John Harrow had sat outside the door and waited while his chief attended to "urgent" affairs and "emergencies."

Executives and workers at Zion headquarters always said good-by to their General Overseer with

loverlike wails at parting, and then breathed a deep but carefully hidden sigh of relief when he was gone. Now they would get caught up in their work and would have some assurance of an evening or two away from duty.

Dr. Dowie went with a truckload of trunks and a retinue of cooks, maids, secretaries, attendants, gardeners, boatmen, mechanics, and watchmen. He promised Mrs. Dowie and his son and daughter that he would stay a month. Within a week, or even earlier, he might be seen returning to Chicago with his trunks and a large part of his entourage. Life at Zion headquarters was never monotonous.

Herbert had seen Edith Brelin, from afar, at the Tabernacle every Sunday. He had even found himself searching her out before taking his seat so that he could sit where he could look at her without too much danger of being caught at it. He had met her a few times after the services. She had always been cordial. Once she had said to him, "What on earth do you do with your evenings, Mr. Renbrush?"

"Sh!" he said, "don't talk so loud. I'm always in my office trying to make folks think I'm industrious."

"Humph! What a waste! I'm going to have some young folks at my flat next Thursday night. You'd better come and play with us."

"Thank you, I'll come."

John and Nancy Harrow had also been invited, and the three went together to Woodlawn, where Miss Brelin lived. They were the first arrivals. Their hostess was dressed in some kind of filmy blue that matched her eyes. She presented them to her mother.

Mrs. Brelin's smooth masses of silver-white hair, glowing, youthful complexion, and brown eyes, full of fun and intelligence, attracted Herbert at once. He found her frank, wholesome, self-possessed, and began to devote his evening to her. Semi-consciously he was a little ashamed of hiding thus behind mother's skirts because he was afraid of daughter—of her beauty, her physical attractiveness, the charm of her personality. He grinned derisively at himself. Edith laughed at him too. "Nancy and I can at least admire your taste, Mr. Renbrush. Mother's a real person, if I do say it. But trust her not, she's a flatterer and deceiver."

"It would be an honor and a privilege," replied Herbert, "to be flattered and deceived by her."

"Oh, so you *can* make fine speeches," said Edith.

" 'In vain is the net,' Edith," laughed Mrs. Brelin, as Herbert, embarrassed, did not reply. "There's the door-bell."

Young Stoneham appeared and immediately demonstrated that no matter how violently he might feel Miss Brelin's charm, he was not afraid of exposing himself to it. Herbert was both relieved and jealous. Again he laughed at himself.

Eric Usher, commercial artist, came next, bringing his fiancée, Lillian Archer, and her sister, Juliet. Lillian, a plump blonde, pretty and feminine, talked too much about "our dear Lord Jesus."

Last of all came Mr. and Mrs. Leon Steelhaver of Cleveland. Leon was an illustrator, friend of Eric Usher, who had been with him in art school, and of Edith Brelin, for some of whose stories he had drawn

pictures. Of medium height, stockily built, he looked athletic and a lover of the out-of-doors. But there was a hint of the scholar in his high head, broad above the brows but narrow at the ears, covered with soft, dark, waving hair. His clean-cut face and open, candid eyes expressed sympathy, kindliness, and too much credulity. He frankly showed ardent love for his wife, who returned his affection with submission and worship. It almost frightened Herbert to see them so utterly devoted and so happy about it. What a tragedy if anything should happen to shatter the heaven they two had built and inhabited!

Mrs. Brelin's ice-cream, cake, and coffee were delicious, and these people were more congenial than Herbert had hoped to find in Zion. While they ate, he talked with Leon Steelhaver and his wife.

"We've only just come into Zion," confided Leon. "Eric has been after me a long time, sending me the 'Leaves' and other literature. I didn't pay much attention until Edith Brelin and her mother joined. Then we took it all to God in prayer and He opened our hearts to the Truth. Now we're in, we're happier than ever before. Isn't it glorious the way God answers Doctor Dowie's prayers? We came to Chicago to have him pray for Ada so that we may have the crowning joy of dear little children in our home."

After that evening at Edith Brelin's, Herbert bought a bicycle. He had no conscious intention of courting any one and he felt that going about with girls was playing with fire. Yet he bought a tandem.

After a ride with Edith, one evening, he gladly accepted Mrs. Brelin's invitation to come in.

Over cake and coffee she said, "I hear the General Overseer is rebuilding Ben MacDhui this summer."

"I guess that's right. Captain Erdman writes me they have carpenters at work there."

"Carpenters!" laughing. "Mrs. McAssey is over there, as housekeeper for the help's cottages, and she writes me the General Overseer's building a palace and making a park around it—acres and acres of lawns and gardens. I'd like to see it, wouldn't you?"

"Mother," chided Edith, "that's almost gossip."

"Not 'almost,' child. It *is* gossip. I don't defend it. I don't excuse it. I just like it. However, it's no secret. Mrs. McAssey says there are about a hundred Zion men and women at work over there."

"But Ben MacDhui is Doctor Dowie's private home," said Edith—"the only place on earth where he's likely to get much privacy, and I should say he'd probably like it better if we didn't even discuss what he does there. It's none of our business."

"Isn't she a noble young woman?" asked Mrs. Brelin, appealing to Herbert. Then she sobered, her eyes grew soft, and she patted her daughter's hand. "You really are, too, Edith," she said, "and your mother's an old cat."

"No, Mother, you're a brick. I forgive you everything else because you told Mr. Renbrush his friends don't see him often enough. I wouldn't dare tell him that myself, and yet he ought to be scolded for the error of his ways."

"That," said Herbert, "is such sweet music I want to go home with it ringing in my ears," and he said his good nights.

CHAPTER XV

Dr. Dowie and his family returned to Zion Home early in September. With them came many of those who had worked on the transformation of Ben MacDhui. Soon Zion in Chicago was in a buzz of gossip about the splendors of that retreat. Lurid stories flew from mouth to mouth, growing as they flew. One, about a thousand-dollar bath-tub, was a prime favorite.

At first there was discontent and criticism, but a sermon or two in Central Zion Tabernacle, with the General Overseer at his best, preaching the Full Gosple, fighting Zion's enemies, and painting the future glories of Zion, aroused such loyalty and devotion that Ben MacDhui was forgotten, except by a few grumblers who whispered timidly among themselves. Among these were Ezra and Myra.

It amazed and puzzled Herbert that the disaffected so quickly found one another in that great congregation. His brother and sister-in-law seemed on intimate terms with every other malcontent in Zion—and several of these were among the older and, supposedly, the stanchest of Dr. Dowie's disciples. He might have warned the General Overseer against these people, but somehow could not stomach talebearing, although the practice was demanded of all loyal Zion members. His logical conscience approved

the demand. A traitor in camp was a menace to every other soldier and to the sacred cause itself. But an even more vigorous conscience shut his lips tight.

If the General Overseer knew how his Ben MacDhui improvements shocked his people he gave no sign. Not only did he outdo himself in his sermons, but he proclaimed what he called Zion's Holy War against apostate churches, secret societies, oysters, pork, tobacco, liquor, the theater, newspapers, doctors, drugs, and devils. In this war every member and every resource of Zion were to be enlisted.

The Holy War began almost at once. Joyously as the newspapers fought "Dr." Dowie, as they liked to call him, their business offices had no hard feelings against him. Hence advertisements bearing his picture appeared in the amusement sections of all Chicago's dailies. Crowds flocked to the meetings to see the show. Some who "came to scoff, remained to pray." Others left, disgusted, for the General Overseer called a spade a dirty old dung-scraper. Some wanted to fight the thing out on the spot with fists and brickbats.

The effects of all this came swiftly. At Hammond, Indiana, a mob smashed windows in the Tabernacle, broke up the meeting, and tried to seize the General Overseer. Loyal Zion Guards and other Zion men and women surrounded him and escorted him safely to his carriage. Afterward he prayed earnestly for the healing of those whose heads had been broken by a shower of missiles aimed at him.

This event brought Zion's Holy War out upon the

front pages of the newspapers—which added to the lust of battle on both sides.

In Chicago itself the police helped Zion Guard to keep order. Dr. Dowie was popular with the city administration and especially with the Police Department. At the previous election, which had been close, he had commanded all Zion people in Chicago to vote for the candidate who had eventually been elected Mayor, but had done so only on that candidate's promise that the General Overseer's good friend Dan Cassidy should be continued in his job as chief of police. He had also been generous with his gifts to police funds and to individual policemen who helped protect him.

During October a battle of the Holy War was arranged for Zion Tabernacle in Oak Park. This tabernacle, a hall on the second floor of a building on the main street, was reached by an inside stairway leading up from a side street. When the General Overseer arrived in his carriage, a large crowd had already gathered in the street but was content merely to jeer.

The hall was nearly full and the remaining seats and available standing room were quickly taken. Zion Guards were posted at the street entrance. The meeting began.

Herbert, who had served as usher, heard more and more noise in the streets. Going downstairs, he came upon a group of Guards holding the stair door against a mob. They were covered with broken eggs and bits of egg shells, one bled freely from a cut over his eye, another had a lump big as a walnut on his forehead,

and another spat blood through swollen lips. Decayed tomatoes, turnips, cabbages, oranges, and other treasure-trove from grocers' garbage cans rolled at their feet, with here and there a cobble-stone or brickbat. While he stood with them, he looked out over the heads of a crowd which filled both streets as far as he could see. Many of them were yelling, all were excited. Missiles splashed and banged upon and around the Guards.

Suddenly there was a swirl of new activity. Men and boys shouted "Come on; let's go up and get the old faker. Come on, now, all together." Then there was a rush for the steps.

"Stand your ground, men, but don't use fists," said Deacon Nolan, quietly. He was a big man, more than six feet tall, weighing 260 pounds, a successful broker, and lieutenant in Zion Guard.

Advantage of position was with the Guard, since they stood on a landing five steps above street level. They rolled back the attack but were left still more bruised and bleeding.

Hour after hour the siege dragged on.

Herbert went out to the street an hour or two later and mingled with the mob. He was uneasy as he saw that, though smaller, it was more menacing. Those to whom the affair was a lark had tired of it and gone home. They who remained were quieter, but more grim.

In a few minutes he heard hoof-beats of speeding horses and the clang of a bell. Puzzled, he stood listening. The sounds drew nearer. Every one in the street heard them. Suddenly, around a corner, came

a span of big bays, at a swift trot. Behind them loomed the varnish, brass, and authoritative bell of a police patrol-wagon. Astonishment, unbelief, rage, and bewilderment sucked hissing gasps down a thousand throats. Then some of the mob began to drain off into the shadows. Others waited, curious. "My God!" many exclaimed, "they're from Chicago!"

With a magnificent sweep and clatter the wagon swung around and backed up to the curb in front of that little group of battered, egg-soaked Guards on the steps. Ten bluecoats rolled out in majesty. Eight of them drew night-sticks and waved the mob back. Two mounted the steps with a cheery good morning and went up the stairs, Herbert, in a rapture of excitement, at their heels. Dr. Dowie was on the platform.

"Good mornin' to ye, Doctor," said the leader, saluting handsomely. "I'm Captain Kennedy. The chief sends his compliments and says would ye mind if we gave ye safe conduct back to Chicago?"

That same day the holy warring Scot again made the front pages of Chicago's papers. By evening, editorials were demanding to know why the city's police were sent outside their jurisdiction to rescue that "charlatan and adventurer" from a mob stirred up by his own wild speech. Some one should suffer for this decidedly suspicious abuse of authority. But no one ever did.

Before journalistic wrath could be echoed in public demand, Dr. Dowie set a new fire blazing in the news columns by invading an enemy stronghold in the neighborhood of Cook County Hospital with its

satellite medical schools. Thousands of students rushed to the fracas. Some went into the hall with the audience. Others came later, marching, singing, howling. The ensuing drama was swift and colorful. When the preacher mounted his platform, young medics uncorked their vials of sulphureted hydrogen and flung at the speaker their treasured souvenirs appropriated from cadavers—ears, fingers, and even more objectionable bits of human anatomy. They jeered, they laughed, they sang ribald songs.

Outside hundreds of their fellows made bedlam. But Dr. Dowie's good friends the police fell upon future physicians and surgeons with fists and clubs. The youngsters were game—reveled in a scrap. Before the evening ended, proximity to a hospital was a convenience to many on both sides of the argument.

But the General Overseer finished his sermon in safety and triumph. He rose to the occasion and furnished not a little drama himself. Telling about it later, he wept for Herbert, who had not been there, as he had wept for the boys. Herbert wondered how he did it.

All through October, November, and December the Holy War raged. No week passed without its mob, its violent counter-attack by pulpit or press, its sensational report of something Dr. Dowie had said—or was reported to have said. The city was stirred. Central Zion Tabernacle could not hold half of those who came Sunday afternoons. Letters for and against him swamped the newspapers, not only in Chicago but throughout the country. Preachers everywhere preached about him.

Meanwhile Phil Carter was quietly buying up lake shore property and farms for the site of Zion City. Every week he spent a night in the General Overseer's office at Zion Home with the General Overseer, Attorney Endicott, Banker Halsey, Engineer Worcester, and Real Estater Herbert Renbrush. His progress was even better than they had hoped. Prices were about as Herbert had predicted. At first there had been several owners who refused to sell. This was their home. They had lived here all their lives. Their fathers and grandfathers had lived here before them. They had enough money for all their needs, so high prices could not tempt them. But Phil was tactful, resourceful, patient. At each of these all night meetings—to which he came in disguise—he could report that one or more of the hold-outs had loosened his grip.

The farms Phil bought were miles apart at first, and he was so matter-of-fact about his negotiations that he was unnoticed. Then farmers had begun to talk and to wonder why so much land hereabouts had changed hands. The talk spread. People began to ask Phil questions. He shared their wonder. He couldn't tell them anything. He was only carrying out orders from his superiors. Who were they? Why he couldn't tell them that either—against orders. He was friendly, a good mixer, made people believe him and believe in him. All this served to parry questions, but it did not quiet talk.

Toward the end of November he had bought so much land that the Waukegan papers began to take notice and to speculate about the identity and pur-

poses of his principals. A young reporter or two caught up with him on his rounds and tried to pump him; but Phil was too friendly and guileless even to arouse suspicion. He did, however, make haste to exercise his options and close his contracts.

Along in December Chicago newspapers began to print stories about a vast body of eleven square miles of land some mysterious buyer was acquiring north of Waukegan. There was much speculation about this buyer. It was variously rumored that Standard Oil, McCormick Harvester, the North-Western Railroad, Chicago University, the Steel Trust, or some other big corporation or institution was interested. Each guess brought out a denial from the guessed. No one—even in Zion—suspected that all this was the work of a little bald, tubby preacher who was being mobbed and reviled all over the city and its suburbs.

His "school of red herring" had smothered his trail.

CHAPTER XVI

"Oh, Herbie, I'm so happy," said Myra, one Saturday afternoon shortly before Christmas, when that young man appeared at his brother's South Side flat for a visit; "Ezra has written our resignation and sent it to Doctor Dowie. My goodness, but I'm glad!"

Long as he had dreaded this event, Herbert was stunned. He sat down, said nothing.

"Now I can read my Bible and pray again," continued Myra. "I feel as if I'd waked up from a terrible nightmare. Ezra, poor dear, is all broken up, but I can see he feels relieved. This thing has been a dreadful load on his conscience for months. He'll soon be his own old happy self now."

"Hm!" said Herbert, with tight-closed tips.

"Oh, I know what you want to say," laughed Myra, "so you needn't say it. I only hope it doesn't take too long for the Lord to open your eyes too. But, my goodness, I'm just not goin' to worry about that. I've laid it all before the Lord and I've told Him you're His child and that He'll have to take care of you, and I believe He will. I know you want to do His will and I'm goin' to trust to that and be happy."

Herbert smiled painfully.

"Yes," he said, "I remember it was that made you so confident when you were praying that I be led *in*to Zion."

"Throw that up to me all you want to, Herbert; it's my punishment for putting my faith in a man instead of in God alone."

"I'm sorry, Myra. I didn't mean to be cruel. Well, if Ez has sent in his resignation, that settles it. There's no use my saying anything about it. Any plans for the future?"

"Not yet, Herbie. But I'm not worried about that, either. God will take care of us. He always has—and I trust Him more than ever, now that we've had the courage to do right. Ezra'll find something to do."

The next day, at Central Zion Tabernacle, Captain Erdman told Herbert the General Overseer wanted to see him.

"Ah, Herbert, my boy," said the great man, sadly, "I suppose you know this terrible thing your brother has done? I am deeply grieved by it, not so much on your brother's account—for we are better off without such foolish men—as on yours. His folly makes your position in Zion an uncomfortable one. You are a very different man from your brother or I would never have given you the high place you now hold. But I must know how you stand, Herbert. As you know, in order to protect Zion, I am obliged to expose liars and hypocrites who go out from among us, cowards who flee from the face of the foe. I cannot do that with your brother if you are to remain, but I cannot jeopardize God's work by withholding my hand from him unless I am absolutely certain of your loyalty. You see the difficulty of my position, do you not, Herbert?"

"Yes, General Overseer."

"Well, what do you want me to do?"

"I am willing to leave that with you, General Overseer, when I have told you exactly how I stand. To begin with, General Overseer, Ezra is not a liar, a hypocrite, or a coward. I think he is making a big mistake about this, but I know he's painfully conscientious. His only trouble is that he is too much disturbed by little things and can't see the big ones. For my own part, I believe that Zion is God's work, and that He has called you to be the head of it. I want to stay in Zion and do what I can to help in that work. But I do not believe you are perfect—I do not expect you to be perfect, so I'm willing to overlook your imperfections, as I know you overlook mine."

"And what," asked the preacher, sternly and menacingly, "do you consider my imperfections?"

Herbert hesitated. His whole future hung on a few words—what should they be? " 'Might's well be hung for a sheep's a lamb,' " he decided; "speak my mind." So he said, "You do not always tell the truth. You constantly exaggerate facts and figures about your work."

"No one," said Dr. Dowie, solemnly, "can exaggerate the wonderful work God is doing in Zion. What else?"

"You are unjust to those who displease you. You charge them, without evidence, with being liars, hypocrites, cowards, adulterers, and such like—condemn them without a hearing."

"Zion's enemies deserve nothing from me. My business, under God, is to protect Zion, not those who would destroy her. Anything else?"

"You are extravagant with money intrusted to you for use in God's work. People give you money to build up Zion and spread Zion teaching, and you spend it on a luxurious private estate."

"Mrs. Dowie and I are and always have been the largest givers to Zion. You are too recent a member to know of our years of work and travel, with no home, no privacy, years when we poured everything we possessed, except just enough for board and clothes, into God's work. We have not complained. We did it all gladly. But Zion's work has now reached the point where I must have a retreat, where I can rest and commune with God and receive from Him new power for the far greater task He is laying upon me. My Lord and Master, Jesus Christ, was wont to go down to Bethany for such a rest and spiritual recuperation. Surely, Herbert, you do not begrudge me that?"

"It is not my place or my purpose to argue with you, General Overseer. I only tell you how these things look to me."

Dr. Dowie's eyes were eloquent, his mustache twitched. If Herbert had not felt sure of the contrary, he would have sworn that his employer was pleased. He was puzzled, but waited calmly for what was to come. At last the great man spoke.

"You are right, Herbert, when you say I am not perfect. There has lived only one perfect man, Jesus, the Son of God. But you do not know my faults. I know what they are and I do not advertise them. But they are not those you mention. Do you go now and

bring Deacon Worcester. We have important work to do which must not be delayed."

Herbert was locked up for hours daily with Deacon St. John Worcester, Phil Carter, and certain others, in a big room in the basement of Central Zion Tabernacle. Frequently the General Overseer was with them, especially at night—sometimes all night.

The purchase of farms was all but finished. Luther Nettus had said that he wouldn't sell his farm if offered enough to cover it with twenty-dollar gold pieces; but when his old neighbors and his brother sold, he had little heart to remain, so he too yielded.

In a "General Letter to Members and Friends of the Christian Catholic Church in Zion," published in "Leaves of Healing" early in December, the General Overseer told his followers that demand for elders and evangelists was greater than the supply. Groups of true Zion people in all lands were imploring him to send men and women to preach and teach the Full Gospel and pray the prayer of faith that saves the sick. He therefore called for a New Year's gift to Zion of one million dollars—in addition to the regular tithes and offerings. Let every member send his share of this gift immediately.

In the midst of all this the departure of Ezra and Myra Renbrush made scarcely a ripple. True to his custom, the General Overseer refused to accept their resignations and "dismissed them from fellowship for cause." Colorless announcement of this act was published in "Leaves of Healing," but they were not publicly reviled, as all their predecessors had been.

Zion's atmosphere was tense as the year raced to its end. Three months of Holy War, with added Zion Seventy work, heavy burdens on choir and Guard, riots and excitements, had taken their toll. Nerves were on edge. Emotional control slipped easily. Suspicion and credulity were freed from restraint. Many old members—even elders and evangelists—got out and were publicly denounced. But more new members flowed in.

Late hours, exposure, and crowded halls broke down the physical resistance of some of Zion's old stand-bys. They had colds, grippe, pneumonia. The General Overseer was inundated by requests for prayer. In some cases he went personally to the bedsides of special favorites, laid hands on them and prayed. Elders and evangelists performed the rite for others. Some died. More recovered. Many healings were reported, not only among the sick in their Chicago homes, but among the chronic cases that thronged Zion Home from all over the world.

When he went into the dining-room one December morning, Herbert felt as if he had entered a tomb. Its atmosphere was clammy. Stony, corpse-like faces hung over the tables. When a few of these turned toward him he saw that they looked out of dead eyes. The silence seemed to suffocate him. No one looked at him or greeted him—except by that ghastly look.

"What's up, Chris?" he whispered to Captain Erdman.

"Deacon Jenkirk died last night of pneumonia," replied the captain in muffled tones.

Photograph by Brown Bros.

DOWIE AND SOME OF HIS FOLLOWERS

Deacon Jenkirk! One of the happiest, most ardent Zion men in the whole Church. He had been healed some years before—his cancer, in a jar of alcohol, adorned the wall of Central Zion Tabernacle—and had managed the book-store for Zion Printing and Publishing House since his healing. Everybody in Zion knew and loved him—everybody admired the fine glow and sincerity of his faith.

Now that he was dead, grief was to be expected. But Herbert sensed something deeper than grief in the dining-room that morning. Looking about, he saw a beaten, whipped look on faces around him. This death was a defeat—a rout—for their side—for them. Added to grief and despair was fear. Where now was their boasted safety from "the pestilence that walketh in darkness"?

Granting all this, Herbert was still puzzled. There was another—a more stifling—quality in the atmosphere.

What was it?

He learned at the hushed and hurried funeral services in Deacon Jenkirk's little flat that afternoon.

The General Overseer told the widow and friends that their loved one had died because of unconfessed and therefore unforgiven sin!

No one for whom the General Overseer prayed died except because of weak faith or unpurged guilt. Deacon Jenkirk was strong in the faith. Had God not honored his faith by healing him of cancer? And so Dr. Dowie had, so to speak, put the widow through the third degree and had discovered that the deacon

had yielded to importunity and given ten dollars to his old Church—the apostate Presbyterian!

Good Zion people confessed their sins to those they had wronged and to the General Overseer as soon as possible after they were committed—if they knew they had sinned. People who got sick began a search of heart and life. Any word or act even suspected of being sin was confessed.

John Harrow told Herbert next day that some death-bed confessions and post-mortem inquiries were paralyzing. One prominent and revered Zion man close to the General Overseer had told, in his dying moments, of a mistress maintained both before and after his marriage to a Zion girl.

Worse than death, worse than the fear of death, worse than defeat of faith, worse than loss of the loved one was dread of what death might reveal!

Thus illness and death added to the strain of those closing days of 1899.

But there was still another cause of excitement.

There were vague whispers about the All Night with God. No one in authority had said anything—would say anything. No one else knew anything definitely. But there were rumors. Something big! The General Overseer had something up his sleeve. Maybe a downtown hotel purchased for an additional Zion Home. Maybe a prophecy of the coming of Christ. Perhaps some great man coming into Zion. Or it might be plans for sending missionaries to China or India.

Strange, when many of them already had money invested in Zion City and had read in Chicago papers

about a big block of real estate assembled in Lake County, few of them guessed correctly. There was no general expectation of what actually happened. Dr. Dowie's "whole school of red herring" had been effective, even with his own people.

CHAPTER XVII

A GREAT throng swarmed Central Zion Tabernacle that night.

As they came in, each saw with wonder a great square of canvas, twenty-five feet each way, suspended over the choir gallery behind the platform. It was covered with a curtain of heavy muslin. What did that muslin hide?

There were comments, guesses, asseverations.

"Zion City!"

The name flew from group to group. But no one knew. It might be something else—perhaps plans for a combined Tabernacle and Zion Home. Perhaps plans for a Zion College building.

The long, all-night service began. Zion's leader rang out Old Testament promises of Zion's glory like a choir of trumpets. He translated them into terms of triumph, prosperity and world power for himself and his people until the great audience was in an ecstasy of amens, hallelujahs, and praise-the-Lords. The choir sang an anthem of Zion's might. Tabernacle walls rocked with the conquering rhythm of "We're Marching to Zion" when the whole congregation let loose in song. Then came the sermon, as full of prophetic fire and eloquence as a chapter from Isaiah. Thus the dying hours of 1899 sped away. Before the people were aware, the New Year was upon them.

Just as the bells and whistles of the city sounded midnight, Dr. Dowie turned, grasped a slender cord, and rolled the curtain back from that white square above the choir. There was revealed a map of the coming Zion City and its environs. The lake, Waukegan, Kenosha, and between them the eleven square miles of the site neatly fenced in with heavy black lines.

People cheered and praised the Lord and wept and laughed.

Even those who had guessed that the site of Zion City would be revealed were astounded. No one had dreamed that the project would be so magnificent.

The General Overseer described Zion City's site—again using Herbert's arguments for it. Deacon St. John Worcester gave a more technical description. Herbert was flatteringly introduced, given an ovation, gave a short history of the site, and added details to the General Overseer's recitation of its many beauties and advantages. Deacon Halsey, Deacon Nolan, now connected with Zion City Bank, and Attorney Endicott added their pæans of praise of this bit of land and for the marvelous vision, business ability, and financial genius of the General Overseer.

Surprise and pleasure seemed high enough, but the man who held these thousands of people in the hollow of his hand had another prize package to open for them. Again he pulled a cord, the map slid away, and there was ZION CITY itself!

A huge painting, twenty feet square, an imagined aërial view. In a great park, in the center of it all, the towers and dome of Zion Temple!

Zion spent the rest of the night gloating over that picture.

The next day John Alexander Dowie, for almost the first time in more than twenty years, was treated with some respect by the newspapers. The owner of eleven thousand acres of choice North Shore land, all in one compact block, was a different public character from a ranting "healer."

Real-estate men and companies also were impressed. Two days after Chicago papers had startled the city by news that the mysterious buyer north of Waukegan was Dr. Dowie, a big operator who specialized on new suburban cities had publicly offered to take over Dowie's contracts and pay a cool million dollars profit on them.

Money poured into Zion Land and Investment Association. Thousands who had been hesitating joined the Christian Catholic Church in Zion. That meant thousands of dollars a week in additional tithes.

A year and a half before, the General Overseer had called upon every member of the Church to pay 10 per cent of his gross income into the treasury—which meant Dr. Dowie's personal bank account. He was not squeamish or conciliatory in his demand. He said —and it was published to all the faithful in "Leaves of Healing":

"This order must not be discussed. It must be obeyed.

"Obligations to family, obligations to the State, and business obligations and debts must not be dealt with until the whole tithe has been sent to Zion Storehouse.

"No matter what the consequences may be, I issue this Order at God's command, and I am prepared to part with nine-tenths of the Fellowship should it be necessary.

"I demand and will enforce the resignation of every member who does not obey."

Any member who fell behind with his tithes received a warning or two, then, if he did not pay up, was "dismissed for cause."

His bank bursting with unaccustomed funds, and the country showing unwonted respect for his prowess, John Alexander Dowie was visibly enjoying life.

"Do you see what I've done, Herbert?" he asked. He was strutting back and forth in his office, flushed, eyes glowing, mustache twitching like a delighted dog's tail. "Do you see what I've done? Why does Lenihan offer me a million for my bargain?"

"Because he knows he can make ten million out of it if he gets it," replied Herbert.

"Ten million! He could make twenty. I'll make more than that. What I've done is not only to make millions for Zion and Zion people, but to establish Zion City in the eyes of the business world as the biggest real-estate deal in the history of Chicago. Nothing succeeds like success. The reputation I've made for Zion, in a business way, is worth many millions more than any profit on the land. They may laugh at your little General Overseer as a religious fanatic, but now they can never laugh at him as a business man. I have accomplished what Lenihan, with all his skill and years of experience, could not accomplish. If he

could, he would not be offering me a million dollars for my bargain."

All Zion wanted to see the site. No one could wait until Spring.

On the first Saturday afternoon in January the General Overseer gave his followers a picnic in the snow. Special trains carried the throngs out from Chicago, and big bob-sleighs carried them to available parts of the site.

Chief Engineer Deacon St. John Worcester and his crew were mobilized early the next week. Tramping through snow and slush, they surveyed the whole tract. "Leaves of Healing" published many maps and photographs resulting from these surveys. This kept interest in Zion City at a fever heat.

Luther Nettus's farm-house had been taken over as headquarters by the engineering corps, but a handsome office had been fitted up in it for the General Overseer, who could not keep away.

CHAPTER XVIII

"LEAVES OF HEALING" had been enlarged. Deacon Halsey and Herbert were ordered to write a page or two each week, telling of progress in their departments. Deacon Worcester sometimes wrote several pages on engineering problems encountered and solved or new values and advantages discovered. The General Overseer's editorials, formerly devoted to Salvation, Healing, and Holy Living, and other phases of his teaching, were now principally about Zion City.

When frost loosed the earth next spring, the new town became an ant-hill of activity. Streets, sidewalks, drainage, grading, and building employed scores of men.

In Herbert's office, maps, plots, and prospectuses were being prepared.

Among other problems was that of deeds to the lots. The General Overseer wanted every deed to forbid the manufacture, sale, gift, or use of liquor, drugs, tobacco, pork, oysters, and novels; the giving of dances or theatrical performances; and the holding of unauthorized religious meetings. Attorney Endicott said that could not be done with a deed. It was a tough problem, but it was solved. Dr. Dowie was to give, not a deed, but an eleven-hundred-year lease running to A.D. 3000, and in that lease impose all the conditions he pleased.

By the first of July street signs were up everywhere. Names were quaint. East and west streets, except boulevards, were numbered. North and south thoroughfares were called avenues and were given biblical names in alphabetical order, thus:

Aaron Avenue
Abimelech Avenue
Bethel Avenue
Carmel Avenue
Daniel Avenue
Deborah Avenue
Elijah Avenue
Elizabeth Avenue

Shiloh Park, a mile square, sloped away in all directions from that tree-crowned hill where Zion Temple would be built. A wooded ravine at the north boundary was part of Siloam Park. At the southwest corner of the site another square mile of high, rolling, partly wooded land was set aside as "Sinai," the General Overseer's private demesne.

In Shiloh Park a grand-stand was built of rough lumber. A platform stood in front of it. These provided a temporary choir-loft and pulpit. Congregations were to sit on the grass or stand among surrounding trees.

Every stage of progress in all this work was photographed and the pictures published in "Leaves of Healing." Chicago newspapers made much of events at Zion City, and their stories were reprinted by newspapers all over the world. Captain Erdman subscribed to foreign as well as domestic press clipping services, and more than doubled his force of clerks

who read and assorted the results and pasted them in a growing library of scrap-books.

Zion Printing and Publishing House bought a new battery of seven great presses, so rapidly did the circulation of "Leaves of Healing" increase.

Early in this busy spring the General Overseer announced that on July 14, 1900, he would turn the first sod of Zion Temple. In preparation for the event Zion City Band was organized, equipped with its fifty instruments, and uniformed. Zion Guard was greatly increased in numbers, and, for the first time, was garbed in uniforms of regulation police blue. Many new overseers, elders, evangelists, deacons, and deaconesses were ordained and fitted with caps and robes. The overseers wore "bishops' gowns" in the processional, but with black silk instead of the white lawn sleeves distinguishing the General Overseer's costume. Those who had scholastic degrees wore appropriate hoods.

When the great day dawned cloudless and hot, Zion's thousands in Chicago and hundreds from distant places flocked to the old Wells Street station and jammed special trains provided for them.

It was a combination excursion, picnic, and religious festival. Everybody marched behind the band to the center of Shiloh Park. There the majority remained, visiting, eating their lunches, and listening to a band concert. But many groups, especially among the young people, took their baskets and scattered to Siloam Park, to the lake shore, and elsewhere.

Herbert took a precious hour from his many duties to join John and Nancy Harrow, Mrs. Brelin, Edith

Brelin, young Stoneham, the Steelhavers, and a number of girls from the Zion Land and Investment Association office. They walked leisurely across the fields to Siloam Park and had a picnic lunch there. Herbert felt he used valor's better part by devoting himself gallantly to Mrs. Brelin.

On their way back to Shiloh Park, Mrs. Brelin said, "Do you know, Deacon Renbrush, the Steelhavers haven't had their talk with Doctor Dowie. He has promised to see them, but always 'in a few days.' I know he's a busy man, and you're so rushed you neglect even your friends. It's been months and months since they came here, and they're sort of hung up until they have their interview—don't seem to be able to settle down to work or anything else. Could you—would you—undertake to get them in?"

"By golly!" said Herbert, "it's a shame they've had to sit around all this time. I s'posed they'd got in long ago. I'll tell the General Overseer about 'em next time I see him."

When the party reached Shiloh Park, ordained officers and choir were robing in tents. The procession, headed by Zion City Band, formed in a grove near the temporary choir-loft and pulpit. People stood and sat on the ground, leaving an aisle kept clear by members of Zion Guard.

At two o'clock the band struck up Haydn's "Austria" and another ceremonial was begun. Slowly marching, two by two, came hundreds of robed and uniformed figures. The great audience was silent. Through tree-tops light and shadow played upon the

moving line. As it neared, the band dropped to pianissimo and the voices of children were heard.

Down the aisle they marched. And as they passed, their little faces lifted, joyous, unquestioning, many eyes were wet.

Following the children came young women.

Then came the men, and sturdy, heartening resonance was added to the volume of melody as they sang.

Behind the choir came robed officers in long double line.

Last of all strode John Alexander Dowie, General Overseer of the Christian Catholic Church in Zion Throughout the World. As he passed, a high solemnity upon his bearded face, the people swayed toward him—almost worshiped, almost prayed to him.

In the General Overseer's prophetic sermon, vision paled before brighter vision, emotion mounted to higher emotion. This little band of a few thousand people saw themselves favored instruments in the consummation of the plan of the ages, nucleus of that chosen company of kings and priests of God which ere long should rule the whole world. Here on this consecrated land should rise the first material evidence of their universal empire. Other Zion cities would be built near all the other great cities of the world until, at Jerusalem, their work should be crowned by the city of Jesus, the Great King, with Whom they should reign over a world from which all evil, all sickness, all war, all poverty, and all unhappiness should be purged.

"Many years ago," said the General Overseer, "I promised God that I would stand upon the Hill of Zion in the midst of Jerusalem, His holy city, and greet the birth of the twentieth century. I leave America in a few days, therefore, to keep that solemn promise. I know not what He may have in store for me there, but He has laid it upon me to make this pilgrimage, and there I shall receive, doubtless, new revelations of His will concerning me and concerning you and the great work He has called us to do in these days of the Consummation of the Age. Pray for me, pray for me.

"I shall first visit England, where I shall make final arrangements for sending to Zion City the machinery and expert operatives that shall be the beginning of our great Zion Lace Industries. We shall be pioneers in this field in America. We shall make beautiful lace for this country first, and then for all the world. God will smile upon this great industry, which will create beauty. Did He not make all the wondrous beauty of this scene, of this summer day?

"And there will be profits—profits so big that I should hesitate to give you the figures.

"From Jerusalem I shall hasten home to you and to the glorious work of building with you this Zion City, which shall be a City of Refuge for God's people, the Joy of the whole earth.

"I am taking with me my beloved personal attendant, Captain Chris Erdman, my dear private secretary Deacon Lawrence Murray, our excellent general associate editor of Zion publications, Deacon John

Harrow, and Deacon Harold Winans, our expert stenographic reporter."

Thus the sermon ended.

Fifty instruments and thousands of voices shook the hill with the exultation of their "Jerusalem the Golden!"

Then the procession formed again. This time the robed officers were followed by all Zion's employees, each with a broad silken sash of gold, white, and blue —Zion's colors—over his or her right shoulder. In front of the band went a detachment of Zion Guard bearing a huge silken banner, also in Zion colors, bearing upon its folds the word ZION, a cross-and-crown device, and a white dove. This was the official Zion banner. Behind it another detachment of the Guard bore aloft the American flag.

This procession toiled three times around the site of Zion Temple, a huge square at the crest of the hill, in the midst of which stood a gaunt, white-painted wooden tower.

When marching was over and all was still, save songs of birds, whispering of leaves, and rustling of garments gently rippled by a western breeze, the General Overseer stood near the tower, surrounded by his overseers and business cabinet. In a hollow square about them were thousands of followers.

With a brief speech, Attorney Endicott presented the great man with a silver spade, draped with gold, white, and blue ribbons.

Then did John Alexander Dowie turn the first sod for the building of Zion Temple!

The bit of turf was taken up by reverent hands and preserved among Zion's sacred treasures.

It remains, to this day, the only tangible bit of that great Temple. The hole from which it was taken has been lost and forgotten these thirty years.

CHAPTER XIX

"Oh, Deacon Renbrush, you have been so good. You can't know how much this means to us. I just cried for joy when I got your message—and for shame because I had ever doubted, even a little, that the dear Lord would answer our prayers. Oh, may God bless you forever and ever!"

Thus Mrs. Steelhaver, gripping Herbert's hand.

Steelhaver waited, his soft brown eyes wet, his face working. When he took Herbert's hand in both his own he could not speak.

Of course they had to wait. For an hour and a quarter they sat in Captain Erdman's office. Finally, the door opened. Herbert took them into the Presence and introduced them, then went to his office and plunged into work.

At midnight his telephone rang. Captain Erdman's voice, agitated.

"Herbert! Come over here right away."

Herbert startled night-hawks on Michigan Avenue by sprinting the block between Thirteenth and Twelfth. The elevator was waiting for him and rushed him to the fourth floor.

In Captain Erdman's office Mrs. Steelhaver lay back in a big leather chair, her once lovely face hideous with red and swollen eyelids, bluish pallor, drawn mouth, and disordered hair. Her eyes were closed and

she uttered little whimpering moans. Now and then a shuddering sob shook her. Steelhaver looked a dozen years older than when Herbert left him smiling adoration into Dr. Dowie's eyes. He was the color of putty, his cheeks were hollow, he sat slumped on a straight chair, elbows on knees, head between hands. At each sob of his wife his head rolled from side to side.

Hearing Herbert come in, Mrs. Steelhaver opened her eyes and began to cry with dreary hopelessness. Steelhaver groaned, looked at Herbert as if he saw nothing, and returned to his stricken pose. For a moment no one spoke. Herbert looked his question at Captain Erdman, who was pale and unwontedly serious.

"The General Overseer," said the captain, "wants you to take Mrs. Steelhaver home. Mr. Steelhaver will spend the night here."

It was incredible, mystifying.

"You'd better go first to Mrs. Brelin's and see if she or Miss Brelin will spend the night with her. I'll call 'em and tell 'em you're coming."

Herbert's eyes begged the captain to tell him more. But that brave officer seemed to fear words that night. He shook his head sadly and said, with a gesture, "Hurry along, now."

Still mystified, Herbert turned to the woman.

"Come, Mrs. Steelhaver, I'll take you out to Mrs. Brelin."

Dully, mechanically, the woman sat up and made feeble dabs at her hair and hat.

"Better get a cab," advised Chris, *sotto voce*. "She can't travel on a street-car."

Herbert nodded, offered his arm. Mrs. Steelhaver stood up and took it. Steelhaver groaned, then cried out, "No, no, I can't, I can't."

His wife collapsed to the floor, wailing aloud. Herbert and Captain Erdman looked at each other helplessly. Neither moved nor spoke. Neither knew what to do or say. It was long past midnight. Inside the big Home all was still. From Michigan Avenue came only the melancholy clop-clop of a single night-owl cab horse. The office, with its matter-of-fact roll-top desk, swivel chair, filing cases, and rows of seats against the wall, looked like an actor playing *Hamlet* in a neat suit of overalls.

Down the corridor they heard the elevator begin to purr, coming up. It stopped at the fourth, its door clanged, and brisk footsteps were heard. Nancy Harrow appeared on the way to her room after midnight supper. Captain Erdman's office door was never closed. Seeing the little group, she came in.

"Why, what's the trouble here?" she asked. "Here, Mrs. Steelhaver, don't howl so. Tell me about it."

Meanwhile her strong young arms were around the woman, who let herself be pulled up from the floor and seated in a chair. "My goodness, dear, nothing could be as bad as all that," Nancy scolded. "Pull yourself together. You're making yourself look like a boiled violet."

"I don't care," sobbed the woman, "I wish I was dead."

"Cheer up," laughed Nancy, "you will be some day. But why talk about it now? Spill your troubles to Mother Harrow. It'll do you good."

"The General Overseer won't let me live with Leon—and I can't live without him. Oh, how can life be so cruel, so heartless?"

"Won't let you live with your husband?" asked Nancy. "Why in the world not?"

"Because I've been divorced."

"Divorced?" echoed Nancy, puzzled. "You can't be divorced from him. What do you mean?"

"*No,* no, not from Leon—from George," she wailed.

"Here, let's get this straight. You can't live with Mr. Steelhaver because you've been divorced from George, whoever he is. What's the sense in that?"

"The General Overseer," said Captain Erdman, solemnly, "doesn't believe divorced people should marry. It's against the Bible."

"He says we're committing adultery by living together," cried Mrs. Steelhaver.

A painful flush spread over Nancy's face, her dark eyes blazed.

"Oh!" she gasped. "Oh, oh, oh! I think—" she began, hotly, then closed her mouth tight. Finally, she turned to Captain Erdman.

"What does he expect them to do, Captain?"

"She is to go home—or out to Mrs. Brelin's tonight—and he is to stay here in the Home. He will have to support her, but they can't live together."

"Not ever?" asked Nancy, unbelieving.

"Not unless her husband dies and they marry again."

"Dies?" she echoed, puzzled.

"Yes, her real husband—the man she's divorced from."

"Oh, I see."

Again she was silent.

She looked long at the bowed, now inert, Steelhaver, and her look was neither admiring nor friendly.

"It's getting late, Herbert," urged Captain Erdman; "you'd better be going along."

"No! No!" shrieked Mrs. Steelhaver, struggling to her feet. "I won't go without him!"

Turning to her husband, she fell on her knees, and on her knees dragged herself to his feet. Kneeling on her long skirts, yards and yards around, she dragged them under her until they tore loose at the waist.

"Oh, Leon, Leon," she cried, clasping his legs, "don't let them take me away! I don't care what Doctor Dowie says; our love makes it all right. Oh, don't look at me so. You know God won't condemn us for staying together. He knows we belong together. And even if Dr. Dowie *is* right," she cried, her voice rising, defiant, "I don't care. What's heaven or hell to me if I have you?"

"This is no place for me," said Nancy, gulping, and started out.

"Nor me," said Herbert, following her.

Captain Erdman hesitated, looking dazed. Then he too went out and gently closed the door behind him.

Meanwhile, inside, that pleading voice went on, "Won't you speak to me, Leon darling? Won't you

tell your Ada you want her to stay with you? Oh, why did we ever come to this awful place? We were so happy in our little home. Why did we ever see that terrible man—?"

"Hush, dear, you mustn't," said Steelhaver, gently. "He is God's minister and—"

"No, Leon, no," she sobbed. "He's a wicked, wicked man."

"But, darling, the General Overseer's right. Just as he said, he had no choice. Jesus did say, 'Whosoever shall put away his wife, saving for the cause of fornication, causeth her to commit adultery; and whoso that shall marry her that is divorced committeth adultery,' and 'If a woman shall put away her husband, and be married to another, she committeth adultery.' "

"But, Leon," she cried, shaking him wildly, "don't you see, George never was my husband, really. I never loved him, I never gave myself to him willingly, Leon. Oh, I was so young, so inexperienced, so ignorant! I just did what Papa and Mama said. My heart was never in it. So it wasn't a true marriage, Leon. I was just a silly child. Surely, oh, surely, God doesn't hold me responsible."

"Don't, Ada, for God's sake, don't," groaned Steelhaver. "We sinned and we must take our punishment. Maybe God will forgive us because we sinned in ignorance. But now that the General Overseer has shown us the light, we dare not go on. You have been everything to me, darling. You know I have been supremely happy with you—you've always been my perfect wife. I don't know how I can live without

you. With you out of my life, all light, all hope, all ambition, everything will be gone. I can't stand it—I can't even think about it. Gladly I'd give up my hope of Heaven for you, Ada darling. But I can't, O my God, I can't drag you down to hell with me!"

"I know, I know, dear heart. I would feel the same about you. But I am surer and surer that God wants us to live together. Haven't we lived together for seven years, and hasn't it been heaven on earth? Do you think God would have let us be so happy together, so faithful to Him, if we had been living in adultery, as that terrible man says? No, no, my own sweet husband, God intended us for each other from the beginning—haven't we always believed that? He knows that I was never really married to George."

Meanwhile Nancy, after a curt good night, had gone to her room. Herbert and Captain Erdman paced nervously up and down the corridor.

"I don't like it, Herbert," complained the captain. "If the General Overseer comes out and finds them in there alone, he'll be angry."

"Oh, I don't think so," said Herbert. "He wouldn't grudge a guy two or three minutes to say good-by forever to his wife."

"But she's not his wife!"

"Well, his ex-wife, then. All the more reason for giving him time off for repairs. He's had the wind knocked out of him."

"That's what you think; but I'm afraid the General Overseer'll think different."

"Oh, come on, Chris. Give the man credit for at least as much sense as I've got!"

Just then the door to the General Overseer's suite of offices opened and their leader stepped out—immaculate, as always.

He took two or three quick, springy little steps, then stopped, seeing two of his men.

"What's this, Erdman?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Steelhaver are saying good-by in my office, General Overseer."

Instantly the preacher turned and flung open the door, an angry flush on his face. The two were in each other's arms; she on his knees.

"Stop!" shouted Dr. Dowie, his voice on a beautiful note of righteous indignation. They started, separated, their faces blank. As the woman swayed to her feet, her torn skirts slid to the floor. She caught them half-way and stood thus, a woman in the stocks and pillory of her own garments and tear-ravaged face. Yet the beauty of her, in her defiance, caught Herbert by the throat.

"Shame! Shame!" roared the man of God. "It is not enough that you should come to me with your hypocritical request for prayer, but you must commit your foul adulteries under my roof, at my very door. Dress yourself, dress yourself, you dirty prostitute, and get you gone out of my house. And you too, you dirty dog," turning to Steelhaver, who had started to his feet with clenched fists when the epithet was flung at his wife.

Captain Erdman quickly stepped between the two men.

"Shame on *you*, Doctor Dowie—" began Steelhaver, white and shaking with rage.

"Out with you! Go back to your vomit, you dog," the preacher roared him down. "Take them away, Erdman—and you better pray God to forgive you for leaving them together in this house. The General Overseer is very angry."

Steelhaver gestured "What's the use?" put his arm about his wife and walked from the room in pride and defiance. Mrs. Steelhaver, her arm about his neck, her head on his shoulder, gave the preacher a smile of pitying contempt.

It was a good exit, the General Overseer still storming at them and stamping.

CHAPTER XX

THE General Overseer's departure for Europe was discussed during the four weeks after his turning of the first sod for Zion Temple. Congratulations showered on those who were going with him. They were exalted in their own feelings. Most of them were from meager middle western homes where, in those days, a foreign tour was something you read about just as you read about kings and queens.

All Zion headquarters was in a fever of preparation. At last the party got away, accompanied by a small mountain of baggage.

"Leaves of Healing" carried reports of the General Overseer's tour, written by the great man himself and by John Harrow. In it were published, also, his sermons in London, Edinburgh, Belfast, Paris, and Zürich. It told how mobs of medical students filled Trafalgar Square, London, and what a fight the police had to keep them from taking the General Overseer out of his carriage and dipping him in the fountain. It gave a dramatic recital of a riot in Edinburgh, when medical students from Dr. Dowie's old university wrecked the hall where he was trying to preach. In it appeared a photograph of the hall itself, after the cataclysm. It extolled a burly chief of police in Belfast who kept order while the man of God proclaimed the gospel to Scotch-Irish Presbyteri-

ans. Accounts of meetings in Paris were vague, but about Zürich they were lyrical. The German-Swiss welcomed Zion's leader with open arms and many enrolled under his banner.

John Harrow wrote frequently to his wife, who shared his letters—by John's request—with Herbert.

"It's amazing," he wrote from Zürich, "how many important people seek to see the General Overseer. Several leaders high up in religious organizations in England and on the Continent have severed their former connection and enrolled in the Christian Catholic Church in Zion.

"I have always marveled at the General Overseer's versatility and scholarship, but I did not know the half of it until I came on this trip. What do you suppose he was doing in London before the meetings began? Buying rare old books, first editions, and completed collections! In Paris he spent hours searching for and buying rare *objets d'art!*

"Of course you know the lace factory has been bought—it was all in the 'Leaves.' The machinery is being packed now to ship to Zion City. Deacon Lucas and about thirty lace-makers will soon leave Liverpool for Chicago. Deacon Lucas is a fine chap, a true Zion man, and a genius at lace-making. I've seen samples of his work. We are all enthusiastic about the future of Zion Lace Industries.

"I suppose we shall be off for Jerusalem in a few days. We shall have to be if we get there for New Year's Eve. But I hear nothing about it from the General Overseer, and Chris says he hasn't had any instructions to buy transportation."

Meanwhile, in Zion City, Herbert and St. John Worcester were busy planning and laying foundations for the lace factory, a power-house, and a small hotel which was expected to house, temporarily, the lace-makers and their families. Worcester had added an architect and draftsman to his staff.

In the weeks that followed, Herbert spent many hours with Deacons Worcester and Halsey preparing for the opening of the first subdivision of Zion City lots, which was planned for the early spring of 1901.

Overseers, elders, and evangelists carried on regular services at Central Zion Tabernacle and other tabernacles throughout Chicago and suburbs.

Every Sunday afternoon, at Central Zion Tabernacle, Overseer Darling read a long cablegram from the General Overseer, which proclaimed his battles, his triumphs, and his glorious prospects.

All Zion was astonished and puzzled, the second Sunday in December, when the General Overseer's cablegram was read announcing his return January fifteenth.

What about his greeting the dawn of the twentieth century in Jerusalem?

He had long ago promised God to be there—it was one of his chief purposes in crossing the Atlantic. There was no explanation then or at any future time. No one ever heard him speak of the subject again.

On his return, a great welcome meeting was held in the Chicago Coliseum. Zion City Band played, the great White-Robed Choir sang a joyous processional and several anthems, and the General Overseer

preached on the immediate and future glories of Zion City. He had seen many thousands in Europe with their faces set Zionward. Old nations, old religions, old churches, old ideas were losing their hold on people of the Old World and they were coming to Zion City.

Another thing! His visit to Great Britain had determined him to renounce his British citizenship and become a citizen of the United States of America, the best nation on earth! Twelve thousand people applauded rapturously.

With the General Overseer at headquarters, there was feverish activity everywhere.

An army of carpenters, plasterers, plumbers, decorators, were transforming the third floor of Zion Home into an apartment for Dr. Dowie and his family. Partitions were knocked out, more than doubling the size of rooms, wall-paper, draperies, massive hand-carved mahogany furniture, and all other equipment were chosen for their expensiveness. Herbert thought the result lavish rather than tasteful, public rather than domestic. When it was complete all Zion was invited to a reception. It was at this reception that Mrs. Brelin shocked and delighted Herbert by saying that the General Overseer needed only a page boy to wander about calling, "Meester Umahmahba."

The fourth floor was also transformed by a touch of the magic wand of gold. The General Overseer's private offices—plural—were Pullmanesque with luxury. The little library where Herbert had read "Leaves of Healing" became four times its original size, all set about with carved mahogany bookcases

reaching to the ceiling. In the center of this wide space stood a mahogany table with huge carved pedestal. Its top was round, twelve feet in diameter, and glistened like a pool of molten topaz. This was the great council table of the Christian Catholic Church in Zion Throughout the World, and of Zion's Institutions and Industries. About it were thirteen mahogany chairs, upholstered in green leather and all abloom with carved leaves and flowers.

Murray's office was no longer a crowded closet, but so broad and plutocratic that the conscientious little man was homesick.

Other changes came fast. An eight-story hotel at the corner of Michigan Avenue and Thirteenth Street was purchased for Zion College and Zion Divine Healing Home. To it were moved Zion book-store and the healing-room. The old Zion Home became Zion headquarters offices, with the General Overseer's living quarters, a few rooms for secretaries and officials, and a small common dining-room. In front, replacing the old lobby, book-store, and healing-room, palatial quarters were prepared for Zion City Bank and Zion Land and Investment Association.

Herbert was embarrassed to find himself chief in an office on Michigan Avenue that reminded him of the First National Bank of Chicago. He now had three assistants besides young Stoneham, and a score of office workers.

It was a job to keep all this crowd busy—it would look bad to have them sit idly at their desks. Stoneham, with a half dozen helpers, could have done all

the needful work, but Dr. Dowie loved to hire people—especially good Zion people who had invested money. Having hired them, he sent them to Herbert and other heads of departments. If a man had bought more than ten thousand dollars' worth of Zion stocks, naturally he was given an executive position. Each of Herbert's three surplus assistants had invested more than $25,000 and drew large salaries. When Herbert protested, the General Overseer laughed and said, "You are ingenious enough, I am sure, to find something harmless for them to do."

CHAPTER XXI

Among those sent to Herbert for employment was one Zebulun I. Barnegalt, formerly a soil chemist at an experiment station of a Western State. Zebulun was forty-five, tall and gaunt, with long, narrow bony face, small, deep-set yellow-brown eyes, and a stiff, unruly mop of rusty-looking hair. He sat bolt upright, regarding the land office with disfavor while his new employer read the letter he had brought from Dr. Dowie. "Gosh," thought that new employer, "have I got to keep *this?*"

Aloud he asked, "What has been your experience in real estate?"

"You have gone to great extravagance here for an office consecrated to the Lord's work," announced Zebulun, in a grating voice. "Our Lord Jesus Christ had not where to lay His head."

Herbert did not know whether to laugh or to throw the man out. Instead of doing either, he said, "I shall be glad to discuss that with you some other time. Just now I'm interested in getting you comfortably settled in your job."

"I don't want comfort," grated Zebulun. "I merely seek to serve my Lord in some humble capacity. 'Whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant.' "

"So this guy wants to be chief among us!" laughed

Herbert to himself. "Gosh, what can I do with him?"

Aloud he said, "Well, we need a lot of willing servants on the street gang at Zion City. How would that do?"

Zebulun cleared his throat. It sounded like scraping gravel with a wooden shovel.

"The Lord's work is no place for idle jests, Deacon Renbrush. You have at least intelligence enough to see that I am not a day laborer."

"Well, then, suppose you help Deacon Stoneham here in the office."

"I am not accustomed to taking orders from beardless boys, but I can cheerfully endure any indignity for Christ's sake—at least until I see the General Overseer again."

A few days later Jesse came into Herbert's private office, shut the door, threw up his hands in defeat, and dropped into a chair.

"I give up, boss," he said. "I've tried your man Barnegalt at everything and he's worse at each one than at any of the others. And he's got the whole force ready to bite him."

"Have you tried him as time-keeper on the street gang?"

"Time-keep—!" gasped Jesse, pretending to faint.

"Well, you don't have to pay any attention to his reports. I know Riley keeps his men's time and does it all right. But we've got to go through the motions of using this guy somewhere."

A week later, at Zion City, Superintendent Riley of the Street Department stood with one foot on a hub of Herbert's buggy and laid down the law.

"Moind this, if that long-legged Billygoat or Barneygoat, or whutiver monner o' goat he is at all, comes himmin' and hawin' and passin' his fault-findin' remarruks around my job anny more, the good Lord hilp me not to hurrut 'im, but I'll pick 'im up be thu schruff o' the nick and thu seat o' thu britches and put 'im on a thrain fer Chi. I give ye fair warnin'."

When next Herbert saw Dr. Dowie he asked to be relieved of the incubus of Zebulun I. Barnegalt, reviewing briefly that man's shortcomings.

"I wish you would be patient with him, my boy," said the General Overseer. "He recently inherited twenty-seven thousand dollars and has invested his entire legacy in Zion securities. He is a tall gaunt Abraham Lincoln type of fellow and you have only to keep on trying until you find the thing he can do marvelously well."

"But, General Overseer, he's disrupting our working forces. If he must have a salary, I'd be glad to pay it to him to keep away—and I guess every employee of the association would chip in."

"Well, I do not like to have my faithful workers annoyed. Perhaps, after all, you'd better send him to me and I'll make some other arrangement with him. He is an old friend of mine—first came to my meetings in Omaha. His wife was living then—a beautiful young woman, and very fond of me. I was heart-broken when she died in childbirth some years later. He told me the other day how she called for me on her death-bed."

The great man's voice broke, tears ran down his

cheeks, while he beat the desk in a burst of feeling. After a few moments he said, "No, Herbert, in memory of that beautiful spirit, we must be very kind to Mr. Barnegalt, and I know of no one in Zion who can help me do that better than you."

"Darn it," thought the youth, "that has nothing to do with the case—but what can I say?"

He did, however, transfer Zebulun to a desk in his own private office, there to keep records no one ever saw.

Among those ordained deacon on a Sunday some weeks later was Herbert's angular protégé Zebulun I. Barnegalt. "I suppose," thought Herbert, "because he broke up a Zion Seventy when he tried to lead it."

CHAPTER XXII

At Zion City the factory buildings were ready, machinery had been received from England, and Deacon Lucas and his lace-makers had arrived. Huge machines were being installed, drafting-boards had been set up, and Zion lace was being designed. The lace-makers had refused to live in the little hotel built for them. They were not members of Zion, and life in a "city" with no houses and no people looked dreary. They rented homes in Waukegan and commuted daily by train.

Meantime the General Overseer was complaining that Central Zion Tabernacle was too small. Then came the announcement that he had leased the Chicago Auditorium every Sunday afternoon for two years except nine Sundays each year in July and August. Interest, curiosity, devotion brought crowds from the first. Soon more people than ever were turned away for lack of room.

To all these thousands Dr. Dowie preached the Times of the End—and his own special, God-given mission in those Times. Herbert began to be disturbed by whispers among Zion people that the General Overseer was some great figure predicted for these Times by Old Testament prophets, by Christ Himself, and by the writer of the Book of Revelation.

Herbert had it first from Deaconess Elvira M. Harris. That gray wraith of a woman came to his office one day to inquire about leasing a lot in Zion City. When they had wound up their business, she said: "Oh, Deacon Renbrush, you cannot know how we pray for you—how earnestly and constantly we pray the dear Lord for you. Do you know who Doctor Dowie is?"

Deaconess Harris's conversation did not interest Herbert. He felt only embarrassed and annoyed by her excitement and solemnity. It was on the tip of his tongue to say, "I dunno. He might be the Archangel Gabriel, only he can't play a trombone." But he was too considerate. He replied, instead, "I'm afraid I don't know what you mean, Deaconess."

"But, Deacon Renbrush," she said, "God has chosen you to uphold the hands and help guard the life of the Prophet Elijah."

She said this with her gray, heavily lined face rapt, her almost staring gray eyes wet but glowing, her voice sunk to an awed whisper.

A few weeks later Herbert was talking with Peter Larson, foreman of one of the building gangs at Zion City. Larson said, "Well, we'll do it just like the blessed General Overseer says, Deacon. We should rejoice and thank God to obey him in all things at all times, because God has revealed to me, through His Word, that he is Elijah."

During the weeks that followed, Herbert had continued to hear from the more earnest Zion people that Dr. Dowie was Elijah, but still he gave the subject little thought. He was only mildly disturbed

when he read in an editorial in "Leaves of Healing," late in May, 1901, that God had long before revealed to Dr. Dowie that he was Elijah and now laid upon him the duty of making solemn proclamation of his mission. This declaration was formally made at the Chicago Auditorium on Sunday afternoon, the second of June. The logic of it was simple:

The last two verses of the Old Testament, Malachi, IV, 5 and 6, read:

"Behold, I will send you Elijah the prophet before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord:

"And he shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers, lest I come and smite the earth with a curse."

"The great and dreadful day of the Lord"—namely, the end of the world—had not yet happened; therefore, Elijah had not yet come and gone.

Dr. Dowie's work had been for many years to "turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers"; the "great and dreadful day of the Lord" was near at hand; therefore, Dr. Dowie must be the promised "Elijah the Prophet."

His disciples asked Jesus (Matthew, XVII, 10 and 11), "Why then say the scribes that Elias [Elijah] must first come?

"And Jesus answered and said unto them, Elias truly shall first come, and restore all things."

Dr. Dowie's mission had been to restore much of the teaching and practice of Jesus, especially healing of the sick, belief in the Full Gospel of Salvation,

Healing, and Holy Living, the Seventies, baptism by triune immersion, tithing, sacredness of the marriage vow, and a separate place of residence for God's people. He had therefore begun to "restore all things." He had plans for still more restoration, therefore he was Elijah the Restorer.

Members of the Christian Catholic Church in Zion Throughout the World were not obliged to believe this in order to retain their membership, but all were urged to study the Scriptures prayerfully, so that belief might follow and they be happier and more useful in this mighty work ushering in the Consummation of the Age and the coming of Christ to reign as King.

At two o'clock Monday afternoon the healing-room was full of ordained officers. Its atmosphere was subdued, expectant, apprehensive.

The General Overseer came bounding in and almost immediately said, "In my declaration of yesterday afternoon I stated that acceptance of myself as Elijah the Restorer was not essential to fellowship in the Christian Catholic Church in Zion Throughout the World. I have called you together, as ordained officers, to talk with you about the bearing of that declaration upon your future work for God in Zion. But before we proceed with that talk I want to say, plainly and frankly, that if any ordained officer does not believe that I am Elijah who is come to restore all things, he must retire from this meeting at once and tender his resignation as an officer. If there are any such, they may retain their fellowship in the Church. But the work God has called us to do in

these times is so momentous, and you must all be so close to me in sympathy and understanding, that we must all see eye to eye on the person and mission of Elijah the Restorer."

Five officers arose and with angry faces went out.

Herbert did not believe.

He was not sure he disbelieved.

One thing he was sure of—he was not going to jump up and run out in anger. Time enough to decide later what he would do. For the present he would stay and hear what was said.

One after another overseers and prominent elders got up and told of their joy in the General Overseer's declaration; gave their reasons for accepting it.

None of them impressed Herbert—in fact, the more they talked, the more childish the thing seemed.

Then lesser elders, evangelists, deacons, and deaconesses spoke—and, in his mind, only made things worse.

Several times, when one officer or another said something illogical or foolish, he was on the point of walking out. Only his original resolve to stay through kept him in his seat. His mind was nearly made up. He would go quietly to Dr. Dowie, at the first opportunity, and resign his office. Whether or not he would care, after that, to remain a member of Zion he did not know, but he suspected he could not.

Then up rose Deacon Andy MacLachlan from his chair almost beside Herbert.

"Like the puir mon in the ninth chapter-r-r of Saint John I can say 'Why herein is a mar-r-rvelous

thing, that ye know not from whence he is, and yet he hath opened mine eyes. Now we know that God hear-r-reth not sinners: but if any mon be a wor-r-shiper-r of God, and doeth His will, him He hear-r-reth. . . . If this mon wair-re not of God, he could do nothing.' "

Andy's voice shook, faltered, choked—he sat down.

His story had been one of the first Herbert had heard in Zion and had gone deeply down into his most sacred feelings. All these emotions flared up as Andy spoke, stronger because of the disbelief of only a moment before. The young man was shaken, his throat swelled and ached, tears ran down his cheeks.

He took this storm of exalted feeling as a direct revelation from God that Dr. Dowie was Elijah. From that moment he ceased to analyze the question —it was settled. Reason, judgment, logic, expediency were all against this Elijah absurdity, but he believed that Dr. Dowie was Elijah the Restorer—because the man himself said so. But he would not talk with any one about it. When the subject was brought into conversation he kept silent. If directly challenged, he had a stock reply: "He says he is, and he ought to know. Suppose he's mistaken—does it hurt anybody for him to work at restoring true Christianity?"

Soon after this the Illinois State Legislature moved to investigate Zion City Bank. Against Attorney Endicott's advice, Dr. Dowie publicly, gleefully, and with abuse and ridicule, defied the lawmakers. Newspapers blazed with headlines and editorials for a few days. Then the State's Attorney-General advised the legislature that it had no authority to investigate a

private bank and the sensation fizzled out. But the gloating of Dr. Dowie and Zion was merciless. Years later the world learned why the head of Zion's Bank made that spectacular bluff.

CHAPTER XXIII

On July 15, 1901, three subdivisions of Zion City lots were thrown open and quickly sold —or, rather, leased for 1,100 years.

A small, square, one-story frame building was put up at the corner of Shiloh Boulevard—the main east and west street—and Elijah Avenue—the main north and south street. In this were housed the Zion City offices of Zion City Bank and Zion Land and Investment Association. Here Deacon Jesse A. Stoneham was in charge. The railroad company built a small temporary station near Shiloh Boulevard and it began to do a lively business before the roof was laid.

With ink still wet on their leases, hundreds of those who had bought lots began to build their homes. All through the winter they had been amateur architects, since most of them could not, or thought they could not, afford to engage the services of a professional.

Herbert and St. John Worcester had worked all winter on a plan for a civic center, residential zones, and landscape architecture. The General Overseer's unexpected return had found their plan incomplete. They begged for time, but pressure of thousands of families impatient to build their homes was so great that they two could as easily have held back a spring freshet with their bare hands.

Many people lived in tents while they built their

houses. The cheapest, ugliest, barest kind of makeshift shacks were thrown up.

Many people had leased lots and expected to save money for many years before putting up their houses. But they were caught in the mad rush to get out of Chicago and other big cities and live in clean and holy Zion City.

Opening the gates of Zion City on July 15 was but an incident in what, to the General Overseer, was a more portentous event. This was Zion's first Feast of Tabernacles. Preparations for this great gathering had begun when he returned from Europe in January.

Equipment for a camp to shelter thousands of people, including a "big top," or assembly tent, had been bought.

Deacon Fred Jeffords had been instructed to prepare to feed thousands of people three times a day.

For two weeks in July, Zion people from all over the world were commanded to gather in Zion City, live in tents, and "Keep the Feast of Tabernacles." The General Overseer preached and wrote editorials about it. He made effective use of a passage of Scripture which read: "There shall be the plague, wherewith the Lord will smite the heathen that come not up to keep the Feast of the Tabernacles."

This was a part of the restoration of all things.

People came. The tents were filled and many found rooms in homes of residents of the city. Dr. Dowie and his family spent that two weeks and most of the summer in the former Luther Nettus home, which had been richly furnished and christened Temple Cot-

tage. Deacon Worcester and his staff were moved into temporary quarters in Zion Lace Industries building.

The General Overseer announced that every adult in Zion City must attend the early morning meeting every morning at half past six, and the evening meeting every evening at half past seven.

After three days of the "feast," Herbert went to see his chief.

"General Overseer," he said, "would it be possible for you to excuse our workmen from the early morning meetings?"

"Why?" flaring up, "don't they want to attend?"

"Oh, yes, they're only too glad to. But they don't get on the job until nearly ten o'clock and we're getting way behind. Their pay goes on just the same, and three hours' pay for every person employed in Zion City is a whole lotta money."

"Well, it's my money, isn't it? You must not let your interest in building blind you to the vastly more important work God is doing here. These physical things are important and I am glad you do not want to neglect them or see them neglected. I am a business man myself and I know the value of the pennies. But God has also called me to restore all things before our Lord shall come. It is especially important that those who have the actual work of building the city should hear me. Never fear, Herbert, my son, they will do more for God and for Zion when they have heard these messages."

"Very well, General Overseer," said Herbert, unconvinced.

"By the way, Herbert," asked the General Over-

seer, "what has become of your poor, foolish brother?"

"Ezra's opinions and mine differ in some ways, General Overseer, but I've no right to call him foolish on that account—or to keep silent when some one else does, which amounts to the same thing."

"But when a man sets up his poor, little, puny opinions against God's, he's a fool."

"Not every man knows what God's opinions are—but I'll not argue. I've made my protest."

Dr. Dowie sat looking at his young challenger, his eyes twinkling, mustache twitching. Then he said, "But you have not answered my question—where is your brother and what is he doing?"

"He's working at a lathe in a furniture factory on the North Side."

"Can he make a living for his family? I feel for his dear, lovely children."

"Well, it's quite a scramble for him, but I'm able to help him out a little."

"Your generosity does you far more credit than your judgment," said the great man, crossly. "He and his family are his responsibility, not yours. You will have a family of your own some day. Your duty is to them. Don't take your own children's bread and give it to—deserters and apostates."

Herbert made no reply—he intended to keep on helping Ezra.

Meanwhile Dr. Dowie was talking on.

"I've another pathetic letter from a poor girl who is suffering from a very common form of vice and is making a brave fight to overcome it. I've prayed for

her many times and God has answered my prayers; but the Devil deceives her and she falls. Pray for her.

"It is pitiful to hear, as I do almost daily, the confessions of women who suffer from unsatisfied desire. There are so many more good women than good men, that many must go through life without marriage, or if their husbands die cannot marry again. Many of them fall into sin.

"You ought to marry, Herbert. God said, 'It is not good for man to live alone.' And there are hundreds of beautiful, Godly young women in Zion who need a husband."

Herbert was horrified. It was not the first time he had heard scandalous secrets from Zion's confessional. The General Overseer demanded these confessions—the more secret and the more shameful, the stronger the demand—as the price of answer to prayer.

"Oh, why," he implored to himself, as his spiritual leader went on about the duty of getting married, "why don't I tell him that I never want to hear about another confession? Why don't I refuse to listen? He'd be insulted to death, I suppose, but it'd prob'ly do us both good. Well, then, why don't I do it? Gosh, I don't dare. If I ever started to talk to him about that I'd blow up and say things I wouldn't mean. Anyhow, it's his business. I guess, if it was wrong, God wouldn't continue to answer his prayer."

As if to add force to this thought, Captain Erdman knocked and immediately came in, excited.

"Here's Deacon Evans, General Overseer. His baby's dyin'."

Deacon Evans, short, stocky, dressed in overalls,

and sweat-stained shirt; his Welsh face, though pale, serene with his confidence in Dr. Dowie, entered carrying a child about a year old. Herbert thought the baby dead. His waxen face looked chill and stiff, the half-closed eyelids were blue, the lower jaw had fallen, the body lay limp.

With a murmur of affectionate sympathy, Dr. Dowie snatched off his skull cap, closed his eyes, lifted his face heavenward, laid hands on the child's head and chest, and prayed. The prayer was only a sentence so softly spoken that those who stood by scarcely heard. Instantly the child opened his eyes and color flowed into his cheeks. He sat up and looked at the group gathered round him. Seeing Dr. Dowie, he laughed, crowed, and held out his arms. "My dotah, my dotah!" he said. Smiling and crooning, the bearded prophet took the little one, caressed and kissed him, to the child's great delight, then handed him back to his weeping father.

"Now what can you do with a man like that?" Herbert asked himself as he hurried away to his office.

Zion's First Feast of Tabernacles closed with a farewell meeting for Wilbur Glenn Voliva.

This capable young man had made so good a record for himself as Elder-in-charge of North Side Zion Tabernacle in Chicago that he was transferred to Cincinnati, which boasted the largest and most important branch of the Church. There he had proved even more valuable to Zion. He had then been ordained overseer and designated to administer all branches in Australia and New Zealand—in other words, he was appointed overseer for Australasia. He

and his wife and a corps of elders and evangelists were about to depart for the Antipodes. The General Overseer praised them all extravagantly—especially Overseer Voliva—and all Zion did them honor.

CHAPTER XXIV

HERBERT stepped down from the train in Zion City and was glad to see his assistant waiting for him with horse and buggy.

"Have you heard the latest?" asked Jesse. "I guess all my troubles with the ladies are over. The General Overseer handed out a new code of rules at the big tent last night:

"No more picnics in the parks or parties in the homes without Overseer Darling's permission [Overseer Darling now lived in Zion City and was a kind of resident pastor], and then not unless some elder or deacon is present.

"No more walks or rides by young folks in pairs, unless there's a chaperon along.

"No young man shall call on a young lady more than once a week or more than three times altogether without going to Overseer Darling and announcing his intentions. If the overseer doesn't approve of those intentions, they are nipped in the bud. Nobody can get engaged or married without the General Overseer's express permission.

"No young man callin' on a young woman can sit with her alone in a closed room.

"Engaged couples, as always in Zion, shall not hug or kiss.

"Bathers and swimmers in the lake are now roped

off—ladies to the south, men to the north, married couples with their infant children between.

"Next winter young men and women must not skate or coast together, men must not put on women's skates for them, and the skatin' pond is to be roped off as the beach is now.

"All ordained officers, members of Zion Guard, and married folks are to keep their eyes peeled and report promptly any breakin' of these rules. If they see anything and don't report it, they're equally guilty. Zion City must be a safe place for young people! Now what do you think of that?"

Herbert groaned.

"He'll have to change all that, Jesse," he said. "Some darned old maid's been filling him up with crazy notions. Why, if he tries that he'll have boys and girls going to the Devil behind every bush in Zion City!"

The next day Dr. Dowie sent for him.

"Ah, Herbert, my boy," beamed the preacher, "how are you? Keeping close to God?"

"Yes, General Overseer."

(Herbert had once answered this frequent question by modestly saying, "I'm trying to, General Overseer." "Trying means you do not succeed. It's a weak word, Herbert, and a weak way. Only three letters in try, and it's like using only three fingers of your hand. Trust has five letters and is strong like your whole hand. Trust God, Herbert, and He will keep you close to Himself." After that Herbert threw modesty away and always answered, "Yes, General Overseer," although he had no clear idea of what keeping close to God meant.)

"Come join me—I'm just having lunch."

They strolled through the magnificent new library to a cozy study where the General Overseer did his editorial work. The lunch served there was delicious and Herbert was again glad of a change from the main dining-room.

"Well, Herbert, my son, tell me how the work in Zion City is progressing," prompted the doctor, as he helped himself to breast of turkey.

Herbert reported on progress and further plans were discussed.

Then the General Overseer said: "Overseer Darling tells me some of our young men want a grand-stand built on that corner of Shiloh Park where they've been playing ball. I'm in two minds about it. I want our young people to enjoy innocent recreation, and I am willing they should use that bit of Zion's land for their games, but I do not want them to become too much interested. David says, rightly, 'The Lord . . . taketh not pleasure in the legs of a man. The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear Him, in those that hope in His mercy.' I want the hearts of Zion's young men and young women to be fixed upon God and God's work. Do you know anything about these ball-players and their plans?"

"Not much, General Overseer, except that they have organized a couple of teams and play there an hour or two evenings and on Saturday afternoons. I know some of the players and they seem to be fine, loyal Zion men."

"I don't like their playing Saturday afternoon.

They would do well to be in communion with God, in preparation for the Lord's Day."

"Well, it's about the only time they have, General Overseer. Everybody in Zion City is working hard, long hours, and these young fellows, many of 'em, shut up in offices, need some activity in the open air to keep 'em fit."

"Not one of them works as hard or as many hours as I do, and I keep fit, as you call it, by faith in God and not by a stupid capering after a ball. If they did not make a God of their belly they would keep their bodies healthy, as I do, without exercise."

"But you get as much exercise as any of us, General Overseer," laughed Herbert. "I doubt if any young chap in Zion could stand the mere physical effort of your sermons during the Feast of Tabernacles. It takes muscle—and a lot of it—to fill the auditorium with your voice for three or four hours. Besides, you run all over the platform and make a lot of mighty vigorous gestures."

The preacher's face glowed with pleasure, his eyes twinkled, his mustache twitched. "So you think these mighty young athletes could not keep pace with your little General Overseer?" he asked.

"Not one of 'em," said Herbert stoutly. "They'd collapse if they tried it."

"Well, I don't want to expect too much of young people. After all, 'The glory of a young man is in his strength.' You had better have Worcester draw up a plan and see that the boys get their grand-stand."

"This reminds me, General Overseer. I'm afraid

you'll have a lot of trouble with the young folks over the rules you made at Zion City Wednesday night. Even a good deal of foolishness in the open is better than clandestine affairs. The first year I was in college they had a whole lot of rules for the boys and girls—and they were mighty strict. And that year two of the girls had to leave college for forced marriages, three were expelled for climbing out of dormitory windows to meet their lovers, and ten boys were expelled for one cause or another. And those were only the ones that got caught. Then rules were abolished and the students put on their honor. During three years more I was there I never heard of any college girl going bad. Course, some o' the boys ran after loose girls in town, but there was mighty little of that compared to what there had been that first year."

"But your college experience, Herbert, has nothing to do with Zion City. Evidently your authorities made rules and did not or could not enforce them. In Zion City we will not only make rules, we will see that they are enforced. The physical passions of young people are too strong for them to be permitted to dally about with each other for hours at a time. Look at the boys and girls right here in Chicago. They have plenty of freedom. They are on their honor, as you call it. They dance together all night, they sit for hours side by side in the theaters watching plays that rouse their passions, they go off all day long and half the night on their bicycles. And they are rotten with sin."

"Perhaps so, General Overseer. I've no way of

knowing. But I'll venture to say that immorality is rare among young people of the class and type we have in Zion City. Even if it is not, the trouble is only aggravated by driving them out in the dark. Besides, I'm young myself and I know that you itch to break a rule just for the fun and excitement of it."

"Do you feel like that about these rules?"

"No, the thing is too serious, and I've got something more interesting to do. That's why I'm in favor of games and sports for young people. It gives them a healthy outlet for their excess spirits and energy."

"They'd better find an outlet in the work of Zion Seventies," growled the head of Zion. "I see your point of view, Herbert, and I respect your sincerity. I'm sorry to disappoint you, but I'm sure you're wrong. The rules stand."

"Very well, General Overseer. Since the rules are to stand, I myself earnestly hope I'm wrong."

Herbert was to recall this conversation many times in the years that followed, and to wonder if the General Overseer remembered it.

As he stepped into the corridor from the General Overseer's suite Herbert stopped and turned at the sound of his name. In the doorway of Captain Erdman's office stood a slender, somewhat overdressed woman.

"Excuse me," she said, "I'm Mrs. Mindbank. Can you tell me when I can see Doctor Dowie?"

Her voice was deep, throaty, thick with honey.

"I'm sorry I can't. Captain Erdman and Deacon Murray have charge of his appointments."

"Oh," she cried, taking his arm in a white-gloved

hand, while her voice rounded out and became oratorical, "I must see him. I've had the most *glorious* spiritual *rebirth* and I have a *wonderful* message from God for *him*."

Herbert tried to back away.

"Come," she said, "you are close to the General Overseer. I'll tell you about it. We can sit here in Captain Erdman's office."

"I'm sorry—" he began, pulling away.

"Oh, no, Deacon," she protested. "Do not pass by such a glorious privilege. This spiritual rebirth—"

She had drawn him to a settee and sat beside him, her shoulder and knee pressed against his, her hand still convulsively caressing his arm. His discomfort grew. Her breath was unpleasant, despite the heroic efforts of sensen, and the mingled odors of neglected armpits and cheap violet scent took his attention away from the spiritual benefits she offered.

"Excuse me," he interrupted, rising, "I'm sorry—"

A door opened and the General Overseer came out of his suite, on his way downstairs to dinner. Seeing Herbert and Mrs. Mindbank he came into the office. "Were you waiting to see me?" he asked the woman.

"Oh, yes, General Overseer. Thank God, He has given me this precious opportunity to deliver His message to you!"

"You have a message from God to me?" he asked emphasizing both pronouns.

"Yes, dear General Overseer. I have had such a marvelous experience in answer to prayer, and I'm so divinely happy—"

"What is this message?" he interrupted.

"It is the glorious privilege of every child of God to receive the gift of perfect holiness."

"And you have achieved holiness?" asked Dr. Dowie, his eyes twinkling.

"Oh, yes, praise the Lord. I've been washed clean in the blood of the Lamb—I cannot sin."

"Perfectly clean?" he asked, taking out his always immaculate white silk handkerchief.

"Perfectly clean, General Overseer, according to His precious promise."

Swift and sudden the preacher's hand shot out. The handkerchief over his finger tip slid around the woman's neck and came away showing a black streak.

"Go and wash your dirty neck," he said, suddenly stern, "before you come to me with any messages about being perfectly clean."

Taking Herbert's arm he turned and walked out, leaving Mrs. Mindbank speechless.

Before his next visit to Zion City, Herbert was shocked to hear from Jesse by telephone that Deacon Vallore, contractor, had tried to find a short way out of his thick-flying financial troubles by drowning himself in the lake.

"He's left an awful mess," Jesse reported. "Contracts partly finished, debts here, in Kenosha, Waukegan, and Chicago, workmen unpaid, money collected from owners and sunk. I don't know what we'll do with it."

Herbert immediately reported to Dr. Dowie, and in half an hour was on his way to Zion City with the General Overseer, Deacons Halsey and Worcester, and Attorney Endicott. Vallore had left a frantic note,

blaming no one but himself, and ending, "When the Devil gets me, he'll get his own."

Before this little group returned to Chicago that evening, arrangements had been made to bury poor Vallore in Waukegan—the General Overseer would not permit a suicide to sleep with the just in Zion City; all his bills had been paid out of Zion funds; his unfinished contracts had been taken over, temporarily, by Zion Land and Investment Association; and a new organization, Zion Building and Manufacturing Association had been swiftly created to do all construction work, both public and private.

Independent contractors had been called in, made to show their books, and notified that they might work for the new association as foremen or superintendents, but could not continue to make contracts. If their accounts were satisfactory, they were permitted to finish a building under construction. If not, the new association would take the contracts off their hands.

The "B. and M.," as it immediately began to be called, was to be under the management of Deacon Thomas R. Gaines, a quiet, scholarly man, highly trained in physics and engineering, who knew more about construction and finance than he did about people.

John and Nancy Harrow were going with Herbert to Zion City. On the train Herbert gaily pointed out bits of blood-red, burnt-orange, golden-brown, dusky purple, and lacquered-yellow foliage still clinging to trees; marshlands and meadows almost incredible in

Courtesy of "The Century Magazine"

SALE-DAY AT ZION CITY LAND OFFICE

Arrival of prairie-schooners from the West and of crowds to attend the sale of lots

the pink and apricot tones of their dry grasses; and vivid blue glimpses of the lake. John responded to his friend's mood.

"Jove, if I'd known the country was so glorious, I'd've come long ago."

"Is Zion City growing up as beautiful as you hoped, Herbert?" asked Nancy.

"Why, of course—" he began. Then he stopped, laughed confusedly, and went on, "As a matter of fact, Nan, I've had my eye so close to streets and culverts, lot and block numbers, and a whole lot of other merely useful things, I haven't noticed. But—now you ask me—I'm afraid it's still a little crude."

"Well, take a good look at it to-day," she counseled. "You may want to do something about it."

Jesse met them with his surrey.

"Peace to thee, brother."

"Peace to thee be multiplied, Deacon."

These salutations boomed and rolled everywhere about them. Tears rose in John's eyes.

"My word! That's inspiring," he exclaimed. "Jove! What a future this city can have!"

They were passing along Elijah Avenue, in front of Zion City General Stores. Wagons, buggies, carriages were moving all about them, people hurried up and down the street, in and out of the stores. Through plate glass windows could be seen hundreds of shoppers and busy clerks, in a vacant lot across the street a crowd of boys were screaming happily over a ball game, on the other corner a gang of men with two teams of horses was digging an excavation for a new building.

A steam whistle on the power-house sent a deep-toned roar across the city.

At the sound every vehicle stopped, every pedestrian stood in his tracks, clerks and shoppers in the stores seemed turned to stone, the boys' shouts were silent and they became a group of statuary, every workman grounded his pick or shovel. Every boy's and man's hat was removed. Sounds from other parts of the city were stilled, and for a moment the sudden silence was like a blow.

The whistle blew again and everybody came to life.

"Jove!" breathed John. "What a scene! I wouldn't have missed it for a thousand dollars. So that's your nine o'clock moment of prayer, when thousands of people clear around the world, twice every day, bow and pray for Zion, for the General Overseer, and for the coming of the Kingdom of God! No wonder nothing can stop this movement!"

Driving about the city, Herbert saw it with new eyes—and was appalled.

Lacking funds for the houses they had hoped to build, many had put up only a lean-to kitchen or a rear quarter, planning to add the greater part later. Some could not buy even shingles or siding, but left the walls of their dwellings covered with building paper, black with tar. Among the completed homes, there were cupolas, dormers, towers, gables, cornices, and other enormities of ornamentation stuck on where they did not belong, distressing lines and awkward proportions, resulting from ambitious, home-made plans. When amateur architects had added paint, in hard raw colors and fantastic designs, the

result made Herbert's toes curl in his shoes and brought out cold sweat.

As summer had waned, vacant lots and subdivisions, 300-foot-wide main boulevards, parks, and other public lands had grown up to weeds and ragged grass. It was, of course, impossible to pave—or even macadamize—all the many miles of streets, and they were wildernesses of swirling dust.

There were few street lights, no waterworks, no gas, no sewers. Many lots were still vacant. Wide gaps, weed-grown and here and there crossed by short-cut paths, lay between the houses, giving the city a lonely, windswept air of desolation.

"Of course, it looks like the Old Scratch now," Herbert said. "It's new. It's in a hurry.

"But you just wait! Once we get our breath, we'll tear down these emergency shacks and show you something in urban beauty the world's never been able to reach before."

Nancy laughed, commiseratingly.

"But what're you going to do about Stranshaw's delirium here, and Hunnemyer's sunburst over there, and Beckslaw's nightmare we saw on Enoch Avenue, and all the overgrown dry-goods boxes and wedding-cakes? You can't tear down people's homes and make 'em build according to your taste. Mrs. Stranshaw fairly weeps with joy every time she looks at that howling frenzy she and her little deacon designed and built for themselves on Elisha Avenue."

CHAPTER XXV

WINTER was severe on the bleak prairies and sand dunes of the North Shore. Snow choked the straggling highways of Zion City. Yet some construction work was done. A big, red-brick residence for the General Overseer had been inclosed in late fall. During the winter dozens of workmen labored over the interior. This house was three stories high, its red brick walls fancifully ornamented with cream-colored stone, and capped by a complicated roof gaudy with red, green, and yellow tiles in geometrical design.

A big, rambling, frame hotel, of somewhat Venetian architecture, had been begun on Elijah Avenue, and directly across from it a plain, colonial type two-story administration building. The railroad company was building a station. Extensive additions were being made to Zion City General Stores.

No sooner had Zion Building and Manufacturing Association begun work than Herbert was disturbed by complaints. People who had homes to be built or finished were alarmed at prices charged. Everything was done at cost plus ten per cent, but why should association costs be so much higher than contractors' had been? Those who had been contractors and were now foremen and superintendents told Herbert that they were put to work with sketches instead of com-

plete plans and specifications, and then, when plans finally came through, changes had been made and much of the work had to be torn out and rebuilt.

The association had built and equipped a planing mill, but when lumber, sash, and doors came from the mill, they would not fit. Work was often delayed, sometimes for weeks, because when supplies were needed they were not ready. Sometimes the purchasing department of the association had not even ordered them. Or when things were delivered they were of the wrong kind or wrong sizes. All this meant waste time, waste effort, waste material, waste money, and waste emotion.

Herbert went to Deacon Gaines. He found his friend in a maelstrom of blue-prints, typists, clerks, architects, engineers, kickers, job-seekers, assistants, foremen, superintendents, telephones, and papers. No use trying to see him there. Herbert and Deacon Gaines took a walk down to the beach after dinner.

"Deacon," said Herbert, abruptly, "what's wrong with the B. and M.? You're too good a man to be sacrificed to whatever it is."

"You know what it is," answered Gaines, quietly. "Why do you ask me?"

"I know what it is?" repeated Herbert.

"Yes," the manager laughed; "same thing that's the matter with your department."

Herbert disconsolately whistled a few bars of "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night."

"Right you are, there will be," Gaines chuckled again. Herbert was silent, distressed.

"You mean," he said, at last, "too many jigadier

brindles, too many colonels and majors and adjutants and advocates, and too few high privates in the rear ranks?"

"Of course."

"And none of 'em can be fired or laid off or retired or mustered out?"

"Exactly. Sent to me with a letter, 'This is our dear Brother Corntassel from Decinson, Iowa. He has come into Zion with all his family and his worldly possessions. Give him an executive position at three thousand a year.' "

"But can't you put the dear brothers in ornamental jobs and put your own competent men where there is important work to do?"

"Theoretically, yes. But these chaps are no fools, Herbert. If they were, they wouldn't come here with a hundred thousand or so to put into Zion Lace Industries. They know a position from a job—and they all want jobs."

"But if they are competent, why do they ball everything up?"

"They are competent farmers, hay and grain dealers, grocers, undertakers, and cattle-buyers."

"Then why do they want to mix up with building?"

"Oh, most of 'em have done odd jobs at carpenter work around the place and they know all about it."

"Gee, isn't it the limit? What's going to be the outcome, Deacon? This thing can't go on. My department is bad enough, goodness knows, but I don't have to put hayseeds on technical jobs, so about all it costs is the useless salaries. But the salaries are the

smallest part of your losses. Harrow has the same thing to worry over in the publishing house, Halsey in the bank, Eddinger in the stores, Augustman at the lumber yard, and Smathers at the brick-yard. What Lucas has to put up with at the lace factory I haven't heard, but I'll bet four cents and a fish-hook it's enough. What're we goin' to do about it?"

"Well, you're to blame; why don't you do something about it?"

"I?"

"Yes, of course. Don't you write all that advertising urging people to sell all they have and come to Zion City? You know they have to have jobs when they get here, and you know there aren't jobs enough to go round—and never will be."

"Never will be?" echoed Herbert.

"No, of course not. Do you know how much capital it takes to finance one employee's job in the average factory?"

"No, I've no idea."

"About ten thousand dollars. Take all those who want jobs here. Will their capital average anything like that much after they have paid for their homes?"

"No, but a lot of 'em put in money that don't want jobs—old folks, women, and invalids."

"All right, say they don't, and count 'em out. Will the average be ten thousand dollars for each job-hunter even then?"

"Nothing like it, I'm afraid."

They came to the beach. The short autumn day was past, sunset had paled, and a full moon had risen. As they stood there in golden silence, each looking into

his own thoughts and feelings, Herbert owned to himself a great discouragement.

He stooped, picked up a little flat stone, and skipped it out over the water. Every place it touched became a widening fairy ring in the moonlight.

"You do that well," commented Gaines.

"Been crazy about skipping stones ever since I was knee-high to a duck. But say, Deacon, what is going to happen to us?"

"We'll pull through."

"What's going to happen to save our bacon, if all you say about capital's true? What's your answer?"

"It's just faith, Herbert. I believe Zion City is God's, and He will not let even the General Overseer smash it. If I didn't believe that, I'd resign. Besides, I have faith in the General Overseer. I believe God called him to do this work."

During his spare time for the next few days Herbert thought desperately. His statistics covered the backs of many envelops. And the more he thought and searched and figured, the more alarmed he grew. He must be wrong. Thinking and searching and figuring all over again obtained the same answer.

The next time he reported to Dr. Dowie he found the great man was in one of his gracious, expansive moods. Money was flowing in for investment and for lots. As he talked to Herbert, his imagination explored new vistas.

"I can already see," he said, leaning back in his big mahogany swivel chair, "that if God spares my life, I shall be at the head of the strongest and wealthiest Church that the world has ever seen, and of the

mightiest and richest industrial, commercial, and financial empire ever known to history."

"I believe it too," said Herbert, seriously, "but I can also see that there are some difficult problems ahead of us—in fact, staring us in the face right now."

"Yes, yes," frowning and looking sharply at Herbert, "but I thank God I have been able, by His grace and the wisdom He has granted me, to solve many harder problems in the past; and 'The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion and out of the paw of the bear, He will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine.' Herbert, our worst days are over. We now stand at the very gateway of triumph. But what problems do you see confronting us now?"

"Well, for example, do you realize that two hundred and thirteen men and women in Zion City are now trying to carry a population of five thousand on their backs?"

"Of course I realize nothing of the kind," crossly. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that there are now five thousand people in Zion City eating food, wearing clothes, burning fuel, using furniture, paying railroad and street-car fares, buying books, magazines, and newspapers, and that for all these things, and others, money is going out of Zion City. There are two hundred and thirteen people working in Zion Lace Industries and, while no lace has yet been sold, the lace they are making is the only thing that can bring money into Zion City."

"That is absurd, Herbert. Look here, you say these five thousand people eat, wear clothes, burn fuel, and

so forth. And you admit no lace has been sold. Yet they live and live well. How can they be dependent on lace?"

"They're living on capital, General Overseer—even the lace-makers, for the present. Every dollar that comes into Zion City now, every penny we pay our laborers, our builders, our engineers, our clerks and stenographers, our general stores force, is capital."

"In a way, yes, it is capital, but it takes capital to start an enterprise—you cannot build a new factory with your profits."

"Quite true, but by this time next year there will be ten thousand people in the city—ten thousand mouths eating up money. Where's the money coming from?"

"By this time next year there will also be fresh millions in Zion's treasury, brought by these new residents and sent from Zion people all over the world."

"But that will all be capital too, and we cannot live very long on capital, no matter how much we bring in. Do you realize that, at only five dollars a week for each person, for all expenses, ten thousand people will use up two million six hundred thousand dollars in a year? That is more capital than has now been subscribed for all Zion's institutions and industries. For every family that brings a few thousands into Zion City, there are half a dozen that have hardly enough to make a first payment on a lot and go into debt for the rear shed of a little house. And those are the ones with the biggest families."

"Ah, I love the big families. Zion's royal generation!

These are Zion's greatest assets, Herbert. You have not counted on them. Now do not be afraid about our capital any more, Herbert. Do not be of little faith. 'The silver and the gold are the Lord's,' and He will take care of Zion. You do not see all I can see, sitting here with Zion's mail from all lands going across my desk. Why, Herbert, if I were to say that I can see fifty millions of dollars coming to Zion within the next two or three years, I should greatly err on the side of understatement!"

"Even so, General Overseer, your population would increase faster than your capital. No average community can live in idleness on income from its capital. And everybody in Zion City not employed at making something that can be sold for money to the outside world is, in an economic sense, idle. You cannot go on expanding with capital alone. Production must more than keep pace. That is elementary economic law."

"Ah, but my dear Herbert," said the great man, his eyes glowing with triumph, "Zion is not subject to economic law. Hers is a higher law, the law of God's illimitable abundance."

And Herbert had to be satisfied with that.

"Deacon Renbrush," grated Zebulun I. Barnegalt, "God has told me to speak to you frankly. He is not mocked. I have the talent, the education, the devotion to the cause of Christ for a better position, and, in obedience to Him, I demand it. This silly writing of figures in a book! Work for a brainless girl! Do you think I'm a fool—that I do not know

I'm being put off on that to hide my real ability, so your own job may not be endangered?"

"You can take that accusation to the General Overseer," replied Herbert without looking up. "Please don't bother me with it. I've work to do."

Two days later, being called to Dr. Dowie's office, he controlled his delight all too weakly when told that Zebulun had come in and talked foolishness and would be transferred to another department.

CHAPTER XXVI

MR. GARRISH woke with a start.

"'Larm clock," he muttered, his voice a sleepy croak. Then snuggled deep in his warm nest of comfortables. He was in that celestial borderland between asleep and awake—and wanted to stay there. He had worked ten hours for the B. and M. and three or four on his own house every day for a long week. He slipped a little deeper—and began a soft snore. A sharp nudge in his side. He struggled back to half consciousness.

Groaning, stretching, yawning, shaking himself like a big shaggy dog, he slowly climbed out of bed.

"Holy mackerel, Ma, 't's colder'n blazes! Where'd 'ya leave them matches?"

"They're right on the chair 't the head of the bed. You put 'em there yourself."

"Ah, ya. Gee, hear 'at wind! We're like to freeze our faces goin' t' the deepo 's mornin'."

Fumbling with stiff fingers, he lighted an oil lamp on the walnut-stained pine bureau.

"Br-r-r-r! Snow's sifted in all over ever'thin'. M' feet's nearly froze off!"

"Get your shoes on Pa an' get a fire goin'. I'll sweep out th' snow."

Stumbling into the other room of their shack, a combined kitchen, dining-room, and living-room,

Mr. Garrish started a roaring soft coal fire in the cook-stove. Breaking half an inch of ice on the water-pail, he replenished a kettle and set it on. Blowing on blue fingers, he shivered back to the bedroom and gathered frosty clothes, which he carried out to the fireside. Meanwhile his wife had swept up snow, dressed herself, and begun to get breakfast.

"It's turrible cold," grumbled the man, eating his doughnuts and dried beef, the latter fried in some little likeness to bacon. " 'At stove's so red-hot it burns my face—and my back's freezin'."

He dried their few dishes as his wife washed them. While she packed sandwiches, hard-boiled eggs, doughnuts, cold baked potatoes, and dried-apple pie in a collapsible tin box, he got out a lantern and filled its reservoir with kerosene.

"All ready now, Pa? Bring the Bible."

Sitting with him near their dying fire the woman read a few verses. Both knelt on the bare floor while Mrs. Garrish prayed.

Swiftly they quenched the last few embers in their stove, struggled into coats, sweaters, mufflers, mittens, and high overshoes. The man took his lantern, and their Bibles and hymn-books, the woman their lunch-box. They paused a moment to look about their little home.

"Ever'thin's a' right, I guess," said the man.

"Go see 'f I fastened the bedroom window."

He obeyed, nodded as he returned, looked around once more, then blew out the lamp.

They stepped out into shrieking white savagery. Even while Mr. Garrish paused to lock the door,

snow stung their eyes, pelted their faces, sifted through tiny crevices in their woolen armor, and gripped their feet and legs.

There was weird, muffled light enough now to see the way. Heads down, shoulders hunched, they started, the man ahead, breaking a path. When flesh could no longer endure the crystal-tipped lashes of cold and wind, they turned and walked backward. Their shack being far out in the section northwest of Shiloh Park, they had a long walk. Other bundled figures, ghostly at first, began to materialize out of the flying murk.

"Peace to thee, brother."

"Peace to thee be multiplied, Deacon."

"The dear Lord permits the Devil to send us a bad morning."

"Yes, but He gives us strength to overcome, praise the Lord. The Zion soldier thrives on hardship."

"We must be bound for a great victory for Zion to-day—that's why the Devil's so mad."

When they had crossed Shiloh Park and were on their way down Shiloh Boulevard, still other snowy figures loomed out of the storm to join them. Near Edina Hospice the flying whiteness materialized them in scores.

It was half past six and Overseer Darling was ready to begin the early morning meeting of praise and prayer. Crowded into the little dining-room and lobby was every resident of the city who could venture out of doors. There they steamed in pleasant heat, song, and prayer for an hour while a slow dawn stole in and paled the oil lights.

Still bearing their lanterns, now unlighted, huddled like sheep, they marched to Zion's City's temporary railroad station and stood knee-deep in snow while a train of day coaches was backed in from Waukegan. Elders and deacons shouted commands, snow-plastered figures, laughing and chattering, pulled themselves up the steps and into the cars. Each coach contained a "Zion Seventy" and its leaders.

During the run to Chicago, hymns were sung, prayers were offered, bundles of "Leaves of Healing" and other Zion literature were distributed, and territories were assigned. From the old Wells Street station, Zion Seventies scattered, north, east, south and west. Some attacked homes of the wealthy in Lake Shore Drive and its neighborhood; middle class homes and flats on the North, West and South Sides drew the majority; others sought the ghettos and other foreign-born districts near river and stock-yards; still others penetrated the haunts of segregated vice in South Wabash Avenue and Twenty-second Street.

Wherever they went, two by two, they missed no dwelling. They knocked on every door, rang every door-bell. If the door opened, they said, "Peace be to this house," and offered their "Leaves of Healing" for sale. Whether or not they sold a copy, they handed out a tract and a leaflet announcing the meeting in the Chicago Auditorium, with a spoken invitation to come and enjoy it. When there was sickness or trouble or need in the house, they offered their aid. Sometimes they were received kindly and their help was welcomed. More often they were coldly refused. Some people slammed doors in their faces. Oc-

casionally they were given a tongue-lashing, and rarely they were beaten or stoned.

"Well," said Mr. Garrish, with a sigh, "that's the last call. We've carried God's peace and the dear General Overseer's message to every house in our territory. Let's take a cable car and get down t' th' Home's quick's we can. The storm's worse 'f anythin'. My hands'n' feet're like chunks o' ice, 'n' I'm's hungry I c'd eat a raw dog."

At the Home they joined hundreds of Zion Seventies in the long corridors, where they sat on the floor, their backs against the wall—men and women, boys and girls—eating from pails, boxes, and baskets packed at home in Zion City.

Seventies from Zion City sat in the orchestra at the Chicago Auditorium that afternoon. Do not judge some of them harshly if they were noisy in their slumbers.

It was often past six o'clock before the choir sang its recessional and Dr. Dowie pronounced the benediction.

Mr. Garrish awoke when those near him rose for the recessional. Fumbling under his seat, he drew out cap, muffler, overcoat, overshoes, and lantern. Mrs. Garrish began to make a bundle of lunch-box, Bibles, hymn-books, and the latest number of "Leaves of Healing."

Heartily echoing their leader's amen to the benediction, they writhed into their many wraps, slowly crept up the aisle, and out of the building.

"The Spirit of the Lord was upon our dear General Overseer to-day, praise His blessed Name!" said

a neighbor they met in the aisle. "It was the most wonderful message I ever heard."

"He certainly is opening up God's Word to us in a marvelous way," said Mrs. Garrish, her face lighted with solemn rapture.

Mr. Garrish said nothing. He had slept through it all.

It was dark when they reached Congress Street. The storm had been gripped in its tracks by deadly cold. Stars shone in a black sky like bits of ice. Snow screamed underfoot. Air seemed to sear their throats and tears streamed from tortured eyes.

Shivering, they hurried up icy stairs to the elevated station, stamped and swung their arms on a crowded platform until they despaired of further endurance, then swung from straps all the way to Wells Street station. Once on their special to Zion City, Mr. Garrish slept again and did not waken until his wife shook him and told him it was time to light his lantern.

The new city showed a few widely scattered lights. For the rest, it was a desolate plain of darkness, out of which a cruel wind swept from the northwest—an arctic blast they must face on their two-mile walk home.

By twos, by fours, by larger groups their companions left them, lanterns twinkling over the snow like sparks in white ashes. At last they two were alone. No word had been spoken by any one since they left the station. Plodding through a foot of close-packed snow against a twelve-below-zero wind demanded all their energy.

"Hurry, Pa, I'm frozen," begged Mrs. Garrish, at their door.

"Gee, I'm doin' my best, Ma," he said, patiently, "but my fingers is so stiff I can't seem to han'le this key."

At last the door opened and they went in stamping off snow. The nickel alarm clock that had roused Mr. Garrish at five that morning now showed nine o'clock when he held his lantern up to its face.

"S'prised it kep' goin'," he grunted, " 't so cold in here—feels colder'n ou'door."

"Never mind that, Pa," said his wife; "get the fire goin' so a body c'n get supper."

"Good idea that," he said. "I'm holler clear to my toes."

They both bustled about, stopping now and then to blow on their aching fingers. Three quarters of an hour later they—and all their fellow-citizens in Zion City—sat down to their Sunday dinner.

"Well, it's been a hard day," sighed Mrs. Garrish, "but I've enjoyed it. I'm glad, once in a while, to suffer a little for God and Zion."

"I wouldn't 'a' missed it fer a fortune," said her husband. "One man to-day, when we said 'Peace be to this house,' says, 'Thank you, brethren, and God bless you fer them words!' "

"Yes," she said, "it's a blessed, blessed privilege, praise the Lord!"

This was their "day of rest" all through that winter and the next.

Early in 1902 Zion headquarters were moved from Chicago to Zion City.

Shiloh House had been finished and the General Overseer and family lived in its luxury and gaudiness.

Shiloh Tabernacle, a wooden barn of an auditorium, seating nearly six thousand, squatted in Shiloh Park.

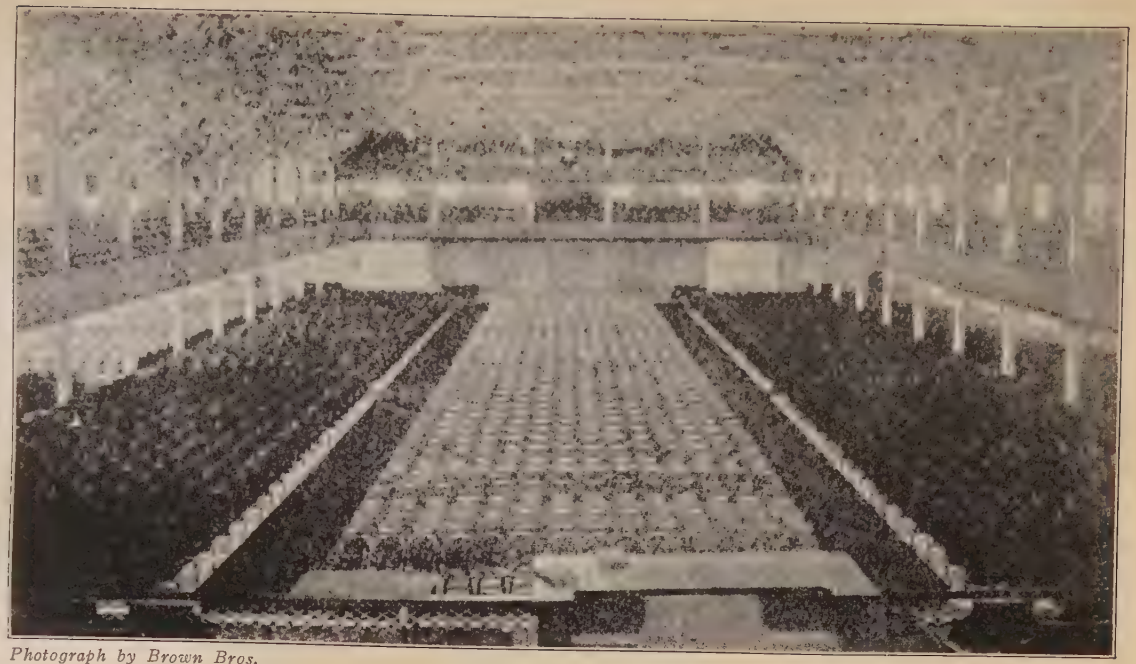
Elijah Hospice opened its doors, and the administration building provided offices for the General Overseer and his staff, for the Church, and for the bank and the land department.

At this time Deacon Gaines, general manager of Zion Building and Manufacturing Association, was made general financial manager of Zion's institutions and industries. Every dollar of income from all sources passed through his hands and every penny of expenditure waited upon his sanction. Under his direction was Zion accounting department, which kept books for all Zion enterprises. His office also was in the new administration building.

Herbert was sorry to leave his old room in Zion Home—but he was glad to get out of Chicago, glad to become a resident of his beloved Zion City. He took his meals at the hospice and so was still plagued by Zion's eccentricities of catering.

The Harrows remained in Zion Home, Chicago, since no building had been put up for the publishing house.

Edith Brelin and her mother had spent nearly a year in the East and were now back in their Woodlawn flat. They came out to Sunday meetings in Shiloh Tabernacle and Herbert sometimes walked to the Chicago-bound train with Edith after services.



Photograph by Brown Bros.

SHILOH TABERNACLE, ZION CITY

She always thrilled him with her loveliness and captivated him by her personality, but he was busy and his mind was full of his duties, problems, and worries. Despite his worries, however, he was happy. He told Edith: "You know, I'm the luckiest young dog alive! Think of it! I like my work, everything goes fast, associates jolly, marvelous environment, grand leader, all for the benefit of humanity, and world-wide expansion in sight! And I have a richly undeserved front seat!"

This was no mood for romance.

CHAPTER XXVII

It was a fresh, smiling morning in May. A lake breeze had swept away smoke, dust, and stockyards fumes. Tender new leaves on Michigan Avenue trees fluttered bravely in the sunshine. Smart carriage horses pranced and tossed their heads. Nursemaids with beribboned perambulators sauntered on the walks. Herbert lifted his head, expanded his chest, filled his lungs, laughed, "Golly, how good life is!" A few minutes later he was whistling "Whistling Rufus" in his Chicago office as he checked over his clerk's reports.

The telephone on his desk rang.

"Deacon Renbrush?"

"Yes."

"This is Faith Heilborn. Could you come to the third floor right away? There's been an accident."

"I'll be right up."

Faith Heilborn was one of Dr. Dowie's cooks. With a waitress she kept the family apartments in Zion Home. During the week Esther and Gladstone Dowie lived there while they attended the University of Chicago, and Dr. and Mrs. Dowie sometimes spent a night or a few days with them.

On the third floor Herbert found Faith ghastly, stony-eyed, her hands wrapped in fresh bandages. "Why, Faith," he said, "what's happened? How did you hurt your hands?"

"Never mind my hands, Deacon, it's Miss Esther! She's been frightfully burned, and I don't know what to do."

"Have you 'phoned the General Overseer and Mrs. Dowie?"

"No, Deacon. It's too terrible! I wouldn't know what to say. I—I thought maybe you'd do it."

Herbert started for the telephone.

"Tell me what happened," he commanded.

"She was curling her hair and had an alcohol lamp. It catched her nightgown afire someway. She screamed an' I heard her, but the poor dear's door was locked and I couldn't get in. She had to unlock it herself, all blazin' as she was. I tore off what was left of it, but I'm terrible 'fraid it was too late."

"Is she conscious?"

"Oh, yes, Deacon, and the sweetest angel you ever saw—and her suffering like she is."

"Who's with her?"

"Elder Porter. He done all he could. He used to be a medical doctor, you know."

By this time they had reached the telephone. Herbert had no time to think out a way of softening the blow he must deal. He heard the father's voice and called upon his courage to begin.

"General Overseer," he said, "I am speaking from your apartment on the third floor. Your daughter was seriously burned this morning while curling her hair. Doctor Porter has done what he could for her and is with her now, but I think you and Mrs. Dowie should come to her as quickly as possible."

"O God! help, in Jesus's Name!" Herbert heard the gasp of prayer. "How did it happen?"

"Miss Heilborn tells me her alcohol lamp set her night-dress afire."

"Ah, God, I have fought the Devil in alcohol all my life, and now he strikes down my own dearest and most beloved. Is she conscious?"

"I believe she is."

"Go to her at once and tell her to hold on to God, that Father is praying for her and that Father and Mother will come as quickly as steam and horses can carry them. Oh, Herbert, my son, pray for me! Good-by."

Faith took Herbert to the room where the girl lay. Dr. Porter, big, blond, suave, smiling, sat by the bed talking to her but she seemed not to listen. Her great eyes were brilliant with agony and with effort for control lest she scream or groan.

"Did you talk to Father, Deacon Renbrush?"

Amazingly, her voice was strong, clear, natural. Herbert saw, with relief, that neither her face nor her hair had been marred.

"Yes, Miss Dowie. He asked me to tell you to hold on to God, that he was praying for you, and that he and your mother would come as fast as steam and horses could bring them."

"Thank you, Deacon. How long do you think it will take them?"

"There's a train down from Waukegan at seven forty-five. They ought to be able to make it. That gets in here at eight forty. They ought to be here about nine. That's only about an hour and a half."

"Only?" she smiled again. "Seems like an eternity and a half. But there's no good fussing about it. And now would you mind trying to get hold of Gladstone down at the university? He'll be in his study until nine."

Father, mother, and brother arrived about the same time, accompanied by Captain Erdman.

Herbert walked into a reception-room and stood looking out the window. Dr. Porter came in, smiling, as usual. "All is well, now," he said. "God will hear the prayer of His last and greatest prophet, Elijah the Restorer."

"Tell me, Doctor," said Herbert, "humanly speaking, is there enough skin surface unharmed for her to recover?"

"I'm afraid not, Deacon. Besides, I think she inhaled the flame. If she did, only God's miracle can save her. But God has wrought mightier miracles than that in answer to the General Overseer's prayer."

Just then Captain Erdman came in, his eyes streaming.

"I tell you men, there's the bravest, grandest woman I ever saw. She's got more grit than even the General Overseer himself. God help me, I'm a boo-hooing coward beside her!"

Captain Erdman wept unashamed.

"Go and pray, Herbert," begged Captain Erdman. "You can do no good here. I don't know how it will come out, but God is good."

Herbert went to his office—worked with absorption all afternoon, through the dinner hour, and into the evening. A few minutes after nine his telephone

rang. He ignored it, banging at his machine. It rang again. Still he ignored it. Nancy, who had been working on a form letter, came in, took the receiver, and answered. Herbert's typewriter ceased its clacking. Nancy listened, drooping. Slowly, as in a nightmare, she put back the receiver, stood frozen motionless a moment, then turning to face him said, "It's all over."

Early next morning—Thursday—he went to his office and continued his work. At ten o'clock Captain Erdman telephoned that the General Overseer wished to see him. He found his leader, with Mrs. Dowie, in the drawing-room of their apartment, seated side by side on a divan. The room was darkened, but he could see their plight. They were not bowed with grief, they were not weeping—they were broken. They appeared to him as those who have received a mortal wound and believe themselves only bruised.

Seeing that warrior, that man who had fought hand to hand with Death for so many thousands and won, that man who had faced mobs, and plots, and shipwreck, and prison with joyous courage, now so pale, so inert, so ravaged, tore at Herbert's sympathies until pain became intolerable. The face was lifted to him, the haggard eyes, their fires all drowned, besought his. All awkwardness and self-consciousness gone, Herbert took the poor man's hand in both of his, pressing it affectionately, while tears ran down his cheeks.

"God help and comfort you, General Overseer—and you, Mrs. Dowie," he said.

"She was so brave, so beautiful, so sweet through it all, Herbert," murmured the bereaved man. "But

now she is gone and we must take up our burdens and carry on the work God has called us to do until He sets us free."

On that Friday the sun shone from a springtime sky of crystal blue, graced with cloud-tufts of purest white. A gentle breeze swept landward from the lake. Grasses and trees swayed lightly.

When the special train from Chicago arrived it was met at the station by all Zion City—Zion Guard stood at attention with dipped colors, Zion City Band playing softly "Lead, Kindly Light"; Zion White-Robed Choir and Zion officers of the church were drawn up in marching order. Behind them stood thousands of men, women, and children. Nearly all were weeping.

The long procession marched to the little cemetery. Herbert had purchased a lot in the northeast corner. Choir, officers, pall-bearers, and the bereaved family passed through an open gate, while multitudes stood outside. The choir sang "Abide with Me," Dr. Dowie himself read a familiar passage from St. John, beginning "I am the Resurrection and the Life," and then from First Corinthians, beginning "But now is Christ risen from the dead." After the singing of "Nearer, My God, to Thee," the General Overseer began to speak. First telling briefly of the accident, he said:

"I had forbidden the use of an alcohol lamp in Zion Home. I have fought alcohol all my life. I have never compromised with it in any way—never trusted it. It is wholly of the Devil. So I would not permit it to be used, even in a lamp, in my home. But my

darling daughter disobeyed, and for that one step from the straight road of obedience God permitted the Devil to strike her down. But, while he burned and killed her body, he could not touch her beautiful spirit. When I reached her on Wednesday morning she had already confessed her sin to God and had the witness of the Holy Spirit that she had been forgiven.

"When at two o'clock Wednesday afternoon I told her that God was not hearing prayer, and that a succession of miracles would have to be wrought, which God was not, apparently, going to work, she said, 'What does that mean, Papa?'

"I said, 'It means that you are to go from us, daughter, within a few hours.'

"She never wavered.

"I gave her some messages that had come from some whom she knew so well, and one was, 'Peace I leave with you.'

" 'Darling,' I said, 'listen: "My peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." '

"She turned right around and said, 'Papa, I am not afraid. You cannot suppose I am.'

"I said, 'No, dear, there is not a drop of coward's blood in either of us; we know in Whom we have trusted.'

"She said, 'Oh, God has forgiven me.'

"Then she cried, 'Whether living or dying, I am the Lord's; and if I should pass through those deep waters, they shall not overflow me. I know they shall not: "For Thou art with me." '

Photograph by Brown Bros.

RAILROAD STATION AT ZION CITY

"Then we talked together. We had a very sweet talk.

"It was so beautiful to find her body free from pain, until the blood began to rise and choke her breath.

"She said, 'Father, will it be long?'

"I said, 'Not long, dear.'

" 'Lord, take me,' she said; and we prayed it at last, because we could not bear to see her suffer any more.

"Then I sang, 'Lead, Kindly Light.' Then we repeated the Shepherd Psalm: 'The Lord is my Shepherd—' She said it so strongly—'I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside still waters.'

"I could hear her say—'Beside still waters,' and it seemed to us as if the waters were getting very still.

"The still waters were there. She was beginning to see the green pastures. 'Yea, though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, I will fear no evil.'

"And that was all we could hear. She closed her lips. And she was sleeping. I would let none weep.

"I sang to her the song I have sung so many times to those who were sleeping in Jesus, and when I had finished it she departed without a sigh, without a tremor.

"And now I stand here and I have no daughter on earth. I had only one. You must all be my daughters, daughters of Zion.

"As Mama has said, 'Oh, John, we will have to live closer to God and do more for the other daughters—the daughters who have to live on.'

"You were my daughters long ago.

"Dear children, be good, be good, and let nothing come to keep you from perfect devotion to God and the obedience to those who have the rule over you. Will you pledge me this?"

Weeping, the multitude gave him their pledge.

Then the courage that had buoyed up the broken man could bear no more. As the flower-laden casket was slowly lowered he sat upon the bank of fresh earth at its side, head sunk upon his breast, hands clasped between his knees, and wept aloud. Not a word was spoken, but all the bright spring air was filled with the sobbing of those thousands of people, men and women, standing bent and wavering like reeds in a storm.

CHAPTER XXVIII

One evening, later in the summer, Herbert was a guest at dinner in Shiloh House. Since Esther Dowie's tragic death he was more frequently than ever a member of the General Overseer's family circle.

The General Overseer had spent the day in his Chicago office in Zion Home and had returned in a state of elation.

"I must pledge you all to secrecy," he said, his eyes alight, his mustache twitching, "because all concerned agreed that it was to be a strictly private and personal matter. But there occurred to-day a most significant and far-reaching incident in the onward march of Zion.

"I was at work in my office when Murray came in and announced that Bishop Warnett was on the telephone and wished to speak with me. As you know, he is Bishop of the Methodist Church for the Chicago district. I immediately spoke to him and he was very respectful and cordial.

" 'Doctor,' he said, 'I have long wished to see you and talk with you, but we are both busy men. Now, however, Dr. Henry R. Stanbridge, who is editor of the New York "Christian World," our leading denominational periodical, is here in my study. He also wishes to see you. Would you kindly consent to see us pri-

vately if we were to come to your office at once?'

"Well, that was a facer! These two men have fought me for years and I have fought them back in the Name of the Lord. I had great respect for them as fighters and they had good reason to respect me. But I would not turn the vilest sinner from my door if he came seeking Light, so I arranged to see them.

"They came and began the interview by suggesting that we pledge ourselves not to make public anything that transpired. I agreed.

"Of course, I am not at liberty to tell you of our conversation, but I do not need to tell you that, after an hour and a half, they left with a greatly different feeling toward Zion and her leader than when they came. What the results will be I cannot say. I now have two great and powerful friends in the very front rank of Methodism. Who can tell what may follow?"

"Who, indeed?"

Herbert was to remember that question and marvel at the sweeping deluge of effects flowing from a trivial tea-cupful of cause.

A young writer named Upjohn won the General Overseer's confidence and got a long interview with him. When the article appeared in "Eugene's" it was most flattering. Dr. Dowie was delighted. He saw a new attitude of friendliness on the part of his old enemy, the press. He had often said, "When that unspeakable brood of vipers, the newspapers, begin to praise me, I shall know that I have gone to the Devil."

But now that he had tasted praise, he began to

court it. He sent for young Upjohn, complimented him, and suggested that the young man write a more ambitious article and submit it to the "Century Magazine."

"Well, I shouldn't mind trying, Doctor," said Upjohn, "and I'm certainly very grateful to you, but it takes either a big name or a big hit to get into the 'Century.' "

"Well, you need not be troubled about that. No man and no movement are so interesting to people all over the world as Doctor Dowie and Zion. The newspapers themselves confess it. My every word, my every move are blazoned to the world in big headlines and columns of reading matter—most of it lies, of course, although since Zion City has proved such a success they are becoming more friendly. The business world has a stake in Zion City and editors are beginning to feel pressure from their advertisers. Your story of Zion would be a big hit, as you call it. You need not want a big name, either. What I am about to say to you is in strictest confidence. Doctor Stanbridge, editor of the New York 'Christian World' and one of the powers of Methodism, is a friend of mine and visited me in my office in Chicago a few weeks ago. He is under pledge to me not to publish anything about his visit, but if I were to give you a letter to him, releasing him from his agreement, you could doubtless persuade him to write an introduction to your article. Then you would have a big hit and a big name combined. An article on Doctor Dowie and Zion, with an introduction by Doctor Stanbridge, would be a sensation."

"Indeed it would, Doctor. I can't say how deeply obliged to you I would be for that letter to Doctor Stanbridge. Why, such a connection, with publication in the 'Century Magazine,' would just about make me, as a writer."

Late in September Herbert took a copy of the October "Century" to his chief. Dr. Dowie was at breakfast. When Herbert saw him, freshly tubbed, his bald scalp pink, his full cheeks rosy, his dark eyes so full of affection and kindliness, his huge white napkin tucked into his collar, his head and hair washed clean, as they were every morning; when he caught the faint but heady fragrance of that always immaculate body, memories of other breakfast-table interviews back through the years swept over him. Love, loyalty, and tenderness nearly unmanned him. He would have given his life if he could have withheld the blow he must now deliver.

"Ah, Herbert, my boy! Have you it there?"

"Yes, General Overseer."

"Have you read it?"

"Yes, General Overseer."

"Is it good?"

"I'm afraid not, General Overseer."

"You must be wrong! Give it me."

Miserably, Herbert found the place and handed it over.

As he read, the great man's rage became terrible.

"The dirty dog! The unmitigated scoundrel! The wicked liar!"

Occasionally he read aloud a sentence or two, then shouted rage and vilification. Several times he threw

down the magazine, leaped to his feet, and stamped up and down the big dining-room, shouting and waving his short arms.

Finally the angry preacher came to young Upjohn's article. This caused him more contempt than rage, although his face was still flaming and his voice husky.

"Poor little cur!" he said. "Snaps feebly at the hand that fed him. Hardly worth a kick in his mangy ribs!"

Flinging down the magazine, he upset his coffee, sprang to his feet, shouting for a maid, then suddenly turned on Herbert.

"Never ask me to see another reporter. You know now how vile and ungrateful they are. However, this poor boy's lies are weak and silly. He has been seduced and befouled by that whited sepulcher Stanbridge. But Stanbridge will not long escape. He cannot come to me with lying words of esteem and friendship masking his black heart, and then stab me in the back without paying an awful penalty. He cannot attack God's work in Zion and go unwhipped of divine justice. I will scourge him out of the respect of all decent people.

"See here what he says:

" 'Reason must first be paralyzed, faith drugged, and this done, it would still seem too large and abnormal a conception for open-mouthed credulity to believe that the Christ of the New Testament should choose the evolver and center of such a flamboyant mixture of flesh and spirit to be the Restorer and His special forerunner. If Dowie believes it, he is in the

moonlit borderland of insanity where large movements of limited duration have sometimes originated. If he believes it not, he is but another impostor.'

"I will show him, I will show the whole world my mental soundness and capacity. A paranoiac does not build a great and prosperous city in two years. No man on 'the moonlit borderland of insanity' can conceive, plan, organize, and carry to a successful issue what I will accomplish by the time I am ready to attend to Doctor Henry R. Stanbridge."

Gone was the General Overseer's rage. He was striding now in triumph over his enemies. His great bald head was held high, his eyes were flashing with eagerness, he laughed in exultation. Once more he was the unconquerable warrior.

CHAPTER XXIX

On Sunday, September 21, came the fourth anniversary of the organization of Zion Seventies. In preparation for it the General Overseer had commanded all members everywhere, unless kept away by a reason they could conscientiously give unto God, to assemble in Shiloh Tabernacle at Zion City for portentous services, at which Elijah the Restorer would have an epoch-making message from God.

Zion City Band and Zion White-Robed Choir led a solemn procession under the trees of Shiloh Park and into the Tabernacle. The General Overseer read passages from both Old and New Testaments which foretold the coming of Elijah, to be followed by "The Great and Dreadful Day of the Lord," and described the Times of the End.

"There is nothing in the Bible," he said, "giving any direction to God's people for the restoration of all things. There is only the promise that Elijah shall come and restore all things.

"God, in sending that prophet, must send him with the authority to write and speak and command, and be himself an authority upon whom He puts the broad seal of His approval.

"I now disband, on this their fourth anniversary, Zion Seventies. In their place I organize you who are

willing to meet my requirements in Zion Restoration Host. I do this, as Elijah the Restorer, by direct inspiration of the Holy Spirit.

"Do you believe that?"

The great audience shouted "YES."

"Are you willing to obey orders?"

"Yes."

"And be sent where you are told to go?"

"Yes."

"No matter what it involves?"

"Yes."

Then came an intermission. The General Overseer retired to his private room. Patiently, awed, the congregation of thousands waited. When their leader returned to the platform he held a paper in his hand. His fingers and the white front of his bishop's robe were stained with ink.

"You have pledged your obedience," he said, with great solemnity. "Stand now and, carefully searching your own hearts, repeat after me this Vow of Zion Restoration Host:

"I vow in the name of God, my Father, and of Jesus Christ, His Son and my Saviour, and of the Holy Ghost, who proceeds from the Father and the Son, that I will be a faithful member of Zion Restoration Host, organized at Shiloh Tabernacle, in the City of Zion, on Lord's Day, September twenty-first, nineteen hundred and two, and I declare that I recognize John Alexander Dowie, General Overseer of the Christian Catholic Church in Zion, of which I am a member, in his threefold prophetic office, as the Mes-

senger of the Covenant, the Prophet foretold by Moses, and Elijah the Restorer.

"I promise, to the fullest extent of all my powers, to obey all rightful orders issued by him directly or by his properly appointed officers, and to proceed to any part of the world, wherever he shall direct, as a member of Zion Restoration Host, and that all family ties and obligations and all relations to all human government shall be held subordinate to this Vow, this Declaration, and this Promise.

"This I make in the presence of God and of all the visible and invisible witnesses."

Herbert and nearly three thousand other American citizens stood quietly and repeated those words after the man on the platform.

CHAPTER XXX

HERBERT was shocked when a Chicago building supply company refused to deliver more cement until it had received a remittance on account. He was still more distressed Saturday when the general paymaster notified him that, hereafter, he was to pay his force one quarter in scrip. This scrip, in the form of coupon books, was to be good at all Zion's institutions and industries, could be used to pay tithes, and would be accepted at face value for deposit in Zion City Bank. Deacon Gaines told Herbert the coupons had been issued as a temporary expedient, partly to conserve cash balances and partly to discourage buying in Waukegan and Chicago.

"All right," grumbled Herbert, "but you'd better retire or redeem 'em mighty quick or they'll swamp you. Fiat money is like opium—it stops the pain at first, but you have to keep taking more and more, and the first thing you know you're a sad ruin with no salvage."

A few days later there was a prolonged conference around the General Overseer's big mahogany table. Deacon Gaines, general financial manager; Deacon Halsey, manager of Zion City Bank, and Deacon Horace Howard, chief accountant of Zion's Institutions and Industries, were the only Zion men present

besides the General Overseer. The others were presidents, managers, credit men, and attorneys for Zion's creditors. The whole party was entertained at luncheon at Shiloh House.

There was no leak as to what the conference was about or what were its results until "Leaves of Healing" appeared on Saturday morning. That something important had happened, everybody in Zion City knew. It was the talk of the town.

The "Leaves" was awaited eagerly. It had been whispered about that it would tell everything. At about eleven o'clock carrier boys began their deliveries. Wherever a copy appeared, work was dropped and impatient fingers flipped the pages until the General Overseer's editorials were found. There it was:

Zion had been temporarily short of cash, owing to the unexpected expansion of her wonderful business enterprises and a world-wide financial stringency.

"I do not believe for a moment," wrote the General Overseer, "that Zion is in any real danger.

"This week representatives of some of the largest and strongest firms in Chicago and other cities met in Zion City.

"We freely opened our books and records to them. After a thorough examination by expert accountants, they issued a statement, signed by fourteen of these great corporations, saying that John Alexander Dowie, after paying all obligations in full, would have assets, conservatively estimated, of MORE THAN TWENTY-THREE MILLION DOLLARS!"

A reprint of this statement, with its distinguished signatures followed.

In a Special Letter, the General Overseer solemnly commanded every member of the Christian Catholic Church in Zion Throughout the World to sell securities, real estate, or business and send the proceeds to him for investment in Zion stocks or for Dr. Dowie's personal note, with interest at 6 per cent.

During the weeks that followed, money came pouring in, Dr. Dowie signed some $300,000 worth of notes, and the work went forward.

Months went by. Herbert heard nothing more about Dr. Dowie's promised reply to Dr. Stanbridge's attack in the "Century Magazine." He had begun to wonder about it when, in January, 1903, he read in "Leaves of Healing" that the General Overseer, at the head of three thousand members of Zion Restoration Host, would go to New York and hold meetings in Madison Square Garden for two weeks in the coming October. During those meetings he would reply to Dr. Stanbridge.

Reporters flocked to Zion City. All the Chicago papers sent men, and Western correspondents from New York, Philadelphia, Washington, and other Eastern newspapers came with them.

Herbert found himself bedecked with a new title, Zion's Press Representative. John Harrow should have had the job, being a graduate from various city rooms, but he was too busy with his own presses.

From the time this announcement appeared all Zion began to prepare.

Zion Printing and Publishing House, for which a building had been put up a few hundred feet east of

the railroad station, began the printing of a million colored cards of Holman Hunt's "Christ Knocking at the Door." The reverse bore an invitation to the meetings in Madison Square Garden, in a reproduction of Dr. Dowie's handwriting. These were for distribution in New York by Zion Restoration Host.

Zion Guard became a regiment and Captain Erdman was commissioned colonel by the General Overseer.

All summer long members of Zion Restoration Host throughout the world were being urged to register for the New York Visitation and begin payment on their tickets. So great was the advertising value of this migration that Dr. Dowie was able to wheedle and bully out of railroad companies a round trip fare of fifteen dollars for each person. This was little enough, but still registration did not satisfy him. He issued another of his proclamations:

"Let all who have taken the Restoration Vow remember that, as Elijah the Restorer, we have given the command to every member of the Host to proceed with us to New York; and that, unless there is sufficient cause, such as will justify them before the Judgment Seat of God, they dare not disobey this command.

"The time has come for us to say in the most emphatic manner that, unless there is a satisfactory reason forthcoming for their not going, we shall not continue the names upon the Roll of the Host of those who have the power to go and will not.

"Woe to them that are at ease in Zion!

"Shall it be said on the Day of Judgment that some

home in New York *which might have been visited by a member of the Host who reads these lines* remained unvisited, and the opportunity of blessing perhaps was lost on earth forever?

"Will that question, O Ye Zion Restorationists who are quibbling about your 'duty' now, be a pleasant one for you as you lie down to die and think of your broken Vow, and the perishing to whom you might have been blessed? Face all these questions now!"

It was a shock to many to learn what they had taken upon themselves when they repeated after their leader the oath of Zion Restoration Host. Most of the laggards proved to be as good as their word, however, and the ranks of the three thousand were quickly filled.

Everybody in Zion City was spending money. They were going to New York to stay for two weeks, and they must have suitable clothing and equipment.

Thousands of dollars were going into cards, leaflets, tracts, and programs; new uniforms for band and orchestra, new robes for the choir, flags, banners, musical instruments, sheet music, music stands, Fred Jeffords's kitchen and dining-room equipment, uniforms for Zion Guard, and a thousand other items. Salaries and office expenses in New York, railroad fares of executives who seemed to find it necessary to visit that city frequently, forty-five thousand dollars for tickets for Zion Restoration Host, and, finally, sums which each member drew for personal expenses drained the city of cash. Meanwhile, building had proceeded at a hot pace and every home in Zion City required food and fuel.

Deacon Gaines found himself facing the huge rental of Madison Square Garden and the expenses of the General Overseer, his family and big staff, without funds to meet them. He was in great distress—strictly in private, of course. He met all visitors to his office with his usual genial smile and jolly manner. To the General Overseer he told his troubles.

" 'O ye of little faith,' " chided the great man. "Has not God always provided the money for Zion's needs? 'The silver and the gold are His.' I have prayed very earnestly over this, Deacon, and God has answered me as He did Moses, 'Wherefore criest thou unto me? Speak unto the people that *they* go forward.' And I shall obey Him."

In the next issue of "Leaves of Healing" there appeared in the editorials another stern demand that all Zion people everywhere immediately put their all in Zion.

CHAPTER XXXI

With the precision and neatness of a crack brigade in an imperial army, Zion Restoration Host was mobilized next morning and departed for New York on eight Pullman trains, each over a different route.

All eight trains arrived in New York on the morning of the second day, Friday, and every one was ordered to go at once to Madison Square Garden. The General Overseer and his family and personal staff were driven to their hotel, near Central Park.

At eleven o'clock Dr. Dowie came to the Garden, where he was to meet his official staff. Seeing a crowd at the main entrance in Madison Avenue, he called to his coachman, Otto Berger, to drive to the side door.

It had been arranged that he should arrive at the main entrance, and Deacon George W. Frankbaugh, major in Zion Guard, had fifty men there to protect their leader. The side door was held by one lone guard.

It was a beautiful, warm day and Dr. Dowie had ordered the top of his carriage opened and thrown back. Crowds along the streets booed and cheered. Near the Garden hundreds had run after his carriage to see him alight. When the carriage stopped he was gripped in a milling mob. He saw quickly that he could not sit there and he could not drive away.

Somehow, he must get himself, his wife, and son through that wall of humanity into the Garden. Colonel Erdman came down from the box, Gladstone joined him at the vehicle's step, and together they half dragged, half pushed Dr. and Mrs. Dowie through the crowd and inside. There the Prophet burst out upon poor Colonel Erdman.

"Where was your Guard?" he roared. "You have nothing to do, nothing to think about, no responsibility but to protect me—and you drag me out of my carriage under the feet of a mob of larrikins! I might have been killed—and it is no thanks to you I was not. Any Masonic hireling in that rabble could have slipped a knife between my shoulder blades."

By this time Major Frankbaugh, hearing the noise, came running up.

"General Overseer," he began, pale and agitated, "you were to come—"

"Is this the way you obey orders, Major?" the angry man shouted, stamping. "You have been here for hours, you knew to the minute when I would arrive—and not a guard at the door. I was nearly trampled to death. It was not your obedience to clear and positive orders that saved me from being murdered."

Overseer Ernest L. Goodheart, general ecclesiastical secretary of the Church, now came up.

"Whenever you are ready, General Overseer, I will show you the way to the staff meeting."

"Where have *you* been? Must I wait for hours here in a dirty corridor while you loiter about neglecting your duties?"

"I'm sorry, General Overseer, we expected you at the—"

"Stop your chatter! It was your business to meet me at eleven o'clock—and you failed."

They went to the meeting.

"Overseer," barked the great man, his face purple, his eyes glaring, "why have you not got a stenographer here?"

"Miss Wassing is here, General Overseer, to take down the proceedings."

"Let her move up here, then. You know better than to place her back there."

And so that meeting went. Nothing was right, no one said the right thing, one after another was, figuratively, yanked up out of his chair and thrashed.

Overseer Goodheart and Miss Wassing wept; Colonel Erdman and Major Frankbaugh were white and rigid with misery; Deacon Gaines's chin was on his breast, his arms folded tightly and his fists clenched; Deacon Fred Jeffords kept his smile, but it was greenish and ghastly; John Harrow looked like an early Christian martyr with faggots piled around him; Nancy's dark eyes were snapping dangerously, her saucy chin was high, and her right foot was beating a light but menacing rhythm.

The staff was dismissed with a bitter admonition to ask God for forgiveness and attend to its duties. As they slunk out, a well-dressed young woman came in and went at once to the General Overseer.

"Doctor Dowie," she said, smiling, "I'm Lola Fey, of 'The Evening World,' and I'm so glad to see you. A man who can take New York by storm! Some

of the world's greatest have tried it and failed. We are all lost in admiration for your genius. Now won't you please tell me how you came to plan this great movement to our city?"

Herbert had approached because, often, reporters were turned over to him. He was amazed to see the man who a moment before had been in a savage fury beam on Miss Fey with his brightest smile and answer her questions with almost affectionate willingness. As the interview ended, the General Overseer threw an arm around his shoulders and said, "And now, Miss Fey, I want you to meet one of my handsomest young men, Deacon Renbrush. He will be in charge of the press tables at my meetings. I want you to see, Herbert, that Miss Fey has a good location whenever she wishes it. Deacon Renbrush is also my personal representative to the press. He will have offices in the Park Avenue Hotel and will be glad to give you any special information, consistent with his instructions, you may desire."

Other reporters had gathered around by this time. Dr. Dowie smiled upon them all, made a few jokes at their expense, answered their many questions cleverly, and introduced Herbert to each. It was an impromptu love feast and every one seemed delighted. But it was the last. Miss Fey's story in "The Evening World" was friendly. But the others either ridiculed or denounced him by their manner of reporting.

It was Miss Fey who delighted the General Overseer with her description of him as "a little man with the head of a philosopher, the beard of a prophet, the

shoulders of a piano mover, the paunch of an alderman, and the legs of a jockey."

Herbert had taken a room for himself and a suite of offices at the Park Avenue Hotel. These offices he shared with John Harrow, who with a large staff was to prepare for "Leaves of Healing" complete reports of all the meetings.

Deacon Jesse Stoneham had charge of the branch land office at the Garden, and was equipped to sell lots to hundreds or thousands of new converts expected from the Visitation.

At his office Herbert had the assistance of Nancy Harrow and young Jack Burroney, a former newspaper man. A large parlor or reception-room was provided for meetings with reporters; a smaller room had been equipped with desks for Herbert, for Nancy and for Jack Burroney. John Harrow and his numerous staff worked together in a big corner parlor adjoining. The afternoon of Friday was spent arranging these details. Before they were complete there was a knock at the door and in a moment Herbert found himself facing a group of the shrewdest, most alert, and most incisive men he had ever met—reporters for the New York morning papers. They were Lindsay Denison of "The Sun," Billy Inglis of "The World," "Deacon" Terry of "The American," Gask of "The Tribune," Sullivan of "The Journal," and others. They were friendly, but to answer their questions truthfully and keep within his instructions was a harder test than a cross-examination at the hands of Abe Hummel.

CHAPTER XXXII

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN was crowded to the roof on that October Sunday afternoon when John Alexander Dowie preached his first sermon in New York. Outside, in Madison Avenue, Twenty-sixth Street, Twenty-seventh Street and even across the corner in Madison Square were many thousands more.

Zion City Band, in a gallery behind the platform, played while the crowd was being seated. Deaconess Martha Carpenter, at the organ, and Zion Orchestra struck up the challenging measure of "Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand." Soon, from far away in the rear of the Garden, came children's voices. The solemn spectacle of Zion's White-Robed Choir and Zion robed officers in procession, with the General Overseer bringing up the rear, was enacted for a New York audience of twelve to fifteen thousand. As the choir began to fill its gallery behind the platform, fifty band instruments joined in the music. Thus the volume grew until a climax was reached which stirred even that sophisticated crowd. This little man with the big white beard was a good showman. New York gave him credit for it and prepared to be convinced.

The hymn, with three thousand zealots of Zion Restoration Host rounding out choir, band, and or-

chestra, and drawing more and more of the audience into the singing, began to awaken enthusiasm. This middle western preacher might be all right at that.

The "Halleluiah Chorus" from "The Messiah" lifted most of the crowd up in their seats. There was something in it more stirring than near-perfection of technique, quality of voices, and volume of sound. "Lord of Lords and King of Kings—He shall reign forever and ever" meant something to these singers and players. They felt it with burning zeal.

That great audience was now almost ready for a master's hand, to sway as he would. One more unerring touch of his uncanny magic and he could have his way with them.

A great stillness held the multitude breathless. Then, far and faint at first, the tones of Martha Carpenter's organ. Slowly, a slender girl came to the edge of the platform. A pure blonde, with great violet-blue eyes, robed in black cassock and white surplice, she was a picture of that virginal loveliness which the race began to worship ages before vestals guarded the sacred flame in Rome. No one in all that great throng was too cynical to feel a reverence that had been bequeathed by a thousand generations.

Clear, sweet, appealing came her voice in the old hymn:

Knocking! Knocking! Who is there?
Waiting, waiting, oh, how fair!
'Tis a Pilgrim, strange and kingly,
  Never such was seen before,
Ah, my soul, for such a wonder,
  Wilt thou not undo the door?

Photograph by Brown Bros.

JOHN ALEXANDER DOWIE'S AUDIENCE IN MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

A song to remind them of Holman Hunt's picture —every person there had seen it, for each had in his hands a card upon which it was printed.

The voice ceased, the organ rumbled and died away. The audience strained forward, relaxed.

John Alexander Dowie's hour had struck.

He had reached the crisis of his career.

All that had gone before seemed to have led him up to this high place.

Here he stood with the eyes of all the world upon him, all its ears awaiting his message. At the long press table in front of his platform sat the ablest observers and writers of the world's press. Flanking them were famous preachers, educators, novelists, and dramatists hired as special writers for the occasion. In an hour or two telegraph and cable would begin carrying his words and their effect to all the ends of the earth. To-morrow millions, now waiting, would read and be drawn or repelled.

Yes, it was John Alexander Dowie's zero hour!

He arose, strode out across the broad platform. By a miracle of personality his five feet four looked taller than six. He began to speak. That queer, rasping, carrying voice rang out into the stillness. With it, and with it almost alone, he had made himself, built Zion, produced this setting for his greatest triumph.

Now it rolled into that vast cavern of opportunity —and was lost!

No mistake about that.

He saw it—he knew it.

Almost imperceptible but tell-tale movements showed him that his audience, which had been one

pair of eyes, one hearing soul, had begun to disintegrate.

Frantically he tried for more power, more volume. In vain! The voice which had filled the Chicago Auditorium, the Chicago Coliseum, Shiloh Tabernacle, and had even reached outdoor audiences larger than this, had been as free from effort as the bellow of a bull, the roar of a lion.

Now he was trying hard—and his voice was killed!

He struggled to make himself heard. His own people sat enraptured. For them whatever he did was right.

In the far galleries people began to walk out. Others in the rear of the Garden joined them.

"Sit down!" roared the baffled preacher, racing across the platform, bristling like an angry bantam. "Let no one move! You will find the doors closed. Guards! Permit no one to go out."

Some one laughed. More people laughed. Thousands laughed. Hundreds, laughing, joined the exodus.

The General Overseer raged at them.

" 'The laughter of fools is like the crackling of thorns under a pot,' " he screamed. " 'He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh; He shall have them in derision.' Guards, I command you to hold the doors. Let no one leave."

Departing throngs, laughing, swept the Guards away. Thousands were crowding toward the doors.

"God will reckon with you who turn your backs upon Him now. You will weep, not laugh. You will cry aloud in your torment."

Only the shuffling of many feet answered.

PART TWO

DECLINE

CHAPTER I

THERE was a healing meeting in Madison Square Garden every morning, led by the General Overseer. He preached every afternoon and evening for two weeks. The three thousand of Zion Restoration Host visited every home, every store, every office in Greater New York. But interest and attendance dwindled. New York had had its sensation and passed on.

Even his long-promised answer to Dr. Henry R. Stanbridge created scarce a ripple. Herbert, hearing it, marveled. Here was the thing he had come to New York to do, and yet he spent half his evening railing at newspapers, and the other half, mainly, calling his enemy names!

This reply to Stanbridge was a mountain laboring a whole year, with three thousand midwives, and bringing forth a mouse.

"Renbrush, I've got to see Doctor Dowie."

"But you know that's impossible, Opperman. He hasn't seen one of the boys since the day he got here."

"I know, but this is different, I think you'll agree with me. I have letters he wrote to his father about his birth and parentage."

"Yes, that *is* different. I'll call him up."

When the General Overseer answered, Herbert said:

"Mr. Opperman of 'The World' is in my office. He says he has letters you wrote to Judge Dowie about your birth and parentage."

"You tell Mr. Opperman that if 'The New York World' has stolen or purchased letters from John Murray Dowie and dares to publish them or anything about them, it will have to take the consequences."

The next morning, Monday, "The World" published seven letters written to John Murray Dowie by the General Overseer. At Madison Square Garden that evening Dr. Dowie devoted his entire sermon to these letters.

"These seven letters," he said, "written by me to the wicked coward known by this name have been offered to me for various sums, at various times, and by various blackmailers. Since the infamous 'New York World' has either bought or stolen them and has now published them, it is right that I should tell Zion and the whole world the story of my parentage.

"My mother was a noble woman. She was one of the army of one God. As to John Murray Dowie, he was always cowardly, miserable, and hypocritical. I did not see how I could be his son, for I have never known what fear was.

"As you know, John Murray Dowie lived in my home for years. He pretended to be a faithful member of Zion and at times was permitted to lead meetings. Three years ago he became sick. I prayed for him, but he was not healed. I told him some unconfessed sin stood between him and God's healing power. It was then that he confessed that he had

married my mother in March of 1847 and that I was born in May. He still claimed to be my father, thus throwing filth upon the good name of my mother, his dead wife. He soon afterward made a foolish marriage and left my roof forever.

"I did not believe him. His confession explained to me many things I had never understood. I began an investigation. It was then I learned all.

"My mother had been a beautiful young girl, daughter of an officer in the British army. She lived with her father at the garrison town where his regiment was stationed. There, because of her beauty and popularity, she was the 'daughter of the regiment' and much sought after. She was entrapped into a Scotch marriage with an officer of that regiment, who was swept away in the Crimean War before I was born.

"This officer's family and her own father browbeat her into marrying John Murray Dowie, who doubtless received his pay, that her son might have a name.

"Papers have come into my hands by means of which that Scotch marriage might have been validated, even at this late day, and I might have claimed successfully that which is my right by blood, but—" tears streamed down the preacher's face while his people wept with him—"*I would rather be the despised head of Zion than wear a ducal coronet!*"

Herbert had known and liked Judge Dowie, and it hurt him to hear the fine old man called hard names. Worst of all, Judge John Murray Dowie and John Alexander Dowie looked so much alike

that people sometimes mistook one for the other!

A few years later, meeting the old gentleman in Chicago, Herbert asked him for the truth.

"Ah, puir soul, puir soul," said the judge, "Ah dinna ken however he laid hold on sic' r-rubbish. My dear wife was for-rty-two when he was bor-rn—a widow with several bair-rns when I married on her. 'Tis true her father'd been an ar-r-my officer, but at the time he'd been pensioned off an' kep' a wine shop in Edinburgh. I was muckle younger an' had been takin' lodgin' and boar-rd in her house. Aye, we sinned, but I made her an honest wumman and young John legitimate, as 'twas my Christian duty."

Some members of Zion Restoration Host complained of meals served them at Fred Jeffords's dining-room. They were sent back to Zion City in disgrace, as traitors in the face of the enemy. Next day the General Overseer and his retinue suddenly left the hotel near Central Park because the great man did not like the food—and took several suites at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. It was a hard blow, even to many of the faithful.

During the second week of the New York Visitation Mrs. Dowie, her son Gladstone, and Nancy Harrow sailed to spend part of the winter in Paris. The newspapers reported that they carried with them more than a million dollars in gold. It was insinuated that they had gone to feather a luxurious nest for Dr. Dowie. His New York gamble a heavy loss, and his Zion City enterprise about to collapse, he was charged with planning to make off with such assets as

he could carry. How two women and a youth could carry a million in gold, which weighs more than a ton and a half, was not explained.

The little party sailed with a different plan in view.

The New York Visitation came to its diminished end and Zion Restoration Host returned to Zion City. Tangible results were disappointing. His stakes had been on the wrong card, but Dr. Dowie would not admit it.

Throwing good money after bad, he took Carnegie Hall for a week of afternoon and evening appearances. With his usual success in handling politicians, he had two hundred policemen sent to help Zion Guard keep order inside and outside the hall.

When the hour for the first meeting arrived, there were more policemen present than audience. Failure was dismal, complete. To Herbert's surprise, his chief went through that week's thinly attended meetings with more of his old-time vigor and fire than he had shown in the whole fortnight in the bigger building.

A few new members of the Christian Catholic Church in Zion Throughout the World were given the right hand of fellowship. Among them was the Rev. Bartholomew Virrelt, a famous preacher of the Methodist Church, eighty years old and now retired. Dr. Dowie made much of the old gentleman, who seemed a bit dazed by it all.

The General Overseer returned to Zion City in a private car, by way of Washington, where by appointment the preacher had an hour's private talk with President Roosevelt. He told his little party

afterward that the President had promised to do something wonderful for him, but nothing ever came of it. What actually took place at that interview Herbert never knew.

CHAPTER II

It was already dark on a cold November afternoon, shortly after his return from New York, when Herbert, finishing his day's work, picked up the telephone to answer a ring.

"Hello, Renbrush?"

"Yes."

"This is Jones of 'The Tribune,' " excitedly. "Say, receivers for Doctor Dowie have just been appointed by the district court."

"You must be mistaken, Jones. We haven't heard a word of it."

"No, I'm not; they're on their way out there now with a gang of lawyers and reporters. Doctor Dowie wasn't served with any papers or cited to appear. Attorneys for the petitioners said he might try to hide out some of the assets. Thought you might like to know, maybe warn the Doctor."

"Thanks very much, Jones. He'll appreciate it, I know."

"Well, what do you think of it anyhow, Renbrush?"

"It's ridiculous, of course. The receivers won't be here long."

"That's what I thought. Well, good-by."

"Good-by, Jones, thank you again."

Herbert immediately telephoned Shiloh House and told his leader the news.

"This is a Masonic conspiracy," declared the head of Zion. "And, like all their wicked attacks, it will fail. Did your friend say when the receivers would arrive at Zion City?"

"No, General Overseer, only that they were on their way."

"Please come to Shiloh House at once."

Snatching up his hat and overcoat, and turning out his lights, Herbert started for Shiloh House, about five hundred yards from the administration building. Despite his own confident reply to Jones and Dr. Dowie's assurance that the attack would fail, he was alarmed.

Colonel Erdman met him at the door of Shiloh House.

"Come into the drawing-room," he said. "The General Overseer's waitin' for Gaines, Halsey, Nolan, Judge Shelbrace, and the heads of departments."

All these arrived within a few minutes, looking pale and solemn.

Dr. Dowie came downstairs and strode into the room beaming.

"Ah, gentlemen," he said, "good evening. You've heard, no doubt, that some foolish perjurers have been giving God and Zion another opportunity to show to the world God's care for Zion and Zion's unconquerable power. I sent for you, not that I might reassure you, for I know your faith in God and your devotion to me and to Zion, but because I have some instructions for you. The receivers and their attorneys will be here in a few minutes. I want you to meet them cordially and to assure them of your hearty

coöperation. They will doubtless come to your places of business to-morrow to take charge in the name of the court. Please give them respectful and instant acquiescence in all they require. I cannot promise, of course, but I confidently hope that you will continue in management, with no abatement of your authority or regular activities. There will be many dirty dogs of the newspapers here this evening and, doubtless, to-morrow. I need not remind you, of course, that while you are to treat them courteously, you must not discuss any of Zion's affairs with them. If any statement is to be made to the press, it will come from me. Please see that these instructions are thoroughly understood and obeyed by all your subordinates."

Hoof-beats and wheels were heard on the drive, a carriage door slammed, and in a moment Colonel Erdman was ushering into the drawing-room four rather perplexed-looking men. The receivers were Arthur J. Upland, vice-president of a Chicago bank, and Elwyn C. Candeloss, an attorney, both men in their early forties, substantial, competent-looking. With them were their lawyers, Horace Danwell, a pompous man of sixty or more, and Terrence O'Brien—shrewd, wide-awake, self-confident, dynamic.

The General Overseer advanced to meet them with outstretched hand and his most winning smile.

"I am delighted to meet you in my home," he said. "It is a cold night and you must have had a wearisome trip out here, coming on a local train. Leaving the city when you did must have interfered with your dinner hour. I myself have not dined. Shall we post-

pone business until after we have had some refreshment?"

The four murmured their thanks and their acceptance.

Herbert marveled at his chief. These receivers, sent to snatch his beloved city from him, might have been ambassadors from an emperor, bearing gifts. He discussed with them questions of statecraft and finance, not oracularly, as when entertaining his own important men, but with deference to their knowledge and opinions. He encouraged them to humor and laughed at their jokes. For once, at least, he was an eager listener, flattering, not in words, but in attention. Mindful of his obligations as host, he encouraged his associates to talk. Judge Shelbrace told some of his drollest stories. Forgetting his anxieties, Deacon Gaines was almost his usual jolly self. Deacon Lucas contributed some of his dry, British jests to the occasion, and the sly, laconic wit of Deacon Singster sometimes set the table in an uproar. The dinner itself, as always at Shiloh House, was excellent.

Reluctantly they left the table and returned slowly through the big reception hall into the drawing-room, all busily talking and laughing. When they were seated, Dr. Dowie said: "Well, gentlemen, I suppose you have some papers for me to read. We may as well get that over."

"Yes, Doctor," agreed O'Brien, "there are papers it is our duty to present."

He drew from his bag a big manila envelope, tied with pink tape, and opening it took out several documents. He handed these to the General Overseer one

by one, briefly explaining the nature of each. The doctor read these carefully without comment, and passed them over to Judge Shelbrace. The judge examined them and then handed them back to O'Brien.

"Now, gentlemen," said the General Overseer, "I regret that I have not enough room in my house to put you up for the night. But I have instructed Deacon Jeffords, manager of Elijah Hospice, to prepare for you his best accommodations. I hope you will be comfortable there. Do not hesitate to make your wants known to him or to me. When you are ready, to-morrow morning, you will find Deacon Gaines at his office in the administration building. He will cooperate fully with you in every way, in whatever you may wish to do. My carriage will be at your disposal whenever you want to visit any of our factories or offices. If at any time you wish to communicate with me, he will arrange it. These other gentlemen have also been instructed to render you any assistance in their power."

As his guests passed out, Dr. Dowie shook hands with them, giving each some special, fitting word. Without seeming to do so, he kept O'Brien until every one else had gone. Taking the clever Irishman's hand, he closed the door and drew him toward the stairway, saying, "It might be mutually profitable, Mr. O'Brien, for you and me to have a little private conference of our own."

"It might, Doctor," answered the lawyer.

They went up to the doctor's study, where they talked for an hour. Then O'Brien came out and Colonel Erdman escorted him over to Elijah Hospice.

Herbert learned next morning that the receivership had been granted on petition of obscure creditors whose total claims amounted to a little more than $1,100. What or who inspired them to this drastic move was not disclosed.

The receivers and their attorneys spent next morning with Deacon Gaines and Halsey and Judge Shelbrace in the general financial manager's office. After lunch at Elijah Hospice, they took the General Overseer's carriage and, accompanied by Deacon Gaines, made the rounds of Zion's Institutions and Industries. At each they soothingly told the manager to go right ahead with his work as if nothing had happened, sending requisitions for supplies to the general financial manager for approval as usual.

Next day was spent in Chicago with a hastily organized committee representing Zion's creditors on open accounts, and secured creditors, these being holders of mortgages given when the land was purchased. Another class of creditors, those who had purchased "stock" in Zion's Institutions and Industries, depositors in Zion City Bank, and holders of Dr. Dowie's personal notes, were not represented except unofficially by Judge Shelbrace. These latter creditors, of course, were practically all members of the Christian Catholic Church in Zion.

The great majority of Zion was exultant. To them this was but another foolish attack by Zion's enemies. When it had been swiftly repulsed, Zion would be stronger, more triumphant than ever. All the world would know her power.

Some were frightened—or they knew too much—and slipped quietly out of Zion.

Scarcely heard, hissed an undercurrent of whispers—from hiding traitors who were disloyal but afraid to leave.

To many young people the incident was a lark.

Herbert could not take his place among those who slipped quietly away. He did not, however, find himself among the light-hearted. To him a receivership was like an attack of pneumonia—you never could foresee what complications might set in.

He had met the receivers several times. They were quiet, businesslike men. They said little. While he was not in the confidence of Dr. Dowie and Deacon Gaines as to the finances of Zion, he could and did meet the general financial manager daily and observe the effect of this receivership upon that jolly gentleman's looks and manners. He could see that his good friend's confidence and cheerfulness were less than skin-deep. Herbert saw pallor, shadows under those kindly eyes, unsteady hands, and a drawn, haggard look when the face was caught off-guard, without its smile. He saw, too, the nervous irritability of Deacon Halsey, although the banker tried to keep it hidden.

All these things troubled Herbert. But the specter that drove him out to battle with the November gales until he was exhausted, that rode his shoulders plying a scourge, that sat grinning and mouthing horribly upon his chest at night when he tried to sleep, was the thought that he, Herbert Renbrush,

had urged thousands of people to invest their all in Zion and that they might lose it.

This continued for a week. The receivers were in Zion City some of the time. Their accountants and those of the committee of creditors were going over the books. No attempt was made to interfere with Dr. Dowie's management and no intimation given of their purpose or purposes. Toward the end of the week they told Deacon Gaines that they were going into court next day to make a report and that important action might be taken. Herbert went to Chicago with other leaders. On the train going in, the little party of Zion executives kept assuring one another of their faith in God and in His goodness to their General Overseer and Zion, but they were as nervous as a flock of old maids in a canoe.

The court-room was crowded. The newspapers, which always kept at least one eye upon the infallible source of news, Dr. Dowie, had told the public that his fate might be settled that morning, and hundreds of people wanted to be in at the death—if death it should prove to be. The Zion party had met Terrence O'Brien in the elevator and he found seats for them inside the railing.

Herbert saw the receivers, imperturbable as ever, sitting at a table with their attorneys. A number of newspaper men he knew waved friendly greetings to him and he waved back, smiling as best he could.

The judge came in, looking bored, every one stood, a bailiff chanted his sing-song call, the judge banged on a block of granite with his gavel, and everybody sat down. Several lawyers rushed to the judge's desk

and talked privately with him. One by one he got rid of them. Reading from his calendar, he called several cases. Lawyers standing inside the railing answered and dates for trial were set, cases postponed or laid over to the next term. Then he called the Dowie case. Herbert's heart jumped and he began to sweat. The other Zion men stirred in their seats.

Attorney O'Brien rose.

"If Your Honor please," he said, "the receivers appointed by the court proceeded immediately to Zion City where Doctor Dowie lives and where most of the real and personal property involved is located. They were freely given every facility to examine this unique and very considerable institution—or rather group of institutions. Doctor Dowie's secured creditors and creditors on open accounts met with us next day and a committee was formed to protect their interests. I have here the report of these receivers, with their recommendations, which I will read if Your Honor so desires, but I may say, for the sake of brevity, that they have found Doctor Dowie strongly solvent. His assets, very conservatively appraised, amount to more than fourteen million dollars over and above all his liabilities of every kind. It is the opinion of the receivers that he is far more able to conduct this enterprise, expand it, and make it profitable than any one else.

"I therefore move on behalf of the receivers—and this motion is favored by the committee of creditors —that the assets in this case be returned to Doctor Dowie and the receivers discharged."

It was all over in a few minutes. An attorney for

the committee of creditors confirmed what Attorney O'Brien had said, the court asked a few perfunctory questions, and then granted the motion and dismissed the case.

Herbert and his companions went over and shook hands with the receivers and their attorneys, thanking them; Judge Shelbrace rushed out to telephone the General Overseer; all expressed their total lack of surprise to reporters who flocked around them, and then started gaily back to Zion City.

CHAPTER III

Dr. Dowie had proclaimed in "Leaves of Healing," with great gusto, that the famous old Methodist, Rev. Bartholomew Virrelt, had become a member of the Christian Catholic Church in Zion. It was one of his few triumphs in New York and he had made the most of it.

A few weeks later Dr. Henry R. Stanbridge had published in his paper, the New York "Christian World," a letter from Mr. Virrelt in which he denied having joined Dr. Dowie's Church or ever intending to. He had signed a statement of belief, he admitted, but that was so broad any Christian could sign it sincerely. In Dr. Stanbridge's editorial opinion, pungently expressed, this letter from his old friend Mr. Virrelt proved that Dr. Dowie was a plain, deliberate, malicious liar, as well as all the other unpleasant things Dr. Stanbridge had called him before and now called him again. Newspapers took up the chorus and glaring headlines spattered North America from coast to coast.

On the following Friday evening the General Overseer met at Shiloh House with Overseers Goodheart, Darling, Bacon, and Jessup; Elders Shedd and Wildbeck; and Deacons Gaines, Halsey, Nolan, Shelbrace, and Harrow. The General Overseer read Dr. Stanbridge's article, with Virrelt's letter. He then pro-

ceeded to examine Overseer Bacon, who had secured Virrelt's signature to an application for membership in the Christian Catholic Church in Zion Throughout the World. The overseer was certain that he had made it plain to Mr. Virrelt just what he was signing. The application itself was then produced and Overseer Bacon identified the signature, which, he said, had been affixed in his presence. The paper was passed from hand to hand for all to see. Each of those present was asked to testify that he had been present in Carnegie Hall and had seen and heard the ceremony at which the Rev. Bartholomew Virrelt had been given and had willingly received the right hand of fellowship.

The General Overseer then said: "Now, I call upon all of you, who are witnesses to the shameful and deliberate falsehoods of these two men, who have for many years named the name of Jesus and professed to be consecrated to His ministry, to say, as God sees your hearts, whether they are not guilty of grievous sin, which they have not hesitated to publish to all the world, and whether it is not my painful duty, as Elijah the Restorer and General Overseer of the Christian Catholic Church in Zion Throughout the World, to 'deliver them unto Satan for the destruction of the flesh.' I charge you to pronounce your verdict with all solemnity, praying unto God to endow you with His wisdom and keep your hearts and minds ever in His ways to do His Will, for, gentlemen, officers of the Church, *this is a death sentence!*"

After a brief prayer, he asked each one present for his verdict. These solemn men, looking scared, each concurred in the "death sentence."

The General Overseer, taking off his skullcap, then, with great earnestness, pronounced the following sentence:

"I therefore, in the Name of the Lord, declare that Bartholomew Virrelt and Henry R. Stanbridge are guilty of wilful, shameful, and deliberate falsehood.

"I publicly demand that they shall repent before God and man, branded as hypocrites and liars.

"I therefore will do that which the Apostle Paul directed the church at Corinth [I Corinthians, V, 3–5] to do in the case of a 'puffed up' and vile offender.

"*In the Name of the Most High God, I deliver Henry R. Stanbridge and Bartholomew Virrelt unto Satan for the destruction of the flesh, that their spirits may be saved in the day of the Lord Jesus!*

"May God have mercy upon them in that Great Day, when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed.

"May it be that ere their bodies perish, they shall truly repent and be saved!"

All this was published in "Leaves of Healing" the next morning.

And both men, although one of them was eighty years old, lived and flourished for years after John Alexander Dowie was in his grave.

CHAPTER IV

EARLY in March, 1903, the General Overseer had announced that he would conduct an Around the World mission during the first six months of 1904. Preparations for it had been going forward during months when all the world had been watching Zion make ready for the New York Visitation. In Australia Overseer Voliva was hiring halls, expanding his Zion Guard, training his Zion White-Robed Choir, organizing and sending out his Zion Restoration Host, and arranging itineraries. In Europe, elders, evangelists, deacons, and deaconesses were making similar preparations. Some of these officers had been ordained in Chicago or Zion City and sent to London, Paris, Zürich, and other places, some had been ordained by the General Overseer on his visit to Europe in 1900–1901.

Mrs. Dowie, Gladstone, and Nancy Harrow had gone to Paris during the New York Visitation and would meet the General Overseer in Australia. Herbert, John Harrow, Colonel Erdman, and Harold Winans would go with their leader.

Because he had been talking about buying several thousand acres of land in the South or Southwest, as a suitable agricultural adjunct to Zion City, the General Overseer and party were given free use of a private car for their trip from Zion City to San

Francisco. This was donated by the real-estate department of one of the great transcontinental railroads.

January first, 1904, fell on Saturday, and they were to start on the morning of that day. The population of Zion City was to spend Friday night and the first six or seven hours of Saturday morning in Shiloh Tabernacle at the usual All Night with God. Because of this, all work in the town had ceased at noon on Friday.

Herbert had been busy at his desk, at various places in the city, in the General Overseer's office in the administration building, and in the study of Shiloh House, from eight o'clock Thursday morning until this Friday noon—the last day of the old year.

Now it was two o'clock of the short winter day. He knew he ought to go to his room and sleep until dinner time, since he would be up all night. But he was too restless to sleep. Wandering aimlessly about the empty offices, he picked up a magazine and stood idly turning its leaves. He had not even noted what magazine it was, when suddenly there leaped out at him the headline, "Dowie Analyzed and Classified." It was the "Century" for October, 1902—and this was the match, in the hands of Dr. Stanbridge, which had touched off the New York Visitation! Herbert had not read it for more than a year. Still only half conscious of what he did, he slid down into the superintendent's chair, turned on a light, and began to read.

Smoothly ran the great editor's sentences. Easily their meaning slipped past dozing sentinels into the

ever-alert subconscious mind. Then came the verdict:

"If Dowie believes it, he is in the moonlit borderland of insanity."

Herbert came awake as by a blinding flash.

He believed Stanbridge!

All in a sickening moment a hundred scenes of the last few years passed in review. They had been inexplicable. Now they were explained.

Dr. Dowie was going insane!

Was, in fact, insane now!

How long had he been so?

How much of what Zion now believed was merely the delusion of a paranoiac?

Herbert felt as if solid earth had suddenly vanished from beneath his feet, or the sun had crashed down from the sky, leaving a universe in utter darkness.

Slowly, painfully, his conscious mind began to function. Since it was a human mind, it began to "reason" away that unwelcome flash of insight. Herbert did not want to believe that his General Overseer was "in the moonlit borderland of insanity." Therefore, by dinner time, he had, with a fair degree of comfort, persuaded himself.

Herbert Renbrush was a different man after his half hour with Dr. Stanbridge in the dusk of that dying year. He seemed to others—and even to himself—the same; but deep down in the foundations of his being there was a secret fire burning away that which had been built in by rationalization.

In Zion's affections those who boarded the private car "Angeleno" at Zion City station Saturday morning, after the All Night with God and an excited

breakfast, were distinguished men. In addition to the around-the-world group were Judge Shelbrace, Deacon Johnson, Deacon Hosea Lampton, and Deacon Peter Z. Richardus, a wealthy man who was slated to become general manager of Zion Plantations when these should materialize.

The General Overseer was in his lightest mood. He joked, bantered, laughed, imitated a drunken man, and told some of his time-tried, sure-fire Scotch stories. The others joined in the fun. Everybody forgot that he had been up all through the night before, and it was after midnight when Dr. Dowie suddenly ordered the party to bed.

Herbert, in bed, laughed at his waking nightmare of Friday afternoon. " 'Moonlit borderland!' Ho! ho! and ha! ha! Did you ever see a saner, sounder man? I must have been a little bughouse myself." And so he went to sleep.

Morning found the "Angeleno" running southward through Mississippi. Breakfast over, Dr. Dowie sent Colonel Erdman for his Bible and began family prayers. After Zion hymns, the General Overseer read and expounded a passage of Scripture for an hour, he and several others led in prayer, and then he began his sermon.

"We have been reading," he said, "of the Great and Dreadful Day of the Lord, now so close at hand, and of the glorious Millennium which will follow that Day.

"It is clear that those of us who are alive when the Millennium is ushered in, those who share in the First Resurrection at that time, will all wear the 'glori-

fied,' 'incorruptible' body which St. Paul mentions. That body could be only our present, human body, created in the image of God, but freed from its weaknesses, its imperfections, its liability to disease and death, and its bondage to old age—a body of wondrous beauty, symmetry, strength, vigor, and inexhaustible youth. And can you conceive such a body without full sexual powers and passions?

"Think well what this means. Throughout the Millennium we shall be the fathers of children—the offspring of clean, pure, healthy, vigorous youth. They will be beautiful, perfect children, a race such as this earth has never before seen."

There was much more—indeed, two hours more—of this sermon, but this is the gist of it. A glorious picture of a thousand years of bliss! But somehow it did not inspire Dr. Dowie's audience. Perhaps there was too unpleasant a reminder of the popular notion of Mohammedan heaven—lovely houris for the faithful.

Arriving in New Orleans about noon, the party took carriages and went sight-seeing. That evening they were on their way to San Antonio, Texas, where the General Overseer preached to a large crowd. A week was spent in southern Texas, looking over various tracts of land, and then the "Angeleno" was off on its way to Los Angeles.

After leaving San Antonio the General Overseer began another sermon on the Millennium. His faithful deacons, secretly wishing he would keep off that subject and much more interested in the strange country through which they were riding, looked out the

windows. Suddenly the General Overseer stopped. "Erdman," he ordered, "pull down the window-shades. This is of vital importance and I must have undivided attention."

Thus, for three hot, dusty hours they rode in semi-darkness while Dr. Dowie preached.

"We have already seen that, during the Millennium, we shall have the glorious privilege and divinely imposed duty of procreating the most beautiful, perfect children the world has ever known.

"I call your attention to a further fact. All through the ages, and even to-day, there have been and are many more good women than good men. So we shall find more women among the redeemed, those of the first resurrection. These women, with their strong, beautiful, youthful bodies will all be entitled to love. They will have the pure but strong passions of healthy young women. And there will not be enough men so that each can have a husband. This condition is foretold by the Prophet Isaiah.

" 'And in that day seven women shall take hold of one man, saying, We will eat our own bread, and wear our own apparel: only let us be called by thy name, to take away our reproach. In that day shall the branch of the Lord be beautiful and glorious, and the fruit of the earth shall be excellent and comely, for them that are escaped of Israel.'

"It is clear, then, that men will, in all purity and holiness, have more than one wife. There is nothing in God's Word forbidding polygamy. On the contrary, it was expressly commanded by God Himself under certain circumstances. I call your attention to

Deuteronomy, twenty-five, five to nine, in which a man is required to marry his brother's widow, whether or not he already has a wife.

"In our present day conditions are much the same as they will be during the Millennium—there are many more good women than good men. These women are, of all women on earth, the best fitted to be mothers, and yet we see so many of them, beautiful, strong, godly women, denied that privilege because there are no good men for them to marry. God and Zion need those children. Those women are divinely entitled to a husband's love. Why should we not permit the best men among us, the ablest, the most wealthy, to marry more than one wife, so that no good woman will be deprived of her God-given rights, so that God and Zion shall not be deprived of her children? We are preparing for the Millennium. Is it not our duty to prepare for it by living, as nearly as we can, as we shall live through the thousand years?

"I remember so well, several years ago, I visited the president of the Mormon Church in Salt Lake City. While I was in his office a fine, handsome young man came in, affectionately kissed the president, and was introduced to me as his son. His love and respect for his father were beautiful to see. When he had gone out, I congratulated the president upon his son. He thanked me and said, 'God has blessed me with twenty-five more like him.' 'And I,' I thought, sorrowfully, 'have only one!' "

The faces of those eight Zion men were a study. Dust had settled on them and had been streaked with

perspiration. Bewilderment, horror, alarm, disgust were written on them. Dr. Dowie must have seen this, for he laughed, teasingly. "Does that shock you, my brethren? Well, do not be alarmed. I am only raising these questions, trying to lead you into a careful and prayerful study of the Scriptures relating to the Times of the End, of the Restoration of all things. We are in those times now and we bear a leading part in them. If we are to obey the Will of God, we must know what His will is."

Deacons Lampton and Richardus had seen, admired, and bought purses in San Antonio. Now they proudly displayed them.

"What kind of leather is that?" Deacon Johnson wanted to know.

"Why, calfskin, I guess," answered Lampton, innocently.

"Calfskin your grandmother," laughed Colonel Erdman, "that's pigskin."

"Pigskin!" exclaimed their General Overseer, shocked. "Are you sure, Erdman?"

"Yes, General Overseer."

Others looked at the purses and agreed with him.

"Don't touch them," commanded the General Overseer. "You know God's Word, 'Their carcasses ye shall not touch; they are unclean unto you.'"

The offending purses were picked up on a fire shovel and thrown out of the window.

CHAPTER V

A crowd of Los Angeles reporters boarded the train at Pomona and clamored for an interview. This Dr. Dowie refused, but sent Herbert. One of their most persistent questions was whether or not Dr. Dowie, as Elijah, would pray for rain in Southern California. Here it was the middle of January and only a little rain since last April. Ordinarily, rains began in November. Everything was burning up. The situation was becoming serious. Elijah of old had prayed for rain after three years and six months' drought and his prayer had been answered. Wouldn't Elijah in this day pray for rain after only nine months' dry spell?

Wouldn't Mr. Renbrush go and ask Dr. Dowie about it and let them know what he said?

Reluctantly, after much insistence, Herbert left the Pullman smoking-room where they were gathered and, going into the "Angeleno," put their query to his chief. The great man's eyes flashed, his brow clouded.

"Tell them I do not reveal my plans to the vipers of the press."

That message was softened by the young man who relayed it to the Los Angeles reporters, but with its substance they had to be satisfied.

Arriving at Los Angeles on Monday, the Zion

party devoted six days to sight-seeing and to swimming at Santa Monica. Many Zion people, residents and tourists in Southern California called upon them. Among them were Deaconesses Mary A. Montague and Ellene Le Moana, two hard workers in the ecclesiastical department at Zion City. The first was a widow of sixty, usually buxom and hearty but now much run down by the New York Visitation and a hard cold she had caught there. Diana was a handsome spinster of thirty, with opulent physical charms, an aristocratic pedigree, and a more than adequate income. These two the General Overseer took under his wing.

During all this week the newspapers kept challenging Dr. Dowie to pray for rain—some seriously, others humorously.

Hazzard's Pavilion was crowded at three o'clock on that Sunday afternoon. The day was warm. California's sun blazed down upon the scene from a sky upon which no cloud appeared. Outside, dry and dusty eucalyptus leaves rattled in a scorching Santa Ana wind. Inside, one could feel tension in the audience. "Will he dare pray for rain? The newspapers have put him in a hole. If he does and no rain comes, then he's not Elijah. If he doesn't, then he's afraid to —and that's almost worse."

At last the preacher dropped on his knees behind the pulpit. Never before had an audience followed his prayers with more strained attention.

In its early sentences the General Overseer's prayer was calmly, majestically eloquent. As the strong, rasping voice went on, there was rhythm, beauty,

earnestness, but always serenity. Dr. Dowie never ranted or became hysterical when he prayed. The great audience sat almost breathless. At last he came to "this great and beautiful city, so happily situated between the mountains and the sea."

"It is now or never," thought Herbert. The assembled multitude leaned forward, hanging on every word.

"But, God, our Father, we have seen the distress of this land, which Thou hast made so fair and fruitful. Look upon it now in Thy Mercy and send rain—Thy refreshing, life-giving rain—as Thou didst send the rain upon Israel in that day when Thy servant, Elijah the Prophet, bowed himself before Thee on Mount Carmel and besought Thy Divine favor. Hear and answer the prayer of Thy servant, O God, that this people may know that Thou art God and that he who speaks to Thee is sent in the spirit and power of Elijah to turn the hearts of the children to the fathers and the hearts of the fathers to their children, lest Thou come and smite the earth with a curse."

Over the audience there swept a sibilant, rustling wave of sound like sudden rushing of wind through a wood. They had come for sport—now they were a little awed and more than a little uncomfortable. Here was simple faith and courage they could not understand and they were afraid.

The General Overseer finished his prayer and the services went on. He preached with more than usual fire. Whether the people believed all he said or not, they were impressed, deeply attentive.

As his sermon drew to its close the great pavilion

began to grow dark. Windows which had been bright with sunshine were now gray. The hot, dry Santa Ana wind was felt no more. Sounds died away and there was fear in the stillness. People looked at one another with wonder and awe.

Suddenly the General Overseer stopped, calling as always for a rising profession. Apparently every one rose and many repeated after him the prayer of consecration. He called upon them to sing with him one stanza of a hymn. When they had sung it, he pronounced the benediction, then said, "Get to your homes quickly, for there is sound of abundance of rain."

But he was too late.

Just as the multitude turned to go, rain descended in torrents.

Herbert was serenely, reverently happy—except for shame that he had been of so little faith as ever to doubt his General Overseer.

After a day spent at Santa Barbara, where Dr. Dowie met and entertained some members of Zion in the private car, the party came at last to San Francisco. Here two evening meetings were held in a theater, and the General Overseer gave an elaborate luncheon to all his party and several guests, including a number of railroad and steamship officials, at the St. Francis. Immediately afterward he, Colonel Erdman, John Harrow, Harold Winans, and Herbert went on board the *Sonoma* and at about half past two sailed away.

These five, after waving farewell to their com-

panions on the pier, stood forward, enjoying the panorama of San Francisco, her sister cities, and her harbor. They were dressed, as when they left the luncheon, in long black Prince Alberts, striped gray trousers, patent-leather shoes, and high silk hats. And they were gay. But the Colonel, John, and Harold suddenly went to bed in all their splendid clothing and remained there in pallid misery for five days.

A day in Honolulu passed like a dream, and a week of quiet summer seas brought them into the cup-like harbor of Pago-Pago, Samoa. They entered before dawn and anchored. With the first rays of sunlight a dozen native canoes converged on the ship, bringing bananas, limes, oranges, and tapa cloth. While passengers bargained with smiling *café-au-lait*-colored merchants, Herbert's eyes were drawn to four native girls. They were half white—one of them seemed nearly all white—with rosy cheeks, dark, liquid eyes, red lips, and beautiful white teeth. Their features were much finer than those of their companions—in short, they were both pretty and attractive. These young women sat apart from the venders, each in a bright-hued wrapper, and laughed together over jokes of their own.

When the sun was high the whitest of these native belles rose languidly, loosened her yellow garment, and with a sinuous movement of her body slid it shimmering to her feet. Save for a white loin-cloth she stood nude in the sunlight, a Venus carved in ivory. Then, with an effortless dive she plunged into the water. The other girls, scarcely less beautiful than she, also stripped and dived. Laughing, they called for

coins, and, when these were tossed, went down for them as gracefully as young seals.

Dr. Dowie was charmed. He began by throwing dimes, but soon gained the girls' attention from other passengers by throwing quarters. He chose the whitest girl as his favorite, helped her to maneuver away from the others, and threw her half-dollars, and then silver dollars, of which he got a supply from the purser. She began calling him "My sweetheart," which delighted him and made him answer her in kind. Some of her poses and gestures were not conventional according to canons of puritanical society, but he seemed to feel none the worse toward her on that account. At last his supply of silver failed, the ship's bugle sounded for luncheon, the little rascal climbed into her canoe and paddled away, waving and singing, "Good-by, my sweetheart," while the venerable, white-bearded General Overseer of the Christian Catholic Church in Zion Throughout the World responded with enthusiasm.

The *Sonoma* rode silently into the beautiful harbor of Auckland, New Zealand, at midnight and dropped anchor. Next morning she passed quarantine and was docked. Then there trooped aboard more than fifty members of Zion to greet their General Overseer. Several of them had attended his meetings in Auckland sixteen years before. Herbert was amazed when the great man called each by name, remembered what disease he had been healed of, inquired by name also about members of his family, and asked him about his grocery business, plumbing, or whatever it was he did for a living. Herbert, disturbed in

spite of himself by the Pago-Pago episode and other eccentricities, was reassured. Any man with such a smoothly and accurately working memory had nothing wrong with his head.

After a day in Auckland, they sailed away to Sydney, where they were met by Overseer Voliva and several elders, evangelists, deacons, and deaconesses.

Meetings in Sydney Town Hall brought out great crowds, and there was booing, singing "Boys of the Bulldog Breed," and rioting both inside and outside the hall. No one was hurt, and after a week the party moved on to Melbourne, where they were joined by Mrs. Dowie, Gladstone, and Nancy Harrow, who had arrived from France a week or two earlier and had been visiting with relatives of Mrs. Dowie in Adelaide.

At Melbourne, for the first time in his life, the General Overseer found himself excluded from a hotel. The manager was polite but obstinate. "We have no room."

Other hotels were tried—with the same result. Dr. and Mrs. Dowie and their son went out to St. Kilda, a suburb, and crowded themselves into Overseer Voliva's cottage. The rest of the party found rooms in private houses near-by.

For two weeks the General Overseer preached every afternoon in Zion Tabernacle, a second-story hall in the heart of the city. On the last Sunday he was advertised for a great meeting in Exhibition Hall. The police professed to be worried about riots on that occasion.

Herbert spent most of his time in Overseer Voliva's

office—a room behind the platform of the Tabernacle —talking to real-estate and security prospects, or waiting for them to appear, but always attended the afternoon meetings. The others came to the Tabernacle from St. Kilda in hired carriages.

CHAPTER VI

HERBERT was alone in his borrowed office writing to his mother. It was almost time for the afternoon meeting. The carriages from St. Kilda were due. A swift staccato of footsteps, the door was thrown open, and Nancy came in. She was excited.

"Herbert," she said, "John resigned this morning. He's going back to Chicago."

"Nan! You're joking," gasped Herbert.

"Yes," she said, with a peculiar smile, "I guess it is a kind of joke, but I hadn't thought of it that way. Joke or not, however, it's true."

"What came over him? I've been with him all these weeks and never suspected he had any such thing in his head. I don't understand it."

"Well, I guess he's been worried a good deal, from what he told me, ever since the New York trip. Some things the General Overseer's said and done on the way here have worried him more. Then this morning, down at Overseer Voliva's, they had a pretty hot quarrel and Jack suddenly threw his job, his office, and his Zion membership in the General Overseer's teeth and walked out. He came to our room and said, 'Well, Nan, I've resigned. I'm going back to Chicago on the next boat. Do you want to go along?'

"After I'd had a minute to take in his news, I told him I'd stay with the General Overseer. He said that

was all right, he'd expected me to. I asked why he had resigned, and he said, 'No matter now—that's all past.' "

"Don't you worry, Nan," said Herbert, more confidently than he felt, "it's probably only a flash in the pan. They've both been under a strain and they lost their tempers. They'll make it all up to-night."

"You don't know John, Herbert, if you really think that. But he wants to see you. He's out at the room now, packing."

Herbert found the ex-deacon, ex-editor, and ex-Zion member whistling and singing.

"Oh, hello, old man, come on in. Throw the collars off that chair and sit down. If you don't mind, I'll go right on packing while we chew the rag. I want to get off to Sydney to-night."

"It's all off, John. You're not going," laughed Herbert.

"Not going? What'll you bet?"

"Four cents and a fish-hook, of course. You're to go to the G. O., say you're sorry, and both of you stop being ninnies."

"Say I'm sorry? Man, you must be crazy. I was never more glad of anything in my life."

"Glad to be out of Zion? Glad to be separated from Nancy?" gasped Herbert.

"Now look here, old man, I'm not going to argue this thing with you one minute. If you're happy in Zion, if you're fully satisfied with everything Doctor Dowie has said and done these last six months, I wouldn't upset you for the world. It'll be enough, I guess, to say that neither Zion nor Doctor Dowie's

the same as when I joined. I could work with 'em then. I can't now. I foolishly tried to stick it out until this trip was over because I didn't want to leave the old man in the lurch.

"This morning he sent for me before he was dressed. I could see he was in a vile temper about something, so I walked on eggs, as usual. He wanted to get off a cable for the 'Leaves,' and had me taking it down. There was a lot of sticky fly-paper around, and he was fussing and fuming the way he does when he's mad. He dropped his collar-button, and that made him cuss—in his Christian way. Then he laid down his collar to look for the button—and put it right smack in the middle of a sheet of fly-paper, not noticing what he did. I couldn't see the fly-paper, of course; it was on top of the chiffonier. Well, I found his collar-button for him, and then he grabbed his collar."

John stopped to laugh.

"Holy cats! You ought to have seen and heard him. The fly-paper came up with the collar—stuck to his hand. He tried to shake it off, and it got on his cuff. Then he tried to snatch it off with the other hand and got that all gummed up—all the time bellowing like a cast bull. Gosh, it was better than a monkey with a mirror. I nearly died choking back a laugh in his face.

"Of course I tried to help him, so he turned on me. You know how he is when he gets mad—blows up whoever's nearest. Accused me of putting his collar on the sticky stuff. Then when I said I didn't, yelled at me that I was a liar. Well, that was more than

plenty, so I just told him I was through and would thank him to accept my resignation from the whole smear right then and there. He took me up like a flash and ordered me out of the house. Called me a dirty coward and deserter. Of course, I expected that. He never lets anybody get away without a shot in the back."

"Well, don't you see, John, you were both mad. He didn't mean what he said, and you don't need to mean what you said."

"Oh, that's all right. I don't hold that against him. I know he's just letting off steam such times. But it gave me a chance I couldn't afford to miss. Now I'm out, I'd certainly be a darn fool to sneak back in again. But that isn't what I wanted to talk to you about—that's all past and gone. Did Nan tell you she wasn't going back to Chicago with me?"

"Yes, she did."

"Well, that's another reason I'm glad this has happened. Nan's a wonderful girl and I admire her immensely, and I think she has at least some little respect for me. But we just don't gee, somehow. 'Tisn't her fault, and I hope it isn't altogether mine, but we'll both be a lot happier apart. 'Twas all a mistake we ever married. We've both seen it for a long time but have hated to make a break when we've been pretty prominent in Zion. The newspapers make so much of anything like that. Now this comes along and solves the problem.

"I wanted to tell you this, so you'd understand. And I'm fond of her, in a way, and want her to be happy, even if we couldn't make each other happy.

So I'm asking you to be a good friend to her. She thinks a lot of you and you can kinda help her get herself adjusted. I suppose we'll both want a divorce, eventually, and I guess I can give her, at least technically, the only grounds that count in Zion—but that's in the future. It depends on what she wants. Whatever it is, you tell her she can count on me."

"But John, this is terrible, I—"

"Oh, no, it isn't, old man. Get that out of your coco. I'm happier than I've been for months—seems like years—and Nan's a good sport. I'll bet you anything you like she's even more relieved than I am. I'll be all right. I may try to get some kind of newspaper job in Sydney for a while. Now I'm here, I'd kinda like to see Australia before I go back. I'm sorry to leave you, of course. You're the best friend I ever had."

"But to be outside of Zion!"

"I know just how you feel, of course, but I'm not going to talk about it. All I can say is I feel as if I had just waked up and was tickled to death to find a terrible nightmare was only a dream, after all."

"But, John, you won't fight Zion?"

"Good Lord, no! I've got my bellyful of fighting from now on."

CHAPTER VII

Dr. Dowie and his party had moved on to Adelaide. Mrs. Dowie's relatives had a picturesque and commodious summer home on the southern slope of Mount Lofty, about eighteen miles from the city. It stood in a gray-green forest of giant eucalyptus, two thousand feet above the coastal plain. Built of stone, with verandas on three sides, it was cool and comfortable. This was to be their retreat for a few weeks' rest.

"Well, what do you think of this?" exclaimed Herbert, looking up from a letter. "Jess says the Steelhavers are in Zion City."

An American mail had just been brought out from Adelaide by Overseer Voliva. Nancy, Herbert, Colonel Erdman, and Harold Winans sat on the west veranda, overlooking the gardens. Here they had improvised an office. The sun was shining, a light breeze tempering its midsummer rays—this was in early March—laughing-jackasses were making the woods ring with their merriment, the General Overseer and his family, with Overseer Voliva, were on the east veranda with their mail, and all had dropped everything else to devour their letters from home.

"But," objected the colonel, "the General Overseer threw 'em out of Zion."

"Yes, I know," said Herbert, "but listen here. Jesse says:

" 'I suppose you remember the Steelhavers—the honeymooners that got bounced because the lady was too well supplied with husbands. Well, they're here at the hospice, and have begun honeymooning all over again. He tells me that after they left Zion their consciences began to hurt, so they decided to separate. Then, about two weeks ago, her first husband was killed in an automobile accident, so they hunted up the old wedding-ring, got Overseer Darling to wish it on her again, and here they are. They are willing to let bygones be bygones. But let me say, dear esthetic boss, that woman adds more solace for wearied optics to the landscape of our town than a whole forest of azaleas.' "

Every one laughed.

Just then Overseer Voliva came around the corner.

"General Overseer wants you, Deacon Renbrush," he said.

Herbert sped away along the west and south verandas to where Dr. and Mrs. Dowie and their son sat reading their mail.

"Ah, Herbert, my son, peace to thee. Have you and Mistress Harrow finished preparing those reports for 'Leaves of Healing'?"

"Just about, General Overseer. Not more than an hour's work on them now, I guess."

"That is good. I wish you would get them all ready at once. I want you to return to Adelaide with Overseer Voliva and carry my command to some of our members there that they shall sell their properties at once and bring the returns into Zion.

"Deacon Gaines has far exceeded his authority in

holding back remittances, and I am very angry with him. He may think he can go as he likes and do as he pleases because the General Overseer is ten thousand miles away, but he will find that the General Overseer has a very long arm. Ah, what's this?"

A carroty-haired, liberally freckled youth with steel clips holding the legs of yellow nankeen trousers tight around his ankles had come from the north front of the house.

"You Mister Dowie?" he asked.

"I am Doctor Dowie, yes," answered that gentleman, with reproving dignity.

"Got a cible for yew," said the youth, ignoring the reproof. "Sign heah."

"Ah, thank you," said the preacher, handing the messenger a half-crown anyway.

"Excuse me, Mama," he murmured, and tore it open.

"Ah, in code," he said, portentously, "from Zion City. My code book is in my study."

To Herbert's surprise, instead of sending for the book, he got up and trotted indoors. In half an hour the great man reappeared. His eyes glowed, his head was held high, his face shone.

"Mama," he said, glancing mysteriously at the others, "will you please come to my study. I have something to show you."

Mrs. Dowie rose and followed him.

Nearly an hour passed. Dr. and Mrs. Dowie returned, the doctor more flushed with joy than before. In much the same way, one at a time, Gladstone, Overseer Voliva, Colonel Erdman, Nancy, and Harold

Winans were mysteriously taken to the study. Herbert was called, with the same air of state secrecy.

"Herbert, my son," said the great man impressively when they had seated themselves in the study and Dr. Dowie had satisfied himself that there were no eavesdroppers, "before I left Zion City I made certain very important provisions for its finances. You, I know, have been loyal to your General Overseer and have kept your faith in Zion's glorious future. But I grieve to say that some, even some high in the councils of Zion, have been fearful and have been a great trial to me. I have been patient with them because I knew their human frailties. I have tried to show them that there were many untouched resources, known to me, which I could not safely reveal to them until the proper time, but they, by reason of their years of bondage to the world's godless methods of finance and banking, had little faith in what they could not actually see and handle. As a result, they have caused me a great deal of needless irritation on this mission for God and for Zion by their constant worry over its cost. Now, however, they see that I have looked farther ahead than they could, that I have laid my plans well, and that all their fears and complaints were only obstacles to my success in this great forward movement in obedience to God's Will.

"Long months ago I practically concluded negotiations with gentlemen in charge of a new electric railway between Chicago and Milwaukee to sell them a right of way through Zion City. These negotiations have now borne their expected fruit, as you will see

by this cablegram, which Gaines sent me in code this morning, and which I have decoded."

With this the General Overseer, his eyes glowing, his face beaming, his mustache twitching, handed over a slip of paper, in his carefully drawn vertical handwriting. Herbert read:

"Sold North Shore right of way for $100,000 cash."

"Do you see what that means?" exulted Dr. Dowie, striding about. "Not only do we place this hundred thousand in our treasury, but the building of the road means many months of work at high wages for our people, and the railway, when completed, will add millions to the value of property in Zion City."

He laughed gleefully.

"I guess you think I'm a knowing card."

Then he grew mysterious again.

"I have confided in you, Herbert, because you are responsible for real-estate operations in Zion City. But you see, of course, that this information, sent to us in secret code, must be carefully guarded. Zion does not make known all her business, not even to to her own people. There are affairs of finance that it is unwise to discuss with any one not directly concerned. I trust you absolutely. You have never betrayed a confidence. I know this vastly important information is safe with you.

"Another matter—my son wants to go to Adelaide to-morrow to some cricket match or other. I do not like to have him go alone, so I want you to go with him. I believe this match continues two or three days. You will be very nicely entertained at the home

of Mistress Dowie's relatives. Go and enjoy yourself, my son; you have earned it."

"But what about those people I am to see?"

"I have been thinking that over. It would be better to wait until they have attended my meetings in Adelaide. Come, let us join the others."

Luncheon was an hour late, but was a happy event, Dr. Dowie triumphantly discussing the great $100,000 sale for the benefit of all those present, including two servants who waited upon table.

CHAPTER VIII

THE General Overseer's first public appearance in Adelaide was at the Town Hall, a week after events related in our last chapter. The whole party had moved into rooms at the York Hotel.

That evening, early, crowds began to gather in the streets. They were noisy, singing "Boys of the Bulldog Breed" and "We'll Hang Jack Dowie on a Sour-apple-tree," and yelling, "Bring the old faker out." A cordon of mounted police was sent to escort the preacher's carriage. Mrs. Dowie, Gladstone, and Herbert rode with the General Overseer, Colonel Erdman with the coachman. Boos and hisses greeted them as they passed, and pieces of "road metal" were thrown.

The Town Hall stood on a corner with an L-shaped alley on one side of and behind it. Street entrances to this alley were guarded by massive iron gates ten or twelve feet tall, as was the main entrance to the building itself. The auditorium was on the second floor, with both front and rear stairs.

A squad of police stood at the gates guarding the alley opening from King William Street. Without slackening pace, the carriage was driven up to these gates, policemen swung them open just in time, the vehicle swept through, and before any one could fol-

low they were banged shut again. Long before this the hall had filled and iron gates at its front door had been closed and locked.

When the General Overseer and his three companions came up the rear stairs they found pandemonium. A few Zion people in front seats were quiet and evidently scared. A few strangers clustered near them. The remainder of the crowd was singing, romping up and down the aisles, and chanting, "We want Dowie."

The General Overseer, Mrs. Dowie, Gladstone, and Overseer Voliva mounted the platform, Nancy and Harold took their places at a small table in front ready to write their reports, Colonel Erdman stood guard at the rear door, and Herbert posted himself in front of Nan and Harold.

A hymn was announced and sung, but could not be heard above lusty strains of the bulldog song. Mrs. Dowie read a passage of Scripture while the mob mimicked her voice, yowled like cats, and threw hymn-books and programs at her. Fortunately, their marksmanship was as poor as their manners. Another hymn was tried—and drowned. Overseer Voliva offered prayer amid a shower of hymn-books and a clatter of songs and witticisms. Then the General Overseer began his sermon. For an hour he matched his voice against that of the mob. Their ammunition of hymn-books being exhausted, they began breaking up seats, but the yield was disappointing.

"Come on, me 'earties, let's tyke 'im," some one shouted, standing half-way up the middle aisle. He was joined by a score of larrikins and they started a rush for the platform, howling threats. Herbert

quietly stood his ground, hands hanging at his sides. Nancy and Harold sat unmoved behind him. The General Overseer stepped forward, ceased speaking, and fixed his eyes upon the leader of the mob. They slowed up, stopped just as the vanguard reached Herbert, hurled some obscene epithets, crumbled, and drifted away. Three times, each time with a different leader, an attack was organized, made its advance, and melted down.

Meanwhile the mob outside had wrecked one of Adelaide's quaint two-story street-cars and had smashed twenty pounds fifteen shillings' worth of window-glass in the Town Hall. Dr. Dowie learned the exact amount of damage, because he had to pay the bill—also for broken seats in the hall.

A lieutenant of police came to the rear door and warned Colonel Erdman, "The chief says you'd better close up and get out while you can. The crowd's gettin' violent and you may all be killt if you wait too long."

Chris signaled the General Overseer, who pronounced the benediction. Quickly he and his party slipped through the rear door and down into the alley. Dr. and Mrs. Dowie sat on the rear seat of the carriage, Gladstone and Herbert on the front seat facing them. Windows in the upper part of the carriage doors were let down, so that no one should be cut by flying glass. Gladstone put his shoulders and back in one window, Herbert his in the other. Colonel Erdman and the coachman took their places on the box, pulled down their silk hats and turned up their coat collars.

All was ready. The carriage was headed toward Pirie Street, about thirty yards from the gates, which were guarded by police.

The coachman cracked his whip, shouted to the horses, and they leaped forward. When they reached the gates they were galloping. The huge iron portals swung open in the nick of time. Snarling and cursing, the mob cringed back, madly trampling one another. Careening drunkenly as it turned into Pirie Street, the carriage soon righted itself and in a twinkling had outdistanced the swiftest of its pursuers. As it turned and fled, there was a crashing of brickbats and cobblestones upon it. Both Gladstone and Herbert felt a blow or two. But their only casualty was the coachman, who had an ugly scalp wound.

For a week, meetings were held only afternoons and were undisturbed. The great, final gathering of the series, and of Dr. Dowie's mission to Australia, was to be held in Government Exhibition Building on Sunday. On Wednesday afternoon Adelaide's chief of police and one of his captains were closeted for half an hour with Dr. Dowie. When they had gone, the leader sent for his party. They came into his suite wondering, and found him walking the floor in deep thought, his little black skullcap awry, his hands clasped behind his back.

"My beloved helpers," he said, "the chief and a captain of the Adelaide police urge me to cancel next Sunday's meeting. They say that the building is a mere wooden shell, with doors all around, so that it would take ten times as many police as they can command to protect us. His men all report to him

that plans are being made to kill me; that all the worst element of Port Adelaide, notorious thugs, are making open threats that I will not live to see Sunday's sunset.

"I told him, at first, that I would not cancel the meeting.

"He then said, 'Well, I suppose you have a right to throw your own life away if you feel like it, but what about your people? I suppose they'll try to protect you. If they do, they'll all be killed or badly hurt too.'

"I had not considered that. I told him I would defer to your wishes. Shall we hold the meeting, as we have announced, or shall we cancel it, as the police urge? What do you say, Overseer Voliva?"

"As far as I am concerned, we hold the meeting, General Overseer."

Dr. Dowie solemnly put the question to each one. All said, "Hold the meeting."

"It is only fair to warn you," said the General Overseer, after he had thanked them, "that I think the police are right. I counsel you each to put his affairs in order, to write such communications to relatives and friends as you wish sent, and leave them with the manager of the hotel on Sunday morning, and, above all, to make your peace with God. Go, and may God forever bless you."

They filed out, silently, and went each to his room. Herbert made no attempt to "put his affairs in order." He wrote no letters. Instead, putting the thing out of his mind, he went on with his work. So, he learned, did the others.

The last of the afternoon meetings was held Friday. The General Overseer preached about restoring all things as carried out by himself as Elijah the Restorer, Consummation of the Age, Times of the End, the Great Tribulation, the Coming of Christ and His Millennial reign.

"When that Day comes," he said, "He will set up His Kingdom and, with Him, we who have been faithful to His commands shall rule the earth in righteousness. The kings of the earth who now rule in unrighteousness will have to take a back seat, and some of them mighty low down. King Edward will have to step down from his throne. He cannot rule under the King of Kings. Everybody knows he has no religion to spare."

"You leave the King alone!" shouted an old gentleman in a front seat.

"Be still," screamed Dr. Dowie, striding angrily across the platform toward the interrupter. "You be still or I will say more. I will take no dictation from you or any one else but God Almighty as to what I will or will not say."

The General Overseer finished his sermon, a hymn was sung, the benediction pronounced, and the audience dismissed.

The whole Zion party, except Overseer Voliva and Harold Winans, took carriages and drove out to Mount Lofty, where they expected to rest until Sunday morning. When they reached the house, servants told them that some one had been trying to get Deacon Renbrush by telephone.

A few minutes later the telephone rang and Herbert answered.

"Are you there, Renbrush? This is Bickford of 'The Beacon.' "

"Yes, Bickford."

"For God's sake get Doctor Dowie and his party away from there! He said something or other about the King at the Town Hall this afternoon and people here are wild. Several mobs are forming to go out there to-night and string him up or shoot him, or beat him to death."

"It's mighty kind of you, Mr. Bickford, to let us know. I'll tell the General Overseer. I can't say, of course, what he will do about it."

"I tell *you* to get him away, Renbrush," cried the reporter in great excitement. "There's no holding this crowd down here, and there'll be an awful tragedy if they find him. We don't want that to happen. All kinds of nasty complications. You people are American citizens and we don't want trouble with your Government."

"Well, then," said Herbert, "why doesn't your Government protect him and us?"

"They wouldn't dare to lift a finger on this, where an attack on the King is involved. No, the only thing is to get Doctor Dowie away somewhere until this blows over. Don't fail, now."

While reporting this conversation to the General Overseer, Herbert had to answer the telephone again. This time it was Harold Winans.

"Hello, Herb. Say, things are pretty hot down

here. The newspapers came out with big scareheads this afternoon, 'Dowie Vilifies the King,' and stuff like that. There's a mob goin' out there on bicycles and another on the train, and they're talkin' big. Can't tell what they'll do, of course, but thought I'd let you know. They're pretty mad."

Then another newspaper man who knew Herbert called up and frantically warned him to hide Dr. Dowie somewhere in the mountains. "You've got time," he said, "if you'll make haste."

Herbert, Gladstone, and Colonel Erdman watched, night after night, at the iron gates of the estate, but no mob appeared.

However, Herbert had the novel experience of seeing his General Overseer almost collapse with fright.

Next day Dr. Dowie was called to the telephone. Overseer Voliva, in Adelaide, reported that the State of South Australia, owner of the Exhibition Building, had canceled Dr. Dowie's lease for Sunday afternoon. The General Overseer protested that he had signed in good faith and paid good money, therefore the Government was legally bound and could not cancel. He himself called up the Premier. The Premier was adamant. Dr. Dowie had insulted the King. He could not be permitted to speak on government property. The General Overseer called back Overseer Voliva and ordered him to go and lease the Town Hall. In half an hour the Overseer telephoned that the city authorities refused.

Nothing more could be done.

CHAPTER IX

On April 7 Dr. Dowie and his retinue sailed for Colombo on the Peninsular & Oriental liner *Mongolia*. They were in gay company among Australian and English society people bound for England and the Continent for spring and summer. There were Lord This and That, Lady So and So, a sprinkling of governors, generals, colonels, rear-admirals, and commanders, a swarm of spruce young subalterns and gentlemen of leisure, and a bevy of débutantes. Professional singers, actors, and actresses added spice. Several unattached ladies were like a spike of strong spirits. Herbert eyed them askance—attracted, yet vaguely afraid. Tournaments of deck sports, evening concerts, dances, fancy dress balls, and vaudeville shows had been arranged.

Into all this the General Overseer entered joyously. Upon his partners and opponents in shuffle-board, deck quoits, bean bags, and other games, he lavished the charm of his many-sided personality. Quickly he became popular, especially with ladies. When not playing in tournaments, he cruised around the sunny or moonlit decks, coming to anchor for an hour or two now and then beside some favorite or in the midst of some bevy of dames. With Elsie Daniels, loveliest of the young actresses, as partner, he won a prize at shuffle-board and had his photograph taken

smiling at her. Long-drawn-out family prayers for the party were strangely forgotten.

Before they arrived at Colombo, the General Overseer decided that it was now too late in the season to visit India—that country would be too hot—and Herbert was directed to arrange at once for continued passage on the *Mongolia* to Marseilles.

While their ship took on freight they found strange thrills in Colombo, at Kandy, and in the botanical gardens at Peredinia. After two days and nights they were away again, to spend a week crossing the Arabian Sea, a day in Aden, another week in the Red Sea and Suez Canal, and a final week on Mediterranean waters.

It was a gorgeous four weeks.

At Colombo the General Overseer somehow convinced himself that his arch-enemy, secret ruler of Masonry, had sent two assassins on board to murder him. This kept either Herbert or Colonel Erdman by his side every moment of the day and sitting up watching his state-room door at night.

At sunrise on May 7 the *Mongolia* nosed her way into the harbor of Marseilles. Dr. Dowie and his companions lined her rail. To Herbert the scene was dreamlike in its beauty. Pale mountains shimmered in sunlight, a white port spread along the water's edge, queer craft and varicolored sails dotted sparkling blue water.

As the ship neared her dock, friends were seen among the waving throng.

"Why," cried Nancy, "I do believe I see Mrs.

Brelin and Edith! Yes, sir, it's them—they I mean. See, Herbert, right behind Elder Rejaine."

Herbert saw, but a riot of his pulses forbade a reply. He waved his yachting cap to Mrs. Brelin and Edith, his face eagerly alight, and they responded, smiling.

"Gosh!" he thought, "I'd forgotten how lovely she is!"

He took one hand in the other and shook it, bowing low. They imitated the gesture, laughing. The ship crept closer. Leaning as far over the rail as he could, he made a trumpet of his hands and shouted, "My eyes are cured."

They looked mystified for a moment, then laughed again, while the color of Edith's cheeks grew deeper.

Soon the ship was close alongside, and, while she was being made fast, Herbert hung over the rail and talked with Edith and her mother looking up at him from below.

"Listen," he said; "you go where we go, don't you?"

"Oh, no, we've an apartment at Nice."

"Not going to stay there all summer, are you?"

"No, only another month."

"Fine, we'll be in Europe just about that long. Pack up and come along with us."

The going-ashore bugle sounded and everybody flocked to the gang-plank. There was handshaking all around. Then everybody else took carriages for the hotel, leaving Herbert to see their carload of baggage through the customs.

Arriving just in time for luncheon, he was cross to find that Edith was between the General Overseer and Overseer Hebb.

Sitting between Colonel Erdman and Overseer Spengler, Herbert learned that Nancy, Harold, the colonel, the Brelins, and Overseer Spengler would leave immediately for Zürich, by way of the Italian lakes, while Dr. and Mrs. Dowie and Gladstone, taking him with them, would spend ten days at Cannes and a week in Paris before going to Zürich.

"Why do you go to Switzerland and I stay with the G. O.?" Herbert asked the colonel.

"I'm fourteen years older than you are, young man, and I'm about bushed with all this sitting up nights. Besides, I've seen Paris and you haven't, and he's taken a notion to cut down expenses."

Desperately Herbert tried for a talk with Edith before she left for Nice that afternoon, but Dr. Dowie kept her close at his side until she boarded her train. There was some comfort for him in Mrs. Brelin, who was frankly delighted to walk to the station with him instead of going in a carriage with her daughter and the General Overseer.

"I'm quite furious at leaving Nice," she told him. "I don't want to tramp around Europe with a crowd, attending meetings and dodging brickbats. But, for some reason, Doctor Dowie insists, so what can we do? I wish now I'd never come to Marseilles to meet you; but how could I even dream that he would want to drag us through his mobs and riots?"

"Well that *is* tough," agreed Herbert. "I can sympathize with you, although I guess I like the mobs

and riots best of all—they're more fun than a football game. But your loss is our gain—I wouldn't miss having you with us in Switzerland for a Shiloh Boulevard corner lot."

"Oh, that's no good, compared to my plan. Elder Rejaine thought the General Overseer and his family might rest a few days somewhere on the Riviera, so I thought you might not be needed and we could have you with us a little while at Nice. We came to Marseilles especially to invite you. Wasn't that a perfectly pious plan?"

"Made in heaven, Mrs. Brelin, by the loveliest of all the angels."

"Now do I blush over that speech, young man, or do you refer to my ungrateful daughter?"

"Well, you know better than I do who made the plan."

"Still a diplomat, I see," she laughed.

Mrs. Brelin and her daughter were to pack, dispose of their apartment, and be ready to join the others when they passed through Nice on their way to Italy on the night train. Dr. Dowie, his family, and Herbert went as far as Cannes on this train.

It was well that Herbert awoke next morning in calmness and strength, for the General Overseer had read his mail and was raging. He told Herbert that Overseer Darling, Judge Shelbrace, and Deacon Gaines had signed a letter criticizing his financial policies and virtually calling a halt on his expenditures. Striding about like a fighting bully seeking an enemy, he roared at Herbert. What unspeakable insolence! The intrepid three were cowards, traitors,

rebels, fools, meddlers, destroyers, usurpers, and mischief-makers.

Who was the head of Zion anyway—he or they? Who knew Zion's finances—its founder and head, or these glorified clerks, with their petty, cheese-paring souls, counting pennies while he virtually had his hand on millions? He was not fooled, even if he was four thousand miles away. He saw through their dastardly conspiracy. They schemed to get the tremendous assets and unparalleled possibilities of Zion away from him for themselves. But he would show them that John Alexander Dowie was more powerful than ever—that they would be as rotten straw before his might.

After this outburst, Dr. Dowie became his charming self again. It was springtime on the Riviera and fields of roses were in full bloom. He and his wife, with Gladstone and Herbert, drove up and down the coast, into the hills, to the top of La Californie, to Nice, Monaco, and Monte Carlo. They visited potteries and jewelers, where the General Overseer showed his defiance of critics in the home office by buying lavishly.

They spent a week in Paris. Herbert found Deacon Jondier waiting for them. Dr. Dowie preached one sermon, through an interpreter, before a small audience.

What the great man enjoyed most, however, was to array himself in a Prince Albert suit of white, cream, or lavender flannels, with hat and shoes to match, and ride through Paris streets and parks in an open carriage. With his rosy cheeks, flashing dark

eyes, and great silver white beard, he was a show for even that sated city. As they bowled along over boulevards and through the Bois de Boulogne, he and his wife seated facing Gladstone and Herbert, he kept looking to right and left, smiling delightedly. Occasionally he said, playfully, "Mama, you must be unusually beautiful to-day. All the people stop and look at you."

Dutiful wife that she was, she would laugh and answer, "I guess they are looking at you, John."

This would please him and he would pose and simper like a flattered girl.

They made the rounds of galleries, shops, cathedrals, and churches. Dr. Dowie spent hours studying relics of Napoleon and maps of his battles in Hôtel des Invalides.

Just after the middle of May the General Overseer and Herbert went to Zürich, his wife and son having decided that they preferred Paris to Switzerland.

CHAPTER X

On the day of his arrival in Zürich, Herbert saw Edith for a few minutes, but only in company with the General Overseer. She was at the railroad station with fifty others, including many Swiss and German members of the Church. The preacher took her under his wing at once, inviting her and her mother to ride with him to the Belvue, and taking them directly to his room. Later, he gave an elaborate luncheon to his party, Overseer and Elder Spengler, and prominent members of Zion in Europe. Edith was his guest of honor.

That night, after Herbert and Harold, who roomed together, had gone to bed, Colonel Erdman came in.

"Boys," he said, "the General Overseer sent me to tell you that he wants you to keep hands off Edith Brelin. He has some very special plans for her. She don't want to be bothered and he don't want her bothered by attentions."

Herbert's heart sank. What was this?

"Keep hands off!" snorted Harold, who never looked at a girl; "I wouldn't put my feet on!"

The colonel laughed in huge glee.

"I guess it won't be so easy for you, will it?" he asked, poking the silent man in the ribs. Getting no answer, he laughed knowingly and went out.

Next day Zion meetings began in Zürich every

afternoon and evening. There were no riots and, for the first time since leaving Zion City, Herbert did a fair business in Zion City lots and Zion securities.

The General Overseer dined in his suite at the hotel, Edith Brelin and her mother usually joining him. Nancy, Harold, and Colonel Erdman ate in the main dining-room. Edith always went to and from Zion Tabernacle with the General Overseer in his carriage, and sat near him on the platform. Herbert, by maneuvering cleverly, had managed to start conversation with her twice, but Dr. Dowie swooped down and carried her off each time before they had said half a dozen sentences.

Zürich meetings ended, the whole party started off on a round of sightseeing and religious services. They visited the Rigi, Lucerne, Interlaken, Grundelwald, Geneva, Chillon, Lausanne, Neuchâtel, and Berne. On trains the General Overseer kept Edith and Mrs. Brelin in the compartment with him. Occasionally Edith would complain that she was tired sitting and wanted to stand in the corridor. Herbert would meet her there and they would talk. But he cursed himself because he could think of nothing to say to her that would change the intolerable status. He needed time and opportunity to feel his ground, test her sentiments, lead her—and himself—to a place of mutual understanding. In the short conversations they snatched, she was as friendly as ever—gave no hint that there was any barrier between them. But these talks were brief. Dr. Dowie always made some excuse to call her within a few minutes.

At Berlin, their next stop, the General Overseer

was incensed to find that the American Ambassador had not even taken the trouble to ask for a much-brandished interview with the Kaiser. He threatened his party with what he would do to that ambassador in influential quarters in America and ended up by accusing him of being a Mason.

He held two meetings there, at which several police were on guard, two of them taking down everything he said in shorthand. On leaving his second meeting, he invited Nancy and Herbert into the carriage with Edith and himself. It was usual on such occasions for his companions to vie with one another in praising his sermon. But Edith seemed distrait, Nancy was cross because Herbert had absently left the hotel to go to the meeting without calling for her, and that harassed young man was ill because his revered leader had Edith beside himself. Thus they began their ride to the hotel in silence.

"Well," inquired Dr. Dowie, smirking expectantly, "and what did you think of your little General Overseer to-night?"

After a pause, Nancy stepped into a breach that threatened a minor disaster.

"It seemed to me," she said, "that you had mastered wonderfully the difficult art of speaking through an interpreter."

"I guess, too, you marveled at the adroitness of my message to the Kaiser. But of course you could not know, as I did, that he was present and heard me speak."

All three young people exclaimed their surprise.

"Yes, I noticed that one box was partly curtained

and seemed to be empty. But I kept watching it. Presently I saw the keen, dominating eye and spiked mustaches of Wilhelm the Second peeking at me around the edge of the curtain. He seemed to feel that I was looking at him, for he dodged behind the curtain quickly. But he did not leave the box. I saw the curtain move several times after that. So now he has my message. We will wait with interest to see what he will do."

"Gosh-all-Friday," Herbert adjured himself, "let 'im alone—the notion gives him a lot of pleasure and doesn't harm anybody."

CHAPTER XI

"I HAVEN'T any more idea than you have what it all means," said Mrs. Brelin to Herbert when he finally saw her alone. "At Zürich he suddenly told me he wanted me to come here to Berlin and rent an apartment for Edith and me. Said he had a 'very great and wonderful work' for her to do and wanted her to study in Berlin for a year or two."

"He didn't say what the work was?"

"No. Everything was vague—you know how he talks sometimes, as if he knew all kinds of world-shaking secrets he couldn't disclose. It was just 'extremely confidential and important work' and 'the most distinguished career ever undertaken by a woman,' and 'a position in which no living woman, not excepting queens and empresses, could take precedence' of her. Oh, Herbert, what do you think of it all?"

"I don't know what to think. Nan says her guess is he's going to make your daughter his ambassador to royal courts. His talk sounds something like that, but I don't know. What does he want her to study?"

"He hasn't said yet—just talks largely and generally about 'very important studies.' Of course, it's all thrilling to Edith. Poor child, she was all bound up in her career in fiction—had been ever since her school days. She was beginning to feel that she was on her

way. Then we came into Zion and the General Overseer put a stop to it. She's been at a loose end ever since and, I'm afraid, was beginning to get discouraged. She's done well with her other writing, but she couldn't get absorbed in it as she had in her fiction. So when the General Overseer, in Marseilles that day, began to talk about this wonderful career for her, she drank it in as if it had been spring water and she hadn't had a drink for a month. She's still all taken up with it.

"One thing worries me. The General Overseer isn't quite comfortable with me any more. He's self-conscious, and I've a feeling that he's not entirely frank. That's all new—he and I have always got along famously together. That bothers me. I can't make it out. What do you make of it?"

"God knows I wish I could tell you, Mrs. Brelin, but I can't. But it's prob'ly all right. How could it be anythin' else? Edith is certainly equipped in every way for a distinguished career—he's only four or five years late in finding it out. We ought to be thankful he's seen it at last and be mighty glad she's to have her chance. What is there to worry about?"

"I know; I know; but somehow I feel terribly uneasy about it. I suppose it's because there's so much I don't understand."

When the General Overseer and his party went on to London next day, Edith and her mother were left in Berlin, and Herbert barely had an opportunity to say good-by to her.

Mrs. Dowie and Gladstone came to London from Paris to meet the doctor. On account of reports from

Australia that Dr. Dowie had vilified the King, they were turned away from one hotel after another and were finally, in desperation, obliged to try to be comfortable in Overseer and Mrs. Hebbs's tiny suburban flat.

At their first meeting they were besieged for hours in Zion Tabernacle in Euston Road. The General Overseer escaped, at last, in the darkness, by use of a disguise. He sneaked into the Cecil, under an assumed name, spent one night there, was discovered, and invited to leave. Discouraged, he fled to Boulogne, taking his family and Colonel Erdman with him.

Passage to New York had been engaged on the *Lucania,* and it was still two weeks before she sailed. This gave Nancy, Harold, and Herbert a much-appreciated breathing spell and leisure to see London and its environs. Two days before sailing time they went to Liverpool for sight-seeing in that part of England.

The night before the *Lucania* sailed, the General Overseer and his family came. They went directly to their state-room on the boat. To Herbert's astonishment and perplexity, Edith Brelin was with them. He saw her but could not speak to her. The General Overseer was in haste to reach his state-room before he was recognized and mobbed. He and Edith, followed by Mrs. Dowie, Gladstone, and the colonel, scurried across the station platform, where Herbert had met them, and disappeared into their carriages. He got a cab and followed to the boat, but was not permitted on board. Disconsolately he went back to his hotel.

They sailed at one o'clock. Herbert first saw Edith at dinner. She sat on Dr. Dowie's right.

"I'm delighted to see you changed your mind about staying in Berlin," he said, across the table.

"Thank you," she smiled, "I'm glad to be going back."

"Your charming mother is coming soon too, I hope."

"No, she's to remain in Berlin for the present."

The General Overseer, having inhaled what little purée of peas he had not spilled into his beard, began to talk with her in a low tone, shutting Herbert out. As that unhappy young man sat and watched them, mechanically talking with Nancy, who was beside him, a horrid suspicion chilled the pit of his stomach as if a blizzard howled in it. He struggled out of its clutches in a panic of self-loathing. "Gosh, my mind must be a cesspool," he thought.

That night the *Lucania* ran into a storm. Four days she drunkenly wrestled with head winds and racing seas. The air was full of spray and foam, the decks torrents of green water. Edith proved to be an unstable sailor and kept her state-room. Colonel Erdman and Harold Winans were up and dressed, but snoozed all day long in big, upholstered chairs in the social saloon. The General Overseer was in agitated attendance upon Edith, while Mrs. Dowie and Gladstone preferred reading in the parlor of their suite to walking about. This left Nancy and Herbert to each other. In borrowed sou'easters and slickers they scampered about, dodging seas that washed aboard.

During the fourth night out the storm ceased. When morning came the Atlantic was lazily smiling and dimpling in the sun as if she had never lifted a violent wave. Breakfast-tables were nearly filled and all forenoon more people thronged the decks. Herbert had hoped to see Edith at breakfast, but was disappointed. About ten o'clock he saw her coming down the deck on Dr. Dowie's arm. As always, her loveliness took his breath. Then he happened to look at his General Overseer. The reverend gentleman was hugging an arm of his fair companion and gazing into her eyes with a dazed, languishing, sugary smile.

"Why," thought Herbert, "the old scoundrel's in love with her!"

That Edith might reciprocate the General Overseer's infatuation did not even occur to him. She was simply dazzled by the glamour of some mysterious "career" he offered her.

"Career, huh?" sneered Herbert to himself. " 'Take precedence of queens and empresses'! Of course, as favorite wife of the ruler of the world. The old megalomaniac!"

"General Overseer," said Herbert during luncheon that day, "may I have a talk with you alone immediately after lunch?"

There was a quick, black scowl on the preacher's face, but it cleared, and turning to Edith with his languishing smile he said, "If this imperious young lady will excuse me for a few moments."

"Oh, don't mind me, General Overseer," she begged, giving Herbert a smile which heartened him more than anything that had come to him for weeks,

"I'm sure I'm guilty of taking too much time that really belonged to Deacon Renbrush."

"Oh," he said, a little crossly, "Deacon Renbrush gets plenty of my time. However, Herbert, come to my suite as soon as you finish your lunch."

"General Overseer," said Herbert when they were seated in the parlor of that suite, "we shall be in New York to-morrow. I presume that, as usual, I shall be called upon to meet the press?"

"Yes, my son. No one can do that so well as you."

"Thank you, General Overseer. In thinking over what they may ask and what I shall answer, a certain matter has occurred to me I think I ought to take up with you. You may have considered it already—I presume you have—but it is, at least to me, of such importance that I do not feel I ought to take the risk of keeping silent. You know, of course, that these reporters watch everything you do and say like hawks; that they never fail to put the worst possible construction upon what they see and hear. Nothing would delight them more, especially in New York, than to stir up a scandal out of nothing. I suggest, therefore, that while you are in that city you appear nowhere except in company with Mrs. Dowie."

"What do you mean?" shouted the General Overseer, springing to his feet and stamping angrily about. "Have you the insolence to insinuate your foul-minded criticism of *my* conduct? Whose chestnuts are you trying to pull out of the fire?"

"I mean only what I have said, General Overseer. I insinuate nothing. I represent no one but you. You cannot afford even a hint of scandal at this time. I

do not need to tell you that. Furthermore, you are too much a Christian gentleman to take the slightest risk of causing even one whisper to smirch the spotless reputation of one you love."

As suddenly as he had sprung up the white-bearded preacher sat down. His eyes beamed and twinkled, his mustache twitched, then a smile spread over his face.

"Thank you, Herbert, my son. You are right. My own heart is so pure, my whole life and thought so hid with Christ in God, that I sometimes do not realize what vileness wicked men may impute to perfectly innocent action. Your suggestion is wise and timely and I shall carry it out."

CHAPTER XII

WHEN Herbert met the ship news men next morning at Quarantine he was not long in learning that, if he had succeeded in making the General Overseer more circumspect, he was none too early. Almost the first question asked him was about the "beautiful blonde traveling with Dr. Dowie."

She was, he told them, Miss Edith Brelin of Chicago, long a member of Dr. Dowie's Church, who had been spending the winter in Europe with her mother and was now returning with the Zion party.

Questions were fired at him from every angle, but Herbert answered them all good-naturedly and with such disarming frankness as he could muster, but added nothing to what he had said in reply to their first question.

The party went to the old Fifth Avenue Hotel. There he fenced with another flock of reporters. To his dismay, they were more curious about "Dr. Dowie's beautiful blonde" than anything else. He knew that with these men he needed to keep cool, to seem perfectly and carelessly frank, and to avoid as he would murder any faintest appearance of apology, explanation, defense, or evasion.

Not being able to make anything else sensational of Edith, the papers made her a "mystery." It was

hinted that she might be a great heiress, that Dr. Dowie might adopt her, that she might some day be Mrs. Gladstone Dowie, that she had been on some secret financial mission for the General Overseer, that she was slated for some mysterious high priestess's rôle in Zion City.

Now if no one who saw Dr. Dowie with Edith on the boat talked, and if the doctor kept his promise and didn't get away from his wife's side, the first, imminent peril would be safely passed.

Deacon Jesse Stoneham had met the party in New York. He took Herbert into an empty smoking compartment in a Pullman ahead of the private car and told his news.

It had been a hard winter and many people had suffered. Deacon Gaines had ordered reductions in office and factory forces. All building had been suspended. There had been some revisions downward in wages and salaries. But Herbert, being away, had not suffered. He still drew the five thousand a year that heads of Institutions and Industries had been accorded.

Zion City General Stores were carrying little merchandise except necessities. So they had got through the winter, and since spring came things were a little better. The North Shore Electric Railroad was being built through the city, and a lot of men had good jobs on construction. But it hadn't rained for weeks, gardens, lawns, and fields were drying up, and there was danger of fire. People were getting nervous. A lot of 'em said that, soon's Elijah got back, it would rain.

"Zion City's gettin' to be quite a lively little town for scandals, too," he said. "Garod Henderhook and Beatrice Jessard had to get married early in January. Now they have a baby boy.

"Will Vanslate was fired about six weeks ago because Gladys Glendora complained he'd tried to rape 'er.

"Elder Possute and Evangelist Derran went to Overseer Darling and confessed that they had fallen in love with each other. The overseer sent Evangelist Derran back to her husband and Elder Possute out of town—but the evangelist went with the elder.

"Anna Gersman—you know, the girl in Deacon Bolus' office—suddenly toppled over in a faint some time last February. Overseer Darling was called in. The coming child's papa not being a Zion man, was outside the overseer's jurisdiction.

"I hate to repeat such stuff, or I could tell you more. In a way, you are to blame, anyhow, because you prophesied just such things when the rules were first made."

As their private car rolled into Zion City at two o'clock on the afternoon of June 30, the exact day Dr. Dowie had promised to return, Colonel Erdman remarked, with a ring of exultation in his voice, "It's General Overseer's weather!"

"Yes," boomed the great man, smiling at Edith Brelin, "God has answered my prayer and sent His glorious sunshine. But I have heard the requests of many people here, and have prayed that His reviving and refreshing rain may follow."

All Zion City was waiting and cheering at the station. The band played, the choir sang, and they all marched to a new wooden, white-painted arch at the corner of Shiloh Boulevard and Elijah Avenue. Overseer Darling and Judge Shelbrace made addresses of welcome, the General Overseer talked about twenty minutes, Mrs. Dowie, Gladstone, Colonel Erdman, Nancy, Harold, and Herbert each talked about a minute.

Then everybody scampered for cover. A shower had swept down upon the parched city!

It was almost a cloud-burst for half an hour and a good, soaking downpour for two hours more.

"Now," said Herbert to himself, in utter bewilderment, "what can you do with a man like that?"

Nancy was still working on "Leaves of Healing." Leon Steelhaver had been appointed general associate editor in place of John Harrow.

Herbert heard from John occasionally. He had worked on newspapers in nearly every large city in Australia, then had got a job as war correspondent in the Japanese-Russian War and was now in Manchuria. Nan also heard from him, not so frequently. Her attitude toward him seemed entirely friendly. "Jack is at his best out there with a lot of men," she said, "and I'm glad he has this chance. He never really belonged in Zion."

Edith Brelin had taken a suite of rooms in the big, comfortable brick house of Elder Brownlee, across Shiloh Boulevard from Shiloh House.

Of Edith herself Herbert saw little. Mrs. Brownlee

was always with her at Shiloh Tabernacle meetings, and Deaconess Favorill had been employed by Dr. Dowie as her companion in her walks, her rides, her swimming, and her tennis.

Elsie Favorill, a woman of thirty-five, a former school-teacher, had long been a friend of Herbert's. She was a natural-born older sister to any number of young men who adored her in that capacity. She had probably been the recipient of more confidences from love-sick men than any other woman in the world, except Beatrice Fairfax and Dorothy Dix. She had learned wisdom from the things she suffered (just imagine having to listen to hours of conversation about some other girl!) and she never betrayed a friend. But she evidently had received orders from Dr. Dowie, for no men were encouraged to linger near her protégée.

Herbert went to see Deacon Gaines, with many questions. That weary man said:

"You ask about Zion's financial condition. I wish I were free to tell you, but for various reasons I am not free. But I think I can tell you enough so you can see what we've got cut out for us.

"We've got a chance to pull through if those of us at the head of things quietly cut expenses—especially pay-rolls—to the bone, and we can keep the General Overseer from any more such big cash outlays as New York and around the world. They hit us hard—nearly swamped us. What we need is to make our industries profitable and to get all our unused labor

employed outside Zion City. We've made some progress this year, especially when the General Overseer was away. Since he came back he has pretty much left us alone—hasn't even more than glanced at the weekly financial reports sent to him. Of course, when he'll break out next and what his new scheme will be nobody knows.

"But get rid of your dead-wood. I mean employees you don't need. Deacon Stoneham did well while you were away—as you know. But there are still a lot of titled men with you that you could get along without. You think you can't fire 'em because they would go to the General Overseer and he would make you take 'em back. That's so. But you get them jobs in Waukegan, Kenosha, or Chicago and they'll go. You can do the same thing with some of your clerks and stenographers.

"Then don't start any new work. There's a lot to be done, I know, but it will have to wait. If the General Overseer orders you to begin any new job that will cost a lot of money, talk him out of it. If he won't listen, come and tell me and I'll help you. Some of us have talked pretty straight to him within the last year or so. He gets mad and talks loud, but he finally promises to spend less money—and sometimes he keeps his promise for a little while.

"One thing more—under present circumstances it isn't wise to talk freely about what we think and feel, but most of the heads of departments in Zion City now believe as you do, that their first duty is to our leaseholders and investors. From one at a time, now, you will find out which ones they are. We are all

thinking a great deal about how we can protect our people's interests. We are glad to know you will help us."

Until after midnight the two deacons discussed ways and means. Herbert went to his room encouraged. More than anything else, he had wanted to know that he did not stand alone in his determination to serve Zion's people rather than Zion's autocrat.

CHAPTER XIII

When the Christian Catholic Church in Zion was organized, February 22, 1896, Dr. Dowie told his followers that it would eventually be ruled by twelve apostles. The Bible, he said, demanded it. He himself, he declared, could not be an apostle.

"I say that frankly," he had protested, "because I know next to nothing about the last two gifts [gift of tongues and interpretation of tongues].

"Now do not make any mistake.

"I am not an apostle, because an apostle must possess and be possessed by *all* the gifts of the Holy Spirit."

Eight years and seven months later, on September 25, the same John Alexander Dowie stood in Shiloh Tabernacle and proclaimed himself First Apostle of the Christian Catholic Apostolic Church in Zion Throughout the World and strongly intimated that he was also High Priest of the restored régime of ancient theocracy.

He had led up to this by sermons and Scripture readings and expositions all summer, and yet many of his hearers were shocked and offended when he appeared before them in a gorgeous silken robe of many colors, elaborately embroidered, with a mushroom-shaped satin miter, emblazoned with gold.

In making his declaration of apostleship he said:

"Clothed by God with Apostolic and Prophetic Authority, I now have a right to speak as the Instructor of the Nations.

"In the Name of the Coming King, I command Peace!"

In administering the sacrament of the Lord's Supper he wore a robe of pure white silk with a miter of the same material.

He gave his apostolic command that thenceforth he should be called and addressed, not General Overseer, but First Apostle. His apostolic signature to all ecclesiastical documents was not, as formerly, John Alexander Dowie, General Overseer of the Christian Catholic Church in Zion Throughout the World, but simply:

JOHN ALEXANDER
First Apostle

Thus did he repudiate at last the name Dowie, which he claimed did not belong to him.

Shortly after his apostolic declaration, Dr. Dowie, taking with him his wife, Colonel Erdman, Deacon Peter Z. Richardus, Nancy Harrow as correspondent to "Leaves of Healing," and Deacon Harold Winans as photographer and shorthand reporter, went to Mexico to look for land for his long-talked-of Zion Plantations. The party was gone for several weeks, traveled over many thousand acres in Tamaulipas on horseback and in covered wagons, and was received in state by President Porfirio Diaz.

Upon his return, the First Apostle talked of buy-

ing millions of acres, published autographed photographs of his "great and good friend" President Porfirio Diaz, organized Zion Paradise Plantations, with Deacon Richardus as general manager, and began to sell stock.

Nearly all Zion leaders, Herbert found, agreed with him that the Paradise Plantations project was at least ill-timed, if no worse. It would cost millions before it could begin to show a profit, even under good management—and there was no hope of good management as long as the First Apostle was sole legal owner. Practically no capital was in sight for the project, and Zion City was short of ready cash. Even more disturbing to some was the whispered fear that Dr. Dowie planned to go into Mexico in hope that he could practise polygamy in his colony without interference from the Government.

Secretly, slyly, in whispers and innuendos, speculation about Dr. Dowie's polygamous idea and plans began to seep into Zion City's gossip. Nothing was said about the system publicly, but first one and then another reported remarks the First Apostle had made privately. One evening Nan Harrow, Edith Brelin, Jesse Stoneham, Mr. and Mrs. Steelhaver, Elsie Favorill, and Herbert were his guests at dinner. His wife and son were at their summer home in Michigan. The First Apostle had been gently bantering Herbert about his continued bachelorhood.

"Why," he said, "you are showing hopeless lack of wisdom. Solomon, said to be the wisest of men, had seven hundred wives and three hundred concubines—and you haven't even one wife!"

"Yes," replied Herbert, "and look at what it got him."

A laugh around the table at this.

"God would not punish a man for having more than one wife, Herbert."

"Perhaps not, but even if God didn't, he'd get enough punishment from the women if he tried to live with two of 'em at once."

An even heartier laugh followed this sally.

The First Apostle was nettled.

"That was a very ungracious remark, young man," he snapped. "If one wife is a good thing, and God says 'Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing and obtaineth favor of the Lord,' then perhaps two wives are twice as good."

A chill, sickening silence!

Herbert looked anxiously at Edith, hoping to see disgust and alarm, or both, on her face. But she clearly thought that her adored leader had been joking.

The First Apostle glared about at bowed heads and expressionless faces, quickly recovered himself, and changed the subject.

But such incidents were echoed in whispers all over the city.

The Mexican scheme was met, therefore, with little more substantial than an angry buzzing under cover.

When Herbert felt that he could endure suspense about Edith no longer, he suddenly decided to go to Elder Brownlee's and call on her, despite the First Apostle's orders.

Mrs. Brownlee answered his ring at her door. If

she was surprised to see Deacon Renbrush and at his request for Deaconess Brelin, she did not show it. On the contrary, she was frankly delighted and performed her hospitable duties with a flutter of pleasure. Herbert sat in the pleasant golden-oak, red-plush, body-Brussels living-room and waited. As the long minutes passed he was glad. No girl takes unusual pains with her toilet to meet a man to whom she is indifferent. At last he heard her step, the door opened, and she came swiftly toward him. Springing to his feet, he almost gasped, "Ye gods, how lovely she is!"

In her deep blue eyes glowed violet lights, set there by emotion. Her rose-petal skin was flushed and radiant. An Empire gown of delicate blue silk and ivory lace was glorified by her figure and carriage.

As she came she extended her hand with that eloquent gesture of delight he remembered so well, then gripped his with a warm pressure and response to his grasp that set him tingling.

"Herbert!"

There was overflowing joyousness in her voice that reawakened hope and happiness.

"Herbert! How splendid of you! I'd begun to fear you'd forgotten your old friends."

"You've been so busy, Edith, since that day you were snatched right out of my sight at Marseilles, that I've been afraid to take up your time."

"Well," she laughed, "I'm so glad to see you I won't tell you what I think of that excuse. Sit down and tell me what you think about everything."

She indicated a big red-plush rocker and took the end of a divan near-by.

"Oh, I don't try to think about everything, Edith. All I can do is to think about you."

"About me?"

A flush spread over her face. She looked bewildered and a little afraid.

"Yes, ma'am, I've just thought so much about you, I've got all tangled in my notions, which, as you know, is mighty bad for any one blessed with so few notions. So I said to myself, 'I'll just go and see the lady, busy's she is, and get my lowly mind set to rights, if she's willing.' "

Edith laughed.

"I don't know at all what you're talking about, but maybe you do. Go ahead and let's see if I can make sense of it."

"Well, I'm taking a most unwarranted liberty, Edith, and you can shut me up whenever you feel the shutting will do either or both of us good. I have no excuse to offer except that I am mighty fond of you and that I might—just might—be a little help to you."

"If talking in riddles is taking liberties, Herbert, you're most impertinent; but I can't see that shutting you up will do either or both of us any good—at least as far as you've gone."

"What I want to know is as much as you care to tell me about this career your mother says the First Apostle is having you prepare for."

Edith grew a little pale—seemed to withdraw from him.

"Isn't that a matter between the First Apostle and me, Herbert?" she asked, coldly.

"There," he said, contritely, "I was afraid I'd put my fool foot in it. But now I've started, I might's well go ahead and be hanged for a sheep's a lamb. Edith, I've been mighty close to Doctor Dowie for nearly six years and—"

"Can't we talk about something else, Herbert? I'd rather not discuss my—my plans now."

"Well, I promised to shut up when you asked it, and I'll keep my word, if you'll just let me say that, in all friendliness to you and to the First Apostle, I'm most terribly worried. And I'm going to ask two favors of you: First, I would be the happiest and most thankful man this side of the International Date Line if you'd let me call on you once or twice in a while—you to say when—and I promise not to ask any more impudent questions; second, that if ever you want any help of any kind about anything, you'll call on me."

Edith, who looked white and miserable, sat twisting and rolling her handkerchief, eyes downcast, head bowed. He feared she was going to cry—and that would be more than he could bear. A great tenderness toward her filled his heart and he cursed himself for a fool that he had not the wit to break down her reserve and open her eyes to the danger in which she stood. At last she raised her eyes to his and he could have fought tigers and rattlesnakes bare-handed when he saw the pain in them.

"I'm sure you mean to be a good friend, Herbert,

and I can't tell you how I appreciate it. You don't know what it means to me—now."

Her voice, so low he could scarcely hear, shook, choked, and failed. She was tearing her handkerchief to rags. For a long time she did not speak. He too was silent. Then, haltingly, she went on:

"Of course, I promise to call for you if I need you. You," she smiled wanly, "may find you've let yourself in for a big job. But, Herbert, please, please don't ask me to let you come here to see me. I—I can't—that is not often—not regularly. Oh," she said, desperately, breathlessly, "there's so many reasons why I can't, I couldn't make you understand." She almost sobbed. "I couldn't even *try* to make you understand. But don't let that make any difference with you, Herbert. You just keep on being the same dear old friend you've always been. And don't worry about me any more. I'm—I'm all right."

Herbert looked at her pale cheeks, her eyes full of unshed tears, her trembling, painfully twisting hands.

"You're not happy, Edith," he said, tenderly.

Her eyes filled, a crystal tear stole out of each and rolled down her cheek. But she managed to smile.

"Oh, yes, I'm happy—only—only it hurts me so to refuse to let you call. But, then, I don't altogether refuse, either. Indeed, you must come sometimes. But only once in a great while, Herbert."

"Well, that's something, anyhow," he said heartily, "How long is a great while—a week? That seems like a terribly great while to me."

"Oh, no," she laughed. "If you're not going to be reasonable, I shan't let you come at all. Why, let's see, a great while is about—about," she looked at him half sadly, half mischievously—"about a year."

"Oh, my good gawsh!" he groaned. "Why, lady, that ain't no great while at all. It just stops being any while or time before you get to the end of it. I reckon it's most half of eternity. And don't talk about my being reasonable. Reasonable! And she says a year!"

Edith laughed with some of her old-time spirit—music that did much to cheer poor Herbert.

"Well, then, perhaps we can make a compromise," she said. "Suppose you come on or near each holiday. Let's count up: Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Year's, Washington's Birthday, Memorial Day, Fourth of July, Labor Day, and Columbus Day." She made a pretty display of pink finger tips. "Why, that's eight of 'em! How do you think I can get any studying done with you around here all the time?"

"I'll coach you," he promised; "but you've gone and left out Hallowe'en, Ground-Hog Day, Easter, Spring Election Day, April Fool's Day, Arbor Day, Flag Day, the First Apostle's Birthday, my birthday, your birthday, the anniversary of turning the first sod for Zion Temple, the Feast of Tabernacles—fourteen days—the anniversary of the swearing-in of Zion Restoration Host, Fall Election Day, and all the Saturday afternoon half-holidays. That adds about eighty-two days to your eight, making a stingy ninety. Why, there's two hundred and seventy-five perfectly good days just practically wasted! Why,

Edith, I'm shocked at you. What's that Doctor Dowie says so often, 'Waste not, want not'?"

"If you're not going to be reasonable, we won't talk about it," sniffed Edith, pretending hauteur, her eyes dancing.

"Well," he said, defensively, "you sprang it on me so quick I prob'ly left out some holidays, but we'll remember 'em—and if necessary invent some new ones—as we go 'long. There really ought to be a lot more holidays anyhow, now I think of it. I never noticed before how pesky few there are."

"No—now this is final: you come and see me on the holidays I named—or the evening before—and then, when there's a month with no holiday, come some Saturday evening during that month. Call me up a few days before so that I can be sure to be here and be at leisure. Will that satisfy you?"

"I guess it will have to, since you say it's final," he answered glumly. Then he laughed.

"What a greedy, ungrateful cur I am! Here for untold centuries I've been almost willing to sell my soul for one little talk with you, and now I'm grouching when you offer me twelve! But my ingratitude is just on the surface, Edith. Inside I'm so glad I guess I'd better not even begin to tell you about it."

"But, Herbert, I don't understand. If you wanted to talk with me, why didn't you come to see me?"

He looked at her blankly.

"Don't you know?" he asked in amazement.

"Well," she said, flushing, her eyes merry with mischief, "I've made a few guesses, but they weren't very flattering to my vanity. I gave up, long ago, so

you'll have to tell me yourself—if you want me to know."

But Herbert did not respond to her gaiety.

"Didn't you know," he asked tensely, "that Doctor Dowie ordered me to keep away from you?"

"Oh, no!" she cried, "No, Herbert, he didn't!"

She had winced and whitened as if struck in the face. One loosely clenched fist was on her lips and her eyes begged him to deny what he had said.

He merely nodded.

Her head drooped, her hands lay limp and resigned in her lap. After a moment she slowly rose and walked to the window. Drawing aside the draperies, she stood staring blankly out into the darkness of Shiloh Boulevard. At last her voice came to him.

"When was this, Herbert?"

"The first night we were in Zürich."

She stood a moment longer gripping the draperies as if for support, then her figure stiffened and straightened, her head lifted, and with white, set face she turned to him.

"And you came to-night in defiance of his command?"

He had risen as she turned.

"Yes."

"You persuaded me to conspire with you to keep on with your disobedience?"

"Yes, Edith, if you'll let me."

"May I ask how you justify your conduct?"

"I don't justify it—I just do it."

"And you expect me to connive at your wickedness?"

He gave a short laugh.

"I really can't answer that, Edith, without going into things you've asked me not to. Suppose we leave it this way: He evidently didn't order you not to see me, so if I call on you I'm the only sinner—and I'm perfectly willing to take the consequences."

She looked at him queerly, then walked slowly to the window and back.

"Herbert," she said, seating herself and facing him, "I'm going to take you at your word. We'll go ahead as we've planned. You say you'll take the consequences. All right. One of the consequences is that you must believe nothing *anybody* says about me unless I confirm it."

"That's easy, Edith."

"It may not be, but I'm going to trust you. My position is a little difficult and there are some things I don't understand. I miss Mother and I wish the First Apostle would let her come home. But he keeps her in Europe, traveling around, making confidential reports to him on certain things. Poor Mother, I'm afraid she doesn't know what it's about. She's getting very tired of it all, and homesick. She begs him to discharge her, but he says no one else could do the work. It's hard on both of us, because we've been inseparable from the time I was born."

"I miss your mother, too," he said. "She's got more good sense in her little finger than most women have in their heads. And she's got charm with it."

CHAPTER XIV

EARLY in January Leon Steelhaver was taken down with pneumonia. He seemed about to die, then rallied. But he did not recover. As the days passed, he began to grow weaker. Dr. and Mrs. Dowie had gone to Nassau for a vacation. In answer to Overseer Darling's cable asking prayer for Leon, the First Apostle replied, "Send Steelhaver to Nassau at once." But the poor fellow died on the steamer in Miami Harbor half an hour before it sailed.

Three days later they buried Leon in the little cemetery in Zion City.

Mrs. Steelhaver was not present. She had been prostrated, and Colonel Erdman had crossed from Nassau to Miami and taken her back with him to recuperate in Dr. Dowie's care. She returned to Zion City a month later, the First Apostle, his wife, and Colonel Erdman having gone to meet Deacon Richardus and Harold Winans in Mexico. The widow had recovered her health but not her happiness. At her urgent request Nancy went to live with her.

The people of Zion were bewildered, unhappy. The winter had been hard. Nearly every one was opposed to the Mexican project upon which their leader seemed bent. Money was scarce. Many were disaffected by the

apostolic declaration and robes. Sordid scandals made a disagreeable buzzing.

Deaconess Mindback of the "holiness" clique had been invited to leave the city for sinning with a local leader of that cult, who was also sent on his way. Worst of all, an alarming number of young people, taking advantage of the rule that every one must spend all Sunday afternoon in Shiloh Tabernacle, had made a practice of slipping out of the meeting and going, in couples, to their empty homes for illicit pleasures. Zion Guard rounded up a flock of them for discipline nearly every Monday morning. One girl, when finally brought to the General Overseer, confessed to Sunday afternoon meetings in her home with thirty different boys and young men.

Reincarnation became popular. There were two or three earnest embodiments of the Apostle Peter, head of the Church. An illiterate deacon won a following as the Prophet Isaiah returned to earth.

A group who found themselves restored to God-like innocence met three times a week in their leader's home, on the southwest edge of the city, clothed only in Edenic righteousness.

Evangelist Woodsell had become engaged to Deaconess Clauster and announced that he was the reincarnation of St. Paul; she of the Virgin Mary, and would eventually give birth to the Messiah.

Dr. Dowie, coming home from Mexico late in May, began a campaign to get money. Sunday after Sunday he harangued his followers. On one occasion he spent an hour, at early morning meeting, telling about a Zion man in Iowa who had, like so many

others, disobeyed the apostolic command to sell his property and bring the proceeds to Zion City. This wicked man's home had burned to the ground—he and his family had perished in it. Let all other disobedient Zion people take warning.

General letters to Zion people throughout the world were published in "Leaves of Healing," pleading for money, demanding it, threatening those who withheld it.

A special loan of half a million dollars was called for. A new issue of 7 per cent Zion Consolidated Annuities was offered. All this was based upon the oft-repeated statement that Zion's financial success had been so great, so unexpected, that funds were needed to take advantage of the rich opportunities which were pressed upon her.

There was a trickle of gifts, loans, and investments in response to these calls, but no opening of floodgates.

Dr. Dowie spent August at Ben MacDhui, his summer home in Michigan. It was announced that he had purchased the 144-acre estate adjoining his and that he planned to use it as a place of rest and recuperation for Zion workers who needed a vacation. For this reason it was to be called "Bethany." Immediately after he had taken possession, Edith Brelin and Deaconess Favorill were ordered there to spend several weeks. Herbert's heart sank when Elsie, meeting him in the dining-room of Elijah Hospice, told him they were going next day. He and the other members of "the cabinet" had looked at one another hopelessly when they heard of this new extravagance.

One night at dinner Nan told Herbert that Deaconess Montague had resigned and asked him to go and see her.

"I think perhaps you can get her to stay," said Nan. "You know her leaving would upset a lot of other people. You understand," she continued, smiling a crooked smile, "I'm not sure in my own mind it's a good thing for any one to stay, but I know you think so and I'm taking your judgment on it."

Tired as he was, Herbert tramped out to the house in Ezekiel Avenue where Mrs. Montague lived with her bachelor son. That good woman took him into her mid-Victorian parlor and bade him be comfortable in the patent rocker. Simple and direct, as always, she came at once to the point.

"Well, Deacon, I s'pose you've come to find out why I resigned after ten years in Zion?"

"What happened to change your mind so suddenly, Deaconess? You have seen God's work done in and through Zion all these years."

"It hasn't been sudden. Conditions have been going from bad to worse in Zion for several years. I d'know's I need to tell you that—you're an intelligent young man. You can see for yourself. But I kept hoping 'twas only temporary—that soon's we got better adjusted to living in Zion City our old-time spiritual zeal and feeling of nearness to God would come back.

"Well, you saw what happened in New York. Doctor Dowie just threw away his chance to do some good there by losing his temper. That nearly killed me, after all our hard work and our earnest prayers.

"A little while after he came back from around the world he sent for me and said he wanted me to do some private tutoring for him. Wanted me to take Alice Bentide, Ethel Fensterberg, Ina Josephson, Ophra Patterick, Jennie Jasselbach, and Gertrude Olson, teach 'em English, history, a smattering of science and some other studies, and how to dress, talk, and act like ladies. You know those girls. What strikes you about them?"

"Why, I don't know. They're all good sensible girls, I guess. I don't know 'em very well."

"You don't need to know them well to see they're all alike in one respect."

"I see," said Herbert, after a little thought, "they all have rather buxom, striking figures."

"Yes, just that. I never thought of it until here just before he went to Ben MacDhui he sent for me and started to tell me a lot of the most outrageous stuff he wanted me to teach those girls. I won't even repeat what I heard of it—because he didn't get far before I stopped him and asked him if he realized whom he was talking to and what he was saying. Deaconess Harrow says you already know some of his ideas about such things. It was on the tip of my tongue to resign right then and there, but I wanted time to think and pray over it. My spiritual roots have gone down deep in Zion, Mr. Renbrush, and I'm getting too old to transplant easily. But the more I thought and the more I prayed, the more clearly God showed me that He is through with John Alexander Dowie and Zion."

Herbert sat silent, framing his reply.

"There are some of us," he said at last, "who have feared for a long time that Doctor Dowie is suffering from an insidious disease which slowly robs its victims of their reason. What you tell me seems to indicate that there is ground for our fears. But, whether he is losing his mind or not, there is no question that he is no longer fit to be the head of Zion. A few years ago, to come to such a conclusion would have meant nothing more than to resign and get out. It's not so simple now. Zion City represents the lifetime savings of most of its inhabitants. You have your home here, Mrs. Montague, like thousands of others. Many are tied up here so that they can't go. Unfortunately, everything belongs, legally, to Doctor Dowie, and there's no provision in the machinery of the Church for deposing its leader and electing or appointing another. But the most able and influential men in Zion are working on the problem. If God wants Zion to endure, they will succeed."

"No, Deacon Renbrush," she said, "I know you mean well and I guess I admire your faith and courage, but even the Zion people can never go through what I see coming and regain their spiritual aggressiveness and creative power for the Kingdom of God. If any organization at all survives, it will be just one of the little, queer sects, slowly dying of its own narrowness and perversity. If what you say is true and Doctor Dowie is losing his reason, then he began to lose it before he claimed to be Elijah; all the folderol that's followed has been just the vain imaginings of a disordered mind. Maybe he began to slip even before that and the whole idea of Zion City

is crazy. Looks like it now, doesn't it? Don't you see, once you admit he's been mentally unsound, you knock the foundations out from under all his teachings. You can't keep a people spiritually potent by telling 'em to unlearn most of what they've been taught to believe, fight, and die for."

"But the financial side, Deaconess!"

"Yes, I know. Maybe it's your duty to stay and see that through, if you can, but it isn't mine. I've had nothing to do with that, and I couldn't help if I stayed. I've got to get out to save my own soul."

Walking back to the hospice along dark streets, Herbert realized the nadir of his hopes. Why not follow Mrs. Montague's example and walk out? He felt that he was trying to save the water in a shattered pitcher by pinning a sheet of tissue paper around it. He saw himself free from these unbearable burdens—free from the now hateful domination of Dr. Dowie—free from the taint of belonging to a "freak" organization.

"I could sacrifice my holdings here to-morrow, and with even the little I had left open a real-estate office of my own in some growing city far away."

It was a temptation. The allure of it! If he decided now, this minute, to get out, the next minute he would be free. His mind, not his body, was in bondage, and the key that would unlock all doors and all fetters was his own will. He had only to decide.

"Well, why not decide now to leave?"

"No, by gum, I'm no quitter! I certainly ought to be able to stand it if Overseer Darling and Deacon

Gaines can. We'll work out of it somehow—we've got to, that's all!"

Then the thought of Edith smote him. To-morrow she would cross the lake to "Bethany." Then what? Could he sit down in Zion City and twiddle his thumbs?

CHAPTER XV

NEXT morning Herbert went early to his office, told Jesse Stoneham he was going to Ben MacDhui to see the First Apostle, packed a grip, and took a train.

Late afternoon found him on the veranda at Ben MacDhui, looking out over acres of velvet lawn on broad, deep terraces, long stretches of gaily flowering borders, and the placid waters of White Lake. Dr. Dowie in pale lavender flannels and white silk yachting cap was striding about, talking calmly, seriously, coherently.

"Was there ever such a puzzle?" Herbert asked himself. "He acts and talks less like a crazy man than anybody I ever knew. No wonder Edith doesn't suspect!"

"I like your plan, Herbert, for the most part," the First Apostle was saying. "You have worked it out marvelously. It does you great credit. And I would like to adopt it. But there are some features I am afraid I shall have to disapprove. I do not see how we could alter them without disrupting the whole arrangement."

The First Apostle and Herbert discussed Herbert's suddenly conceived plan during the remaining hours of the afternoon and half the night, then went to bed.

Herbert had learned from Colonel Erdman that Dr. Dowie spent nearly every afternoon at "Bethany." This probably left the morning open.

Proofs for Saturday's "Leaves of Healing" would arrive about half past ten next morning, and they would have to be mailed back not later than Friday morning. This meant that the First Apostle would be busy with them either afternoon or evening or both.

He rose early, swam in the lake, ate breakfast with Faith Heilborn in the kitchen, borrowed a rowboat from Mike, the boatman, and rowed over to "Bethany."

Arrived at the wharf, he tied up his boat and made his way up the steep bank, through beautiful old oaks and pines, to a comfortable-looking house. The sun was scarcely an hour high—perhaps he had come too early.

"Herbert!"

He turned and saw Edith and Elsie Favorill coming toward him, through the trees. They were in bathing dress—had just finished their morning swim. Edith's hair cascaded over her shoulders and down below her waist like molten gold. All about her forehead and cheeks were tiny soft curls, so fine they seemed a golden mist. In the depths of her eyes shone a light that enkindled a glow of happiness in his whole being.

The clinging silk of her costume revealed the slender yet rounded feminine grace of her figure. As always—nay more than ever—Herbert was overwhelmed by her loveliness.

"What an hour for a fashionable call," she laughed.

"I heard you were at Ben MacDhui yesterday afternoon, but didn't expect you here for breakfast. Or," her face clouded slightly, "must you return so soon that this is our only chance to see you?"

"Well," laughed Elsie, "he doesn't act like a man in a hurry."

A quarter of an hour later the girls reappeared in rough tweed skirts and silk shirt-waists. Edith's was in her favorite shade of blue, with broad roll collar, revealing a flawless throat and a bit of snowy bosom.

"Have we anything at all to say about to-day's program?" asked Edith, as they went to the breakfast-room.

"Not one word!" he answered severely, "but," he added smiling, "you can change it any way you wish as long as it includes a boat ride and lunch."

"I'm afraid that's impossible," she said. "I have to be here at half past one."

"All right, we'll compromise. If your appointment isn't called off by eleven o'clock, we'll come back here for lunch; if it is, we get it at Whitehall."

"But how can it be called off if I'm out on the lake in a boat?"

"Leave that to me," boasted Herbert.

"Very well, provided you let me decide whether or not it has been canceled."

"By all means. I'll play fair."

Creeping along the shore under overhanging trees, exploring inlets that wound among lofty, crooning pines, resting idly in the sunshine of little coves, Herbert put aside all problems and uncertainties and gave

himself up wholly to the happiness of his hours with Edith.

Herbert timed their arrival at Gunther's post-office and general store so they were there at a few minutes before eleven.

"Come along," he said; "we're going to get that appointment called off."

Edith looked puzzled.

"You seem confident."

"Well, let's see what we shall see. There's a public 'phone at the post-office, and I should appreciate it gratefully if you would be so kind as to call up Elsie, at Bethany."

"What shall I say to her?"

"Simply that you have the honor to be Deaconess Edith Brelin."

He got the connection for her, then handed over the receiver.

"Hello, Elsie."

"That you, Edith?"

"Yes."

"The First Apostle called a few minutes ago. Asked for you. I told him I thought you'd gone for a row. So he told me to tell you he wouldn't be over till tomorrow afternoon; he had to work on 'Leaves of Healing.' Have a good time?"

"Oh, wonderful! Thank you, Elsie—you are a brick."

To Herbert the enchanted hours of that day sped on wings of light. They drifted about the lake, spent two hours in the cloistered coolness of François's at a table apart from the others, rowed back to Gunther's

along a shore magically tesselated with golden sunlight and purple shadows, and then across the lake, which, like a great mirror, gave back to trees and clouds and sun and sky the great color-poem they sang above it.

Half-way across Herbert shipped his oars and in silence they sat lost in beauty, glory, and each other. When, at last, he took up his oars, he said: "Edith, there'll be a moon to-night. Want to come out and meet her?"

"For a little while," she said, smiling at him. "We mustn't be gone long. Elsie will be alone."

"Reprieve!" he thought. "I don't have to risk smashing all this for a while yet."

There were only the three of them at dinner, and because they felt the impending crisis, they made merry to cover their anxiety. Edith was dressed in soft white silk with a foam of lace falling away from her throat. Excitement heightened her color and darkened the blue of her eyes to violet. To Herbert she had never before looked so lovely, so perfect, so desirable.

Out on the lake, after the moon rose, they drifted in a long silence. When he could procrastinate no longer, Herbert began to speak.

"Edith," he said, "we can't go on like this. No power on earth can keep me from telling you my love. I'm not—"

"Oh, please don't, Herbert," she cried, and the pain in her voice hurt him. "It's been so beautiful, so perfect; please don't spoil it. Oh, I'm so sorry. I shouldn't have let you come, after that first call. But you promised me, Herbert. You promised not to talk to me about what is forbidden, impossible."

"I know, Edith dear. You mustn't blame yourself. If I were never to see you again, which God forbid, I should always be glad of our visits in the Brownlees' living-room and this perfect day. But, Edith, forgive me, I don't agree with you that it's impossible. Forbidden, yes. I was forbidden to speak to you of love. But there are some things no man can forbid me—and this leads them all. I disobeyed when I went to see you last October. I glory in that disobedience. And I disobey again to-night. Whatever the outcome, I must tell you that I love you and that as long as we both live I will not give up hoping and trying to make you happy—happy with me, as my wife if possible, but wherever you are and whoever you are, your happiness will be my dearest purpose in living."

"You make it hard for me, Herbert," she said, her voice crushed, "harder than I had thought anything could be. I am not free to tell you all that stands in our way, and it wouldn't help any if I were. But, Herbert dear, you must—you must understand that I cannot play fast and loose with God—that I cannot dedicate my life to His service and then turn back, no matter how sweet, how alluring, how—how—almost irresistible the temptation is. You should help me to be strong, not tempt me to be weak."

Herbert sat thoughtful a long time. Then, with a sigh, he said:

"This seems to be my night to disobey all the rules and break all my promises, but for your sake, even if you send me away forever, it's got to be done."

"Please, Herbert," she cried again—"oh, please, if you love me as you say you do, no more."

"It is because I love you better than my own life, dear, that I must.

"You're being deceived. God knows how it hurts me to tell you so. I think I'd rather be the bearer of almost any other bad news to you than to tell you that the service of God to which you have dedicated yourself is not what you have been told it is. You must have seen for many months that Doctor Dowie has not always been quite himself. More than once—"

"Herbert, you shall not say such things to me. I've seen nothing of the kind. You don't realize what you are saying."

"I'm afraid, Edith," he went on, gently, "I realize only too well what I'm saying. I've been through hell with it, struggling not to believe it, yet forced to.

"The truth is, Doctor Dowie has been quietly advocating polygamy. He grows bolder as time goes on. You, yourself, heard what he said about it at dinner one night at Shiloh House. Deaconess Montague resigned the other day because he asked her to teach his peculiar ideas about marriage to six young women of his own selection. I cannot prove it, but I am firmly convinced that the career he has in mind for you is that of favorite wife in his harem."

He paused, frightened at his own rashness. Had he gone too far? No, at whatever cost to him, she must be told the truth.

"Have you finished?"

Her quiet voice cut him like frosty steel.

"Yes, Edith," he said, "except that I should like to explain—"

"Explain?" she said, with bitter scorn. "Can a man

explain cowardice, saying to me what you would not dare say to the First Apostle's face; can he explain ingratitude, or treachery, or falsehood, or betrayal, or a vile insult to the woman you pretend to love? Take me ashore."

"I can't blame you, Edith, for feeling as you do. I won't try to explain anything—"

"Will you take me ashore, or shall I swim?"

Reluctantly Herbert took up his oar and began slowly paddling to the Bethany wharf.

Bringing his boat to the wharf, he sprang out and offered her his hand. Avoiding it, she stepped past him. Then turning, she said:

"Surely, you haven't the effrontery to go to Ben MacDhui to-night and face the First Apostle."

"I am going there," he said.

"Then listen. I will give you an opportunity to confess your treachery, resign, and go away. If you have not shown that least shred of honor by to-morrow afternoon, I shall feel it my painful duty to tell the First Apostle the vile things you have said to me to-night. I cannot stand idly by and see him betrayed."

"Perhaps you'd better tell him," said Herbert. "I shall not resign. Come, I will see you to the house."

"You need not trouble. I shall be much safer without you."

"Very well. Remember, Edith, I love you and whenever you need me or want me, you need give only the slightest sign and I'll come to you."

Herbert did not believe that Edith would bear tales to Dr. Dowie.

The summer days passed, and as no violent dismis-

sal came to him from Ben MacDhui, he knew he had judged her rightly.

Dr. Dowie suddenly returned alone to Zion City early in September. That same afternoon he called his chief ecclesiastical and business lieutenants to the study in Shiloh House. His face was flushed, his eyes burning.

Calmly enough, however, he began his talk by recounting the many burdens he bore for God and Zion. Then he launched into a bitter attack upon his wife and son. They were making his home a hell. He made charges of misconduct so vile and so obviously false that the nine men before him were white with anger and misery, and closed by saying:

"Our Lord Jesus Christ said to the Apostle Peter, 'Whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven.'

"This is therefore one of the divine gifts bestowed by God upon those whom He has chosen to be His apostles—the power to make and loose bonds. Jesus plainly refers here, among other things, to the marriage bond. As First Apostle, therefore, I have from God authority and power to loose the bond which binds me to Jeanie Dowie, and I have called you together to announce to you that this is my purpose."

The nine men sat for a moment stunned. Each waited for some other to speak first. Then Overseer Darling, oldest of them all in service, voiced their opinion:

"First Apostle, you are overwrought—you are not yourself. If you do this wicked thing, you will smash

your Church and throw Zion into bankruptcy."

Met by a bellow of rage, the overseer calmly held his ground. Others backed him up. It soon became clear that all nine were opposed to the First Apostle—a situation without precedent.

All afternoon the battle raged. Vainly Herbert tried to imagine what had occurred at Ben MacDhui or "Bethany." He could not but admire the courage and tenacity of his fellows. At first they had argued and pleaded in vain. Their opposition only made their leader more stubborn. But, as the shadows lengthened, he began to weaken. At last he suggested a compromise. Ben MacDhui was the property of his wife. If she would sign a deed transferring it to him, he would, under protest, refrain from giving her an apostolic divorce.

This astounding proposal was also opposed by all nine of his counselors. But he would retreat no farther. It was arranged that two overseers should go to Ben MacDhui at once and secure her signature to this extorted deed. They returned two days later successful.

PART THREE

FALL

CHAPTER I

It was the last Sunday afternoon in September. Mellow, golden sunshine flooded Zion City's tree-crowned hill.

Solemnly a long procession marched around the square of tawny grass which, more than five years before, had been consecrated to Zion Temple.

Proudly the erect, gray-bearded figure stood at the entrance of Shiloh Tabernacle and reviewed them as they entered.

In every direction from his place of vantage he looked upon the solid material into which these people, in obedience to him, had wrought the stuff of his dreams. He held title to every foot of land his eyes surveyed. Surely, on this second anniversary of the organization of Zion Restoration Host he might be forgiven a smile of quiet triumph at what he had accomplished in the twelve short years since, an itinerant and all but penniless evangelist, he had built his Little Wooden Hut at the gates of the World's Fair.

The overseers passed gravely into the Tabernacle. With one last look upon the city, he turned and followed them. When at last he stepped upon the high platform there was a hush. He stood, robed in splendor, prophetic, apostolic, majestic. All eyes were upon him, all ears awaited his utterance. He knew his people. They had never failed him. Step by step he had

led them from acceptance of him as a simple, earnest preacher of the plain old-time religion, until to-day they looked upon him as one who came in fulfilment of a divine plan foretold by prophets, from Moses to Malachi, and even by Christ Himself. Which of his dreams for future triumphs could be impossible with such a people behind him?

His queer, rasping voice filled the Tabernacle, opening Zion's now elaborate and impressive ritual. This consummated, he began his sermon.

It was magnificent.

Even Herbert, disillusioned and heart-sick as he was, felt the man's power as he had again and again in the past.

His sermon ended, the First Apostle retired. A table for the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was prepared.

It was now late afternoon. In solemn stillness the worshipers waited, while dusk stole softly over them. Silently the First Apostle appeared in his white "robes of expiation." His voice rose in the old familiar prayer, carrying his people back, in memory, to earlier, simpler days, days of miracles of healing, of selfless zeal, of bitter persecution. The same leader, the same voice, the same prayer! Irresistibly the same emotions rose, like a full tide, in their breasts. Hushed to a breath, yet because of their number a mystic volume of melody, hundreds of voices sang the old, old communion hymn:

'Tis midnight; and on Olive's brow
The star is dimmed that lately shone:

'Tis midnight; in the garden, now,
The suff'ring Saviour prays alone.

Slowly light drained away until thousands sat bowed in shadow. The preacher, seated as always at this sacrament, read from the Scriptures, blessed bread and wine, sent his robed deacons among them, led his choir in softly intoned hymns. It was Zion's holy hour. Dr. Dowie and his people were one again, around that sacred table.

The sacrament was all but finished. Only a few more words remained to be spoken.

Again the people waited.

Suddenly their leader shook his right hand as if some foul thing clung to it. He beat it upon the arm of his chair. Those near him saw him sway.

He turned, ghastly pale, to an attending deacon, who hurried to his side. Colonel Erdman came swiftly upon the platform. Between the two John Alexander Dowie was half led, half borne away.

Never again was he to lift his voice in Shiloh Tabernacle.

For a few moments following their leader's going the audience sat in puzzled silence. Then Overseer Darling appeared on the platform.

"The First Apostle," he said, "has suffered a very slight stroke of paralysis. He has already nearly recovered. We hope for his complete restoration in a short time. Pray for him, all of you, won't you?

"Rise and receive the benediction."

But the First Apostle was not completely restored.

He could walk, talk, eat, use his hands—awkwardly

and weakly—but he was not the same. Something within him had snapped—or something vital had gone out of him.

Before his illness Dr. Dowie had planned another visit to Mexico to look for land on which to build his Zion Paradise Plantations. On the appointed day, against protests from all his counselors, taking with him Overseer Darling, Colonel Erdman, Nancy Harrow, Harold Winans, and Deacon Richardus, he set out.

During the weeks he was absent he sent back, for publication in "Leaves of Healing," increasingly optimistic reports about his health, Zion's financial condition, golden prospects in Mexico—and urgent demands for funds to enable him to take advantage of tremendous opportunities.

Herbert had just read one of the rosiest of these rhapsodies, when the postman brought him a letter from Nancy.

"Dear Herbert," she wrote, "you can thank your lucky stars that you were left at home. I don't know yet how long this nightmare is going to last, but if it doesn't end soon I'll be on hand to claim whatever reward in heaven I've earned by following your advice and being loyal to your ungrateful investors.

"Our patient is crosser than he was that first day at Madison Square Garden. 'Member? And we sit around *interminably*, having 'family prayers'! But you don't know anything about what they're like! You heard a little fuzzy conversation about glorified polygamy. This stuff is worse than 'Boccaccio'—and we're

drenched in it. I'm afraid I won't have a moral left if we don't get out of this soon.

"The F. A. has me send the loveliest lies about his health—and wealth—to the 'Leaves.' (I hope you'll be around to tell the Recording Angel how *you* got me into this when I'm asked about it. I can't remember now just what excuse you told me to give.)

"Of course you're not deceived by these cheerful little romances. As a matter of fact, Dr. Dowie looks and acts like a very sick man, in both body and mind. It is amazing, though, how clever he is in some ways."

CHAPTER II

In Zion City cash was running lower and coupon payment of wages and salaries becoming a larger proportion of the whole. Zion City General Stores refused to accept these coupons, and they could no longer be deposited at par in Zion City Bank. They might be used to pay tithes and offerings to the Church, or held as unsecured notes, without interest, against Dr. Dowie. They were known throughout the city as "hot-air-money." Many people suffered privations. There was much grumbling. Hundreds of families who would have resigned and left the city were becoming desperate because everything they owned was frozen in real estate and Zion stocks and notes.

All this was rich fertilizer for fields cultivated by "reincarnated" prophets and apostles, "holiness" practitioners, nude cultists, and "gift of tongues" fanatics. Sexual perversion, even among ordained officers, began to drag down its victims. And how these sectarians hated one another! "Doesn't it chill your blood, boss," asked Jesse Stoneham, "to hear a holiness deacon say 'Peace to thee' to a gift of tongues elder in the exact tone and look of 'God damn you'?"

Deacon Gaines, more and more strongly backed up by resident overseers and business leaders, was working quietly to save Zion's estate. Expenses were pared, operations of every kind, except manufacture of goods

for sale, were suspended, and payment of so-called dividends out of capital was curtailed. All this must needs be done cautiously and with discrimination. There were still many Zion spies about.

The First Apostle and his party returned from Mexico on the Tuesday before Thanksgiving. He was welcomed at the station, as usual, by Zion City Band, Zion Guard, and most of the population. But the singing and cheering lacked their old time joyous, laughing fervor. Many stood sullen and watchful.

As the train stopped, Colonel Erdman leaped from the steps of the private car and gave a low-voiced command to Major Frankbaugh. The Major's voice was heard in brief staccato and the Guard quickly lined up, two close ranks on each side of a passageway from the car to Dr. Dowie's carriage. The First Apostle appeared, briefly waved his hand, was rushed across the platform, and shut in his carriage. Colonel Erdman mounted beside the coachman and away they went, swiftly, to Shiloh House.

It was smoothly done.

But the people had seen that pale, haggard face, those staring eyes above the great white beard!

The First Apostle, accompanied by Colonel Erdman, planned to go to Jamaica to spend the winter. Remembering rebukes he had received from resident overseers, he would intrust none of them with the office of Acting General Overseer. Instead, he cabled Overseer Voliva to come at once from Australia. He executed, signed, and sealed papers giving Overseer Voliva full power of attorney to buy, sell, bind, and loose.

Among others who called upon the old leader during these days was Major Frankbaugh, a faithful Zion Guard from days of the Little Wooden Hut. The major was also manager of Zion Bakery. A few years before, his wife had died and, since he was childless, he had been lonely. Now he had fallen in love with little pink and white Gladys Streidelbaum, stenographer in his office. He asked the First Apostle's permission to marry her.

"No, no, no!" shouted the arbiter of destinies. "You are led into foolishness by your lust—not by love. You are able, well-to-do, and prominent in Zion. I will not have my leading men married to nobodies. Marry some one who will be a credit to you in your future high position in Zion."

Deacon-Major Frankbaugh was astonished, hurt, cruelly disappointed. But he was not hopeless.

Early in December Dr. Dowie and Colonel Erdman departed quietly for Jamaica. On the train, as far as Chicago, rode Deacon-Major George W. Frankbaugh. Meekly, mildly, smilingly, but persistently, he labored with his colonel and through him with his great father in God for an interview. In the end he got it.

"Well, Major, what can I do for you?"

"You—you—First Apostle, please—you don't still misunderstand Gladys—Miss Streidelbaum—and not give us your permission to be married?" he stammered, too eager for coherence.

"No, Major," said the First Apostle kindly, hearing clearly only the words "permission to be married."

"And now please do not trouble me any further. I am very busy."

The major went back to Zion City with his head whirling in clouds of rose and blue and silver, went straight to Overseer Darling, told that officer he had apostolic consent, and that night was married to his Gladys, Overseer Darling performing the ceremony.

Fifteen days later a cablegram came to Overseer Goodheart.

Announce at once removal of Overseer Darling from office and membership for disobedience in Frankbaugh marriage.

First Apostle

The following Sunday afternoon at Shiloh Tabernacle Overseer Darling was read out of the Church.

This was the last straw for many—and all the people said, "An outrage! Overseer Darling has gone through hell for Doctor Dowie!"

Nancy refused to publish the news of Overseer Darling's removal in "Leaves of Healing."

Three weeks later Colonel Erdman arrived unexpectedly in Zion City, went from the train directly to Nancy's office, and handed her a sealed envelope. Opening it, she found a General Apostolic Letter solemnly telling of Overseer Darling's "sin" and consequent removal from office and from membership in the Church. With it was a letter to her saying that he was sending this apostolic letter by Colonel Erdman, who was making the journey from Jamaica and re-

turn for no other purpose, and that he commanded her to publish it at once in "Leaves of Healing."

When she had read both documents she calmly tore them up and threw them into her waste-basket.

Smiling up into the colonel's grim face, she said:

"Now you can go back to Port Antonio and tell him what I've done."

"I'm glad you did, Nan," he said, sighing. "All the way here I have hoped and prayed you'd do that very thing. I've been in the service too long and I'm too close to him to defy him; but he's a very sick man. Do you know what he did? When he got to Kingston he wrote long cablegrams to President Roosevelt, King Edward, Kaiser William, the Czar of Russia, the King of Italy, and the President of France, commanding them to get rid of their armies and navies. And he had me send 'em off, too.

"Well, I'll tell 'im nothin' except that I delivered the papers, as he told me to."

"How's his health, Colonel?"

"Seems to be gettin' some better. He's got a big buck nigger now to rub 'im and it seems to do 'im good."

"How's his mind?"

"Well, most of the time he's like his old self, but once in a while he's awful cross an' has some funny notions. But I gotta go—want to see some of the folks here—then back to Jamaica for me. I'm glad you doused that stuff I brought. Pray for me, Nan—my job's not easy. G'by."

CHAPTER III

With Dr. Dowie out of the way for the winter, Deacon Gaines and his associates made progress with their plans.

There remained the problem of many living on income from their Zion securities. These included the aged, invalids, widows with families of young children, helpless cripples, and one or two who were *non compos mentis*. They had freely turned their all over to Dr. Dowie. Among these—and other people in Zion City—were several hundreds of depositors in Zion City Bank, some of them carrying large balances. It was decided that Deacon Halsey, Deacon Nolan, and Herbert should investigate each individual case and pay only enough to meet the lowest possible minimum of necessity.

All through that terrible winter old men and women, the blind, the lame, the widow, the chronically ill stood in line daily, waiting to draw their little dole of a dollar or two a week. As spring approached and cash reserves ebbed, it was not uncommon to see some poor, old lady, accustomed all her life to luxury, patiently inch her way to the cashier's window, there to receive a silver quarter—a woman who held fifty thousand dollars' worth of Dr. Dowie's notes and securities and had five thousand dollars on deposit in open account in his bank.

About the middle of December publication of "Leaves of Healing" was suspended. Zion had no money to buy paper and ink and pay printers. Zion Printing and Publishing House, under Nancy's management, did only job printing—and most of that for commercial clients in Chicago.

"Gosh," thought Herbert, as poor old Deaconess Fiskerone tottered out of his office, an order for twenty-five cents in her hand, tears streaming down her cheeks, "I'd have bawled myself 'f there'd been another one. That's the only comfort—I do get to the end of the line-up at last. And day after tomorrow is Christmas!

"Christmas! Humph! I never thought I'd see such a dreary, rotten Christmas as this."

The coming holiday brought Edith to mind—or more vividly to mind. She was always in his thoughts. Since that moonlight September night when she had dismissed him he had not talked with her. When they had met in the Tabernacle or on the street she had always turned away from him without speaking. He had watched her with growing uneasiness, for the glow of health and buoyancy had faded from her cheeks and there were shadows in her eyes.

He had been tempted to try to call on her as usual Columbus Day and Thanksgiving, but her treatment of him when they met decided him against it. Tomorrow night would be Christmas Eve. Again he was tempted. She had not forbidden him to call. Perhaps she expected him—wondered why he had not come. But that was absurd.

His telephone rang.

"Zion Land."

"Is this you, Herbert?"

His hands shook, he was suffocated by the wild leaping of his heart.

It was *her* voice! Cool and distant, but hers.

Somehow he managed to reply.

"Yes, Edith."

"To-morrow is Christmas Eve."

"And our—" he began, but he heard a click and knew that she had hung up.

She came in a little hesitantly, dressed all in white as she had been when last they were together. There were pale roses now among the lilies in her cheeks and her eyes met his with a friendly smile. She was cool, composed, a little distant, but her icy scorn was gone. She returned his hand-clasp firmly and frankly, but with no lingering pressure.

"My gosh!" he thought, "she's lovelier than ever!"

"You're growing sagacious, Herbert," she murmured, "I've known the time when you did not take a hint so readily."

"I guess the thought had a driving father, Edith," he answered.

She laughed—not so distant now.

When they were seated, she said:

"You may be wondering why I gave you a hint that this is the night before a legal holiday. It is because you have an enemy."

"An enemy?" echoed Herbert, puzzled.

"Yes, an enemy who is probably insane—and therefore dangerous. I felt that I must warn you. You

remember practically firing Deacon Barnegalt?"

"My word!" he exclaimed. "How the—"

"Never mind—I know. Well, he's brooded over it. Of late he has been showing signs of being unhinged —talks wildly about his secret foes—people who have kept him down. Says God promised him that he should be an overseer but now tells him it can't be done until certain enemies are removed. He came here a few days ago to see Elder Brownlee—they both come from the same town in Nebraska. He raved and shouted so I couldn't help hearing every word. And you're his 'arch-enemy.' The voice of God woke him up in the night and told him so. People like that ought to be locked up—for their own sakes as well as everybody else's. They often seem harmless enough until there's a terrible tragedy. You will attend to it right away, won't you, Herbert?"

"Yes, and thank you for warning me. I knew Barnegalt hated me, by the way he acted, but did not think of his being cracked. Isn't it too bad? He's a well-educated man and did good work as a chemist before he came here. And now tell me, what do you hear from your charming mother?"

"She's well, but terribly homesick, I'm afraid. Still in Berlin, and completely fed up with the place."

"I'd give all my old shoes to see her."

"She always inquires about you, Herbert, when she writes and tells me to give you her love."

"Bless her dear, big heart—and thank you. But seems to me you've been mighty stingy about giving it to me. What's the matter? Been holding it back along with your own?"

"Still 'glorying in disobedience,' I see."

She smiled back at him bravely, but could not hold the pose. Flushing adorably, she looked down, her eyelids fluttering.

"Yes, Edith, only more than ever."

Leaning toward her, he covered her hand with his.

"And I want you to share the glory."

Slowly she raised her eyes to his and he saw surrender in them.

Disobeying another law in Zion's criminal code, he drew her into his arms.

"There," she panted at last, "that's 'glory' enough for the present. But, oh, Herbert, I was so frightened!"

"Frightened?" he asked, cuddling her head in the hollow of his shoulder; "what scared you, darling?"

She shivered happily.

"Oh, how deliciously you say that! Why, when I heard that poor maniac threaten your life I realized, all in a heap, that I had no career but you, that whatever I have to do I can do better, far better, with you than without you. So I was afraid a little—for your life, although I thought we could protect that. But my very terrible fear was that I had killed your love by the vile way I talked to you. But, Herbert, my own, you never believed I really meant those dreadful things, did you?"

"No, sweetheart, I knew how what I said must have shocked you and outraged your feelings. To tell you the truth, I admired your spunk."

"Oh, there never was any other such wonderful man! But, Herbert dear, those dreadful things you

said to me!—after all the First Apostle has done for you!"

"I know, dear. Both he and Zion must be protected from him, under the circumstances. And more than any one else, I had to do everything I could to protect you—even at the risk of losing you."

"I think," she said, softly, "you'd better tell me just what you know about Doctor Dowie—and how you know it."

As gently as he could he told her.

"Oh, my poor boy," she said, her arms around his neck, "how you have suffered! And how blind, how stupid, I've been! I see it all now. But, Herbert, he began so innocently. I was to take Esther's place—to be his daughter—to take up the career he had planned for her. Dearest, you'll have to keep your eye on me. I must be what I've always thought I couldn't be—susceptible to flattery."

"Never mind, sweetheart, I can beat all the rest of the world at that game—and never even come near exaggeration."

"See that you do—I think I'm going to love it. But tell me, if you feel as you do about Doctor Dowie, why are you still in Zion?"

He explained.

"Of course, you couldn't do anything else."

At Elder Brownlee's, New Year's Eve, for an hour with Edith before going to the All Night with God, Herbert had been delighted to learn that Mrs. Brelin was coming home. She too was "glorying in disobedience."

"But, Herbert dear, the strangest thing! How do you suppose it happened? She was going along Unter den Linden, all down in the mouth, when she ran right into John Harrow! He'd been in Russia, got locked up as a spy, wasn't allowed even to write a letter, and finally was hustled out of the country. He'd just landed in Berlin on his way to America. Well, she took him home to dinner and he told her why he'd resigned. That settled things for her. Seems she'd been more than a little suspicious for a long time. So she wrote she was coming to rescue me and expected to close up things there and sail within a week. That means she's on her way now! Oh, won't we give her a happy surprise?"

"Surprise all right," laughed Herbert. "May not be so happy—I didn't ask her consent."

Edith laughed joyously.

"Oh, you dear old innocent! Don't you know Mother picked you out by hand for me years ago?"

"Wonderfully smart woman, your mother. Gosh, I'll be glad to see her."

Two days later, when he went into the dining-room for lunch, Nan, sitting alone at her table, signaled him. He saw that her cheeks were aflame, her eyes shining, her very body radiant. She told him Jack was coming.

Mrs. Brelin arrived in Zion City on the eighth of January, took Herbert to her heart, kissed him, wept over him a little, and then scolded him for being the slowest mortal e'er drew breath.

"If I'd boxed your ears every time I felt like it, young man, you'd be using a little tin trumpet now.

But you're a dear boy. You've given me the loveliest disappointment I ever had. Do you know, I half expected to call in the police to help get my daughter, after what John Harrow told me."

John Harrow came forty-eight hours later. Nancy went to Chicago to meet him, and they did not appear in Zion City for two days. When they came, Herbert saw at once that they were on a second honeymoon. John was pale and thin from his Russian prison, "but," thought Herbert, "he's twice the *man* he was when he left Melbourne—and I thought he was no slouch of a man first time I saw him."

They had a jolly dinner at Ada Steelhaver's, John and Nancy, Mrs. Brelin and Edith, Herbert and Jesse Stoneham. John thrilled them all with his war, revolution, and prison stories. After it was all over and Herbert was about to leave with Edith and her mother, John said:

"Well, we must say good-by. We're leaving for New York to-morrow."

"For New York?" they chorused; "not to stay?"

"Yep—got to get back on the job. I'm a newspaper man, you know."

"But we can't let Nancy go," wailed Ada.

"Well," he laughed, "I can't let her stay. You've had more than your share of her already. My turn now."

Nancy, glowing with pride and happiness, snuggled up to him; he put an arm around her and drew her closer, smiling down on her tenderly. "After all, she's my wife, you know."

Meeting John later in the lobby of Elijah Hospice, Herbert said:

"Gosh, John, it's sure good to see you! And I'm tickled pink to see you and Nan together again, though I'll miss her something fierce. She's a wonderful little woman, John. You never did know your luck, I guess, until you got away from her."

"Oh, I knew it all right, old man, at one time. But you're right, in a way. I never appreciated her enough. We know now that it was Zion that came between us."

CHAPTER IV

ZION'S full cabinet had gathered around the big council-table. Overseer Voliva, still in his middle thirties, sat at the head. Herbert saw that he had put on weight since those stirring days in Australia. With it he looked more like Napoleon than ever. His ivory pallor, raven-black hair, heavy eyebrows like a bar of ebony straight across his forehead, burning black eyes, and hawklike features gave him a look of fearless power. Would that power be wielded for good or ill?

Intently the other cabinet officers watched their new superior. It was a moment of fate for them.

Would he fall in with their plans and help them save Zion?

Or would he remain stubbornly loyal to Dr. Dowie and wreck it?

Breathlessly they waited.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, smiling, "I see you're all scared half to death, wondering what I'm going to do."

When he smiled, his face lost its fierce sternness and was full of charm. His voice was full and resonant, coming from his diaphragm.

"You needn't be," he went on. "Remember, I saw the First Apostle in Australia less than two years ago, and I've kept in touch with the situation here.

"I don't know what you're trying to do, of course, but I'm going to find out just as quick as I can. Then, unless it's something awful, which I don't expect, I'm going to coöperate with you.

"There! Now do you feel better?"

He laughed heartily—and they all laughed with with him, a note in their laughter which would have done your heart good.

"I'll interview each of you in turn and find how the land lies. Then we'll get together and perfect our plans."

The Acting General Overseer was an administrator, coördinator, and preacher. The morale of Zion City rose with his coming. The people had been suffocating in exhalations of their own sick minds—he was like a clean wind blowing through, and they revived. After his interviews he approved most of the plans made by Deacon Gaines and the cabinet. Under his direction they became more definite. With his full power of attorney he put them to work. Results were promising.

The First Apostle sent weekly bulletins of his condition by cable. These were read Sunday afternoons in Shiloh Tabernacle. In them, at least, God was marvelously restoring the great leader's health.

In February he announced that he was so far recovered that he planned to visit Cuba and go on from Havana to Mexico for further studies and negotiations about Zion Paradise Plantations. This was a blow in the face to Zion City's cabinet. It meant demands for cash, which could not be denied. He was

still legal owner of Zion. It meant that he would soon return to the city.

What then?

Good-by to all their plans and hopes?

Probably—almost certainly. They could not imagine his sweetly yielding any of his despotic power. He had said many times, "I would rather wreck the whole thing than surrender one iota of my absolute authority."

"We are like a man walking a tight-rope with his wife, children, and household goods on his shoulders," said Overseer Voliva to Herbert during one of their talks. "Any little slip means a crash. Leave us alone and we may get across all right. But our creditors are holding off merely because they know they'll get more out of us as a going concern. At the first sign of wabbling, they'll be down on us like vultures—and you can't blame 'em. Judge Shelbrace tells me we might go into court and ask that the First Apostle be declared incompetent to manage his estate. But that would mean a fight—and down goes the whole house of cards! We need only time. But how much time will he give us? And the people? Where would they stand in a fight between the cabinet and Doctor Dowie? Nobody knows."

Late in March, a telegram came from Dr. Dowie commanding Deacons Peter Z. Richardus and Ralph S. Packington to join him in Mexico. Both were members of the cabinet. Both knew the facts. And both

had been more loudly loyal to the First Apostle, in the past, than the average Zion officer.

But both deacons promised to keep silence. Both protested unbreakable loyalty to Overseer Voliva and their fellows in the cabinet. With tears of apparent sincerity in their eyes, they shook hands all around, begged every one not to worry, said their good-bys, and ran for their train.

CHAPTER V

SATURDAY, the last day of March, came a telegram for Deacon Renbrush. It commanded him to secure, by legal force if necessary, copy of a telegram sent the same day to Overseer Voliva; to buy necessary paper on Dr. Dowie's personal credit (here he laughed incredulously), to print 50,000 copies of "Leaves of Healing" containing the telegram to Overseer Voliva, then to write Dr. Dowie fully about the situation at Zion City.

In his telegram to Overseer Voliva Dr. Dowie began by revoking the overseer's power of attorney except as to acts specifically ordered by himself, directed that Deacon Gaines be removed from office as general financial manager, ordered all Zion members to put all their money and property into their First Apostle's hands, and ended up by declaring, "I know that God is providing great things for us, and I desire now to tell you that the financial outlook is of so stupendously magnificent a character that I shall find it difficult to express it in terms of sufficient moderation."

The cabinet met and was appalled. But their new leader said, "We're in the right. Keep calm. God will give us the victory. He did not build up this organization to have it wrecked—not even by the man He

used to do the building. Judge Shelbrace, what is our first move?"

"It is a moot question," said the big, calm, kindly lawyer, "whether or not a power of attorney, properly executed in writing, can be revoked by telegram. The courts would probably decide that it can. But until that is decided, you can exercise your power. There are several ways to use it to delay control of the property by Doctor Dowie until you have had opportunity for judicial inquiry into his competency to administer it. Perhaps the simplest would be for you to sell everything he owns to some one else—Deacon Gaines, for example—for a nominal consideration—one dollar. By the time that sale was set aside—as it probably would be—you could have petitioned the court for such other remedy or remedies as may be deemed necessary."

It was a drastic remedy. Suppose the people refused to follow Overseer Voliva? Suppose Zion's creditors swooped down at this sign of weakness and threw the estate into bankruptcy? Suppose—oh, suppose a thousand disasters. Some of the cabinet were afraid—wanted to obey the First Apostle a little longer—at least until they could be sure of the people. Others urged the sale.

Eventually, one by one, they reluctantly agreed that Overseer Voliva should sell Zion City and all other Zion property to Deacon Gaines.

Judge Shelbrace and his assistants withdrew to prepare the papers.

During this discussion members of the cabinet had been tense and solemn. Although rebellion had been

in their hearts for months, they trembled in awe of their decision. For them everything material and spiritual, everything temporal and eternal, was at stake.

The moment came for Overseer Voliva and Deacon Gaines to sign the documents.

Here was the end of a road they had traveled for many years—a road rich in memories of yearnings, hardships, toil, devotion, successes, triumphs, high hopes, and dreams of splendor. And here too was the beginning of another road, leading—whither?

The overseer lifted his pen. Silently he looked from one to another. Unflinchingly they returned his look. He read his answer in their eyes and signed.

Overseer Voliva had sold to Deacon Gaines for one silver dollar the 6,600 acres upon which Zion City was built, all factories, schools, stores, hotels, shops, office buildings, Shiloh Tabernacle, Shiloh House, the stock in trade, cash, good-will, and other assets of every business and of the Christian Catholic Apostolic Church in Zion Throughout the World, also Ben MacDhui and "Bethany."

Deacon Gaines executed a deed of trust, declaring that he held all this property in trust for the creditors of John Alexander Dowie, including all investors, and for the members of the Church. Messengers were despatched to Waukegan, Chicago, and Muskegon to have these documents officially recorded.

Deacon Gaines was called upon for a statement of Zion's finances. This statement disclosed that Dr. Dowie had, from the day Zion City Bank was opened, overdrawn his personal account. His overdraft on

March 31, 1906, was more than $600,000—other people's money!

The deficit of Zion's Institutions and Industries on this date was $2,529,765.71—other people's money!

No wonder he had defied the legislature!

The New York Visitation cost $300,000—other people's money!

Dr. Dowie had outstanding personal notes for $300,000—other people's money!

Two and a half million dollars had been paid in for stock in Zion Lace Industries—only $500,000 had been put to work there—the remainder had been spent on dividends and Zion's general expenses—other people's money!

One hundred and fifty-eight thousand dollars had been subscribed to Zion Candy stock—only $17,000 put into the business.

"Why, he's a criminal!" shouted Deacon Homard, when Deacon Gaines had finished. "He obtained money under false pretenses. He looted the bank! He's been accepting deposits when he knew the bank was insolvent! He'd better not show up here starting any lawsuits, or he'll find himself in the pen for the rest of his life."

"Yes, yes, that's the way to deal with him," clamored several others. "Send him up!"

"Or warn him if he comes back here he'll be sent up!"

Overseer Voliva sat quiet at the head of the table, an amused smile on his lips.

Judge Shelbrace protested.

"I should be strongly opposed to criminal com-

plaints and charges against Doctor Dowie. He's a sick man. He's been a great man—our leader. It would be a disaster to Zion to send him to prison—or even to make the attempt. We have protected Zion—for the present, at least. We can go on with our work now. The next move is his."

"You forget, Judge," said Overseer Voliva, "the next move is mine. I've got to tell the people about this. Clear out now, all of you," he continued, good-humoredly, "and let me get my thoughts in shape."

CHAPTER VI

SUNDAY morning, April 1, 1906—a glorious spring day. This was the People's Day of Decision.

It began at half past six, with three and a half thousand people gathered in Shiloh Tabernacle.

Overseer Voliva spoke. His sermon was an invective against the sins of boastfulness, exaggeration, ostentation, extravagance, waste, and luxurious living on other people's money.

He named no one.

But the people understood.

They applauded, cheered, laughed, cried, shouted "Amen!" and "Praise the Lord!"

He had his answer from them.

He sent them home to pray.

Three o'clock saw Shiloh Tabernacle crowded. Every resident of Zion City who could walk or endure being carried was there, and many, mysteriously informed, had come from Chicago, Cincinnati, Milwaukee, and other places. Excited talk went on until the processional began. The very air quivered. This audience was like a great multiple-cell battery, surcharged with electricity.

Would it flow quietly, usefully?

Or would there be the crash of a destructive spark?

After the ritual, Overseer Voliva stepped forward. That long telegram from the First Apostle was in his hand.

The people waited.

Slowly, impressively, the overseer, in his bishop's robe, read.

At some sentences people gasped.

At others, there was an angry buzz—tense, menacing.

At the boast of Zion's "stupendously magnificent" future there was a laugh—but not a pleasant one.

When he had finished reading, Overseer Voliva lowered the spliced paper.

Again the people waited—breathless.

His answer—what would his answer be?

"I refuse to remove Deacon Gaines!"

There was a roar of applause. "Amen!" "Praise the Lord!" "God bless you, Overseer!" rang out in full chorus.

The Overseer waited—calm, composed.

Gradually the storm died away.

Tense silence.

"Overseer Darling, come up here."

From his obscure place Dr. Dowie's old right-hand man came forward, mounted the platform from which he had been banished, and stood beside the speaker, while thousands applauded and cheered. Then they grew quiet.

Taking his old friend by the hand, Overseer Voliva said, with tears in his eyes, "I restore you to membership and to the office of overseer in the Christian Catholic Apostolic Church in Zion."

Again came that roar of applause.

Overseer Voliva plunged into his sermon. In it he made specific the sins he had scored in his early morn-

ing address, and charged that Dr. Dowie was ill, no longer fit to lead Zion because he had been guilty of them. And the people cheered him.

When the people left the Tabernacle, many were almost delirious with joy. They praised God aloud, they laughed, cried, sang, danced, shook hands, embraced.

"We'll have the old Zion again, praise the Lord," was repeated and echoed.

But, here and there, Herbert found an acquaintance who was outraged, loyal to the First Apostle. There turned out to be about two-hundred and fifty of these in Zion City and Chicago.

That evening resident overseers met in the administration building, composed, signed, and despatched a telegram to Dr. Dowie. It read:

Telegrams read here and Chicago.

Practically all, including Cincinnati representatives, indorse Voliva's administration, Darling's reinstatement, Gaines's retention, emphatically protesting against your extravagance, hypocrisy, misrepresentations, exaggerations, misuse of investments, tyranny, and injustice.

You are hereby suspended from office and membership for polygamous teaching and other grave charges.

Further interference will precipitate complete exposure, rebellion, legal proceedings.

Zion and creditors will be protected at all costs.

Voliva, Bacon, Jessup, Goodheart, Darling, Hebbs.

Dr. Dowie started north snorting fire, attended by Deacons Richardus and Packington, arrived in Chicago amid a conflagration of newspaper headlines, took quarters at the Auditorium Annex (other

people's money!), hired lawyers, on credit, and filed suit to set aside Overseer Voliva's sale. Zion City crackled with excitement—reporters and correspondents in droves interviewed everybody who even looked important.

Judge Shelbrace and a crew of Zion, Waukegan, and Chicago lawyers prepared for battle. Other people's money dried down to a trickle, and Deacon Gaines, by advice of Judge Shelbrace, permitted Dr. Dowie to occupy Shiloh House. He arrived in Zion City in the midst of a thunder-shower, met at the station by a bedraggled handful of his own little band of loyalists.

At last in the court-room of Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, the old warrior—in a wheel chair—met his young antagonist. Through their attorneys and on the witness-stand they fought for two weeks before a packed court-room. Opposing forces again and again found themselves impaled upon the sharp point of Judge Landis's drawled sarcasm.

The Court appointed a receiver for all money and property involved; ordered that every member of Zion Restoration Host publicly renounce his oath of allegiance to Dr. Dowie, and stipulated that members of the Christian Catholic Apostolic Church in Zion Throughout the World should elect their General Overseer by ballot. Majority rule being anathema to Dr. Dowie, he refused to run, but nevertheless polled a hundred votes to Overseer Voliva's thousands.

With a receiver in possession of Zion's assets, Her-

bert knew his work was done. Quietly resigning, he said good-by to his associates in the cabinet and a few personal friends, and went to his mother's home in Wisconsin for a rest.

CHAPTER VII

A YEAR later.

It was the tenth of March.

In a bungalow on University Heights, San Diego, Edith Brelin Renbrush placed a crystal bowl of rosebuds on her breakfast-table. Through high leaded windows above a long seat sunshine made a golden pattern on the rug. French doors opened upon a tiled veranda on the west, and beyond its low parapet spreads tops of pepper-trees, eucalyptus, palms; red and green roofs, a gray church spire, the bay, the purple length of Point Loma, the Pacific, shimmering lazily to a horizon where it was lost in sky. Somewhere a mocking-bird tried to make music of what was in the girl's heart and she smiled as she felt how far short he fell. Herbert came downstairs and went out to get the mail and morning paper. His merry whistle could not rival the bird's in technique—but it held a deeper, richer joy. He returned in a moment, turning over the letters. Then he looked up and saw her.

"My God, Edith, how lovely you are!"

Her laugh made the bird's song seem a penny whistle.

"Something wrong with your dear eyes!" she scolded, proudly, as he kissed her.

"Will be, all right, if you get any more dazzling."

He seated her—and kissed her again before taking his own chair.

"Two letters for you," he said, passing them over. As she took them, he caught her fingers and held them. Smiling, she returned his caress.

"One of your letters is from Harpers," he said. "I can't wait to see what freight it carries."

Her color grew a little deeper as she slit the envelop with a fruit knife and took out the inclosures.

"Herbert! A check for five hundred! They've accepted 'Cactus.' "

"Hooray! I knew they would. What's the other?"

She opened and read it.

"Oh, this is even better, darling. Knowles wants twelve stories."

"H'm, I'll be known to the world as Mrs. Renbrush's husband—and damn proud of it, by gosh."

"Nonsense, darling, why you're known in San Diego right now as the smartest and most reliable real-estate man in the city—after being here only eight months!"

"Oh, I admit there are two people in town who think so. Let's see what's in the paper. Why look here."

He turned the sheet, showing her a head-line:

DOWIE DIES AT CITY HE FOUNDED

NOV 1930

89880 92
Newcomb, A. D754
Dowie.

92
D 754

89880